THE BEST OF

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SPECIAL ISSUE #2

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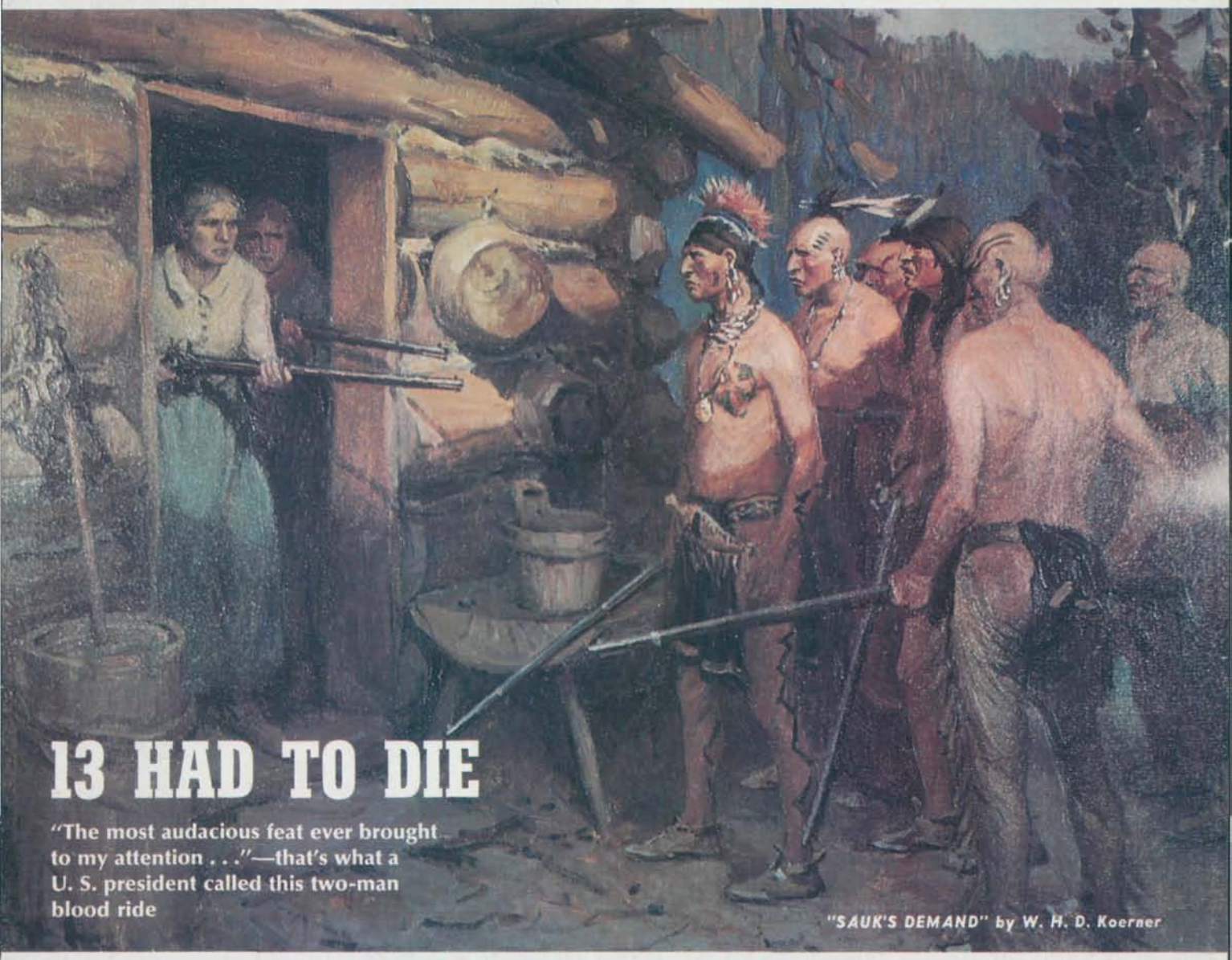
TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG

written by a man whose father captured, or helped capture, this notorious band of desperadoes

THE REAL CALAMITY JANE



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MADMAN OF THE SUPERSTITIONS • WALT COBURN

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THE BEST OF
TRUE WEST

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Cover: "Sauk's Demand" by W. H. D. Koerner (1928)
From the Tom Keilman Collection, Austin, Texas

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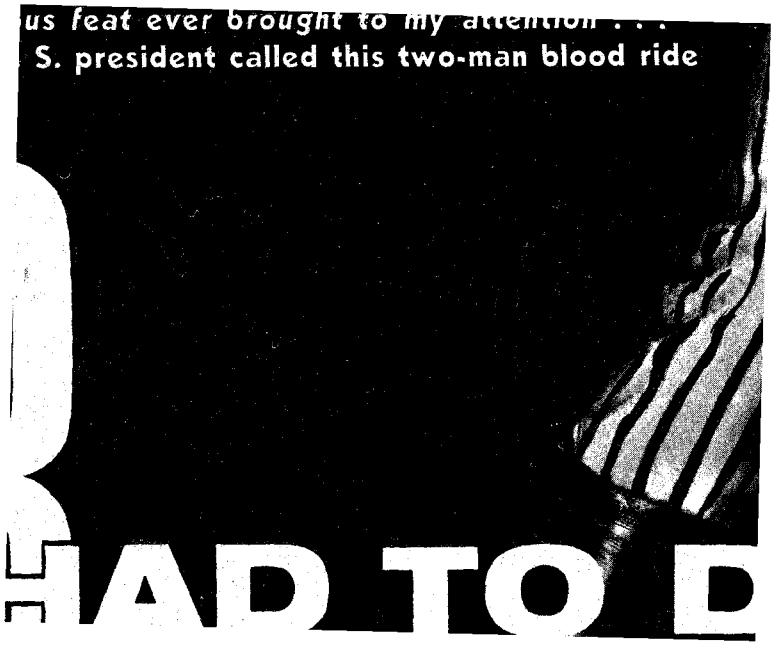

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precipice overlooking a dry stream bed. Below was the body of a pinto pony, and beside it the corpse of a girl.

The Cunninghams—and the U.S. Dragoons who investigated the killing—had no trouble figuring out what had happened. Mary had been sexually assaulted by the outlaws, then her horse had been forced over the cliff. Rape in Mexico was punishable then by death before a firing squad. Strangely enough, the American authorities could complain of theft and murder to the Mexican officials and be politely ignored, but rape was another matter. The Mexican police were willing to go all out. But there was no possibility of the police going after Navarro, for Mary was dead and the Cunninghams would not be able to convince the Mexicans that she had been raped.

AT Mary's funeral the next morning, the Cunningham brothers took an oath over their sister's grave. They swore not to rest until her death had been avenged no matter how long it took or what the cost to them.

Some of the neighboring ranchers who attended the funeral volunteered to accompany them, but Adrian said it would be better if just he and John went. Two riders would attract less attention than a group. He even dissuaded his father

Just to make sure he was dead, Adrian drove his blade deep into the chest.

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from going, on the grounds that if all three were killed there would be no one to look after Mrs. Cunningham and the ranch.

Dave Cunningham was a durable Missourian who had brought his family into Arizona in 1850. He had faith in God Almighty and in his sons. "I will pray for you," he said and gave them permission to go.

And so, on August 11, 1855, a ride began that has no parallel in Western history.

Following the bandits' trail, the Cunningham brothers entered Mexico at the little town of Naco, inhabited by half a dozen peon families who were friendly to the Americans. They learned that Navarro and his band had spent the previous night there, drinking tequila and looking for trouble.

From Naco, the bandits headed east. Whether they would turn south to Chihuahua or pause on the border for more raids the Cunninghams could not know. Their only choice was to follow. "If anybody is going to kill him," John Cunningham told his brother, "it's going to be us, so let's go."

Both boys were excellent trackers. They rode hard that day and by nightfall reached a small settlement, Agua Prieta, just across the border from the present town of Douglas, Ariz. Leaving their horses in a public corral, with a boy to guard them, the brothers soon learned that Navarro and his men were in a cantina, drinking tequila.

Peering through the windows, the Cunninghams recognized Navarro's round, pock-marked face. They had no immediate plan of action, and were ready to slink away into the night if the whole band emerged at one time. John had the idea that one or two might leave the cantina and in that event they could act. To fire through the windows would expose the innocent bystanders to deadly fire from both sides. As John later said, "We were not murderers. We only wanted to kill those who deserved to be killed."

The brothers also had to reckon with the fact that they were equipped with Hawken-type rifles—muzzle loaders, slow in loading and firing. Their revolvers were also of the muzzle loaders, .44 Colt dragoon six-shooters, effective enough as long as they would shoot but useless when the charges in their cylinders were exhausted. Adrian had therefore decided to fall back on their razor-sharp skinning knives.

This bold plan paid off. In a few minutes, one of the bandits emerged alone from the cantina to relieve himself. While he was so doing, Adrian struck a knife through his heart. He died without uttering a sound. The Cunninghams dragged the body back to the cantina and heaved it into the brush.

"One down," Adrian whispered. "A dozen to go."

Another bandit left the cantina, and called for his friend. It was John's turn to strike—and the bandit died quickly and silently. No one inside had sensed that something was wrong.

That left 11 to go. John nudged his brother as two men and a woman came out of the cantina. They strolled down the street toward the corner behind which the brothers were concealed. As they turned the corner the Cunninghams sprang at them, knives in hand.

The woman screamed and fled.

The man John had tackled went down with his throat slit from ear to ear, but the one facing Adrian had drawn a long knife and was slashing wildly. John moved in like a shadow and sank his blade to the hilt between the fellow's ribs. And just to make sure he was dead, Adrian drove his blade deep into the chest.

"Let's get out of here!" John said as the cantina began erupting Mexicans. "That's four of the bastards."

They raced to their horses and barely got out of the corral before the Mexicans began firing at them. The bullets had missed but Adrian had a nasty gash on the forearm that was bleeding badly. John bandaged it as best he could.

They stopped on a high knoll overlooking the town and from there they could hear Navarro's angry, bewildered men futilely searching the town, firing their pistols and cursing.

Four of the outlaws were dead but nine remained, among them Navarro himself, the brothers' prime target.

After a couple of hours the band pulled out eastward and the Cunninghams fell in behind, like a pair of foxes trailing sheep. They rode 100 yards apart, so that, in case of an ambush, one might escape and live to finish the job.

As dawn broke, they saw the bandits climbing a long ridge a mile off.

ALL that day they trailed the bandits through the mountains. At nightfall, the Cunninghams made dry camp, ate rapidly and pushed on. By midnight they spotted a tiny fire a few miles away.

Traveling by moonlight, they rode on up the steep trails, skirting the jagged boulders and the sheer drops. John was to say later, "The way was rugged and dangerous and we were lucky not to have an accident. But somehow we made it."

Before dawn they had reached the bandits' camp. They scouted it on foot. There were no sentries. The boys decided that at dawn they would attack.

And then John made a startling discovery. His powder horn, which he had carried on his saddle, was torn at its base. The powder had run out.

The boys divided the powder in Adrian's horn and made ready for a surprise assault from cover, but the attack did not come off. The bandits were up before dawn and pulled out before there was light enough to look through a pair of sights.

The trail led into Cuidad Juarez, just across the border from El Paso, and here the boys ran into unexpected trouble. They were halted by Mexican rurales who had spotted blood on Adrian's trousers. They were held on suspicion and finally charged with transporting guns across the border, obviously a technical dodge so that they could be detained for further investigation.

It was customary for armed Americans to cross from El Paso to Juarez with no restrictions and an American lawyer soon had them out of jail. But their firearms had been confiscated and the Cunninghams had to purchase new guns in El Paso. They were back in business, but Navarro's gang had pulled out of town. They were headed, the brothers learned, for their home base at Chihuahua.

The Cunninghams, wary now of the Mexican police, slipped back into Mexico, west of El Paso and took up the trail. By now Navarro was far ahead, and they had little chance of catching him before he reached Chihuahua unless they rode at night.

They pushed themselves to the limit, stopping only to eat and catch a few hours' sleep. When they lost the trail at night they rode on in the direction Navarro was traveling, and then at dawn scoured the area for the hoof marks of the unshod ponies. After two days of solid riding, a dust cloud in the distance announced that they had once against overtaken their prey.

"This time we won't let them get away," Adrian said. "We'll attack at night if we have to."

When the Mexicans camped at dusk, the brothers were concealed in a juniper thicket only 200 yards away.

There was a good spring near the Mexican camp. The Cunninghams' horses could smell water and started to stir restlessly in the brush. To avoid being detected the brothers had to move the horses quietly away and return on foot. It was 4 a.m. before they were poised again at the edge of the bandit camp. The Mexicans were sleeping, in their blankets. But there were only eight men. The boys decided that the ninth man had dropped out along the way.

They went ahead with their plans. While Adrian stood guard, John crept to the outlaws' horses and silently cut their halters, one by one.

ADRIAN let out a low whistle, the signal of danger. He had seen the missing bandit on a rock near the campsite, apparently on sentry duty but fast asleep. If he awakened and spotted John creeping back they were in trouble. Not only would the brothers find themselves separated at this critical time, but the sentry would have John under his gun. Adrian trained his rifle on the sleeping form and prayed. If the man stirred, he would have to shoot him and this, of course, would arouse the others. But the critical moment passed. The bandit on the rock slept on as John returned through the brush.

They were ready now. Adrian would kill the sleeping sentry, while John opened fire on the others. "Start shooting," Adrian cried.

They fired with their rifles first, killing the sleeping lookout and a man near the fire. Then they poured a deadly barrage into the camp with their revolvers. The Mexicans, taken completely by surprise, were thrown into panic. In the confusion some ran straight toward the attackers and were cut down. Others rolled out of their blankets and took refuge behind rocks or plunged into the brush.

When their guns were empty, the brothers escaped into the darkness, not knowing how many bandits they had killed or wounded. They reclaimed their horses and retreated to a cluster of high rocks out of rifle range from where they could see what the Mexicans would do.

At daylight, after the Mexicans brought in their horses and rode off without bothering to bury their dead, the brother found five dead bandits. Navarro was not among them.

"Four to go," John said, "and Navarro is still alive."

Only a little more than a week had passed since the Cunninghams had taken the trail, and already over half the band was dead.

The trail to Chihuahua led straight south and there seemed little hope that the boys could again overtake the band. Navarro might even stage a surprise of

(Continued on page 8)

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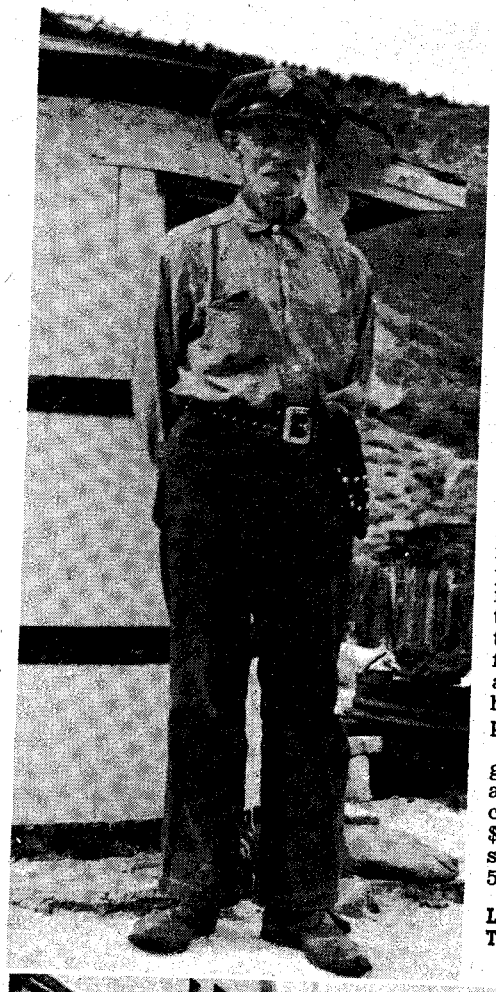
Some men yearn for fame, others want to be millionaires; all Bill Hawes craves is his job as a

(Written in 1958)

Ghost Town Guardian

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY



EVER get fed up with punching a time clock every day, struggling to pay the monthly bills, battling this tough modern world? Ever become so weary and frustrated that you wished to Heaven you were the only resident of a ghost town somewhere, *anywhere,* with only coyotes for neighbors and a pack rat for your best friend? If the answer is a heartfelt *yes,* consider the ideal setup of Bill Hawes, of Silver City, Idaho.

William J. Hawes, to give him his full legal handle, is pushing eighty but you'd never suspect it to look at him. Bill claims that peace and solitude keep him young and sprightly, and it sure looks that way. He is the self-appointed mayor, councilman, police chief, fireman, postman, dog catcher and general handyman of Silver City, once a thriving metropolis of the Old West. He holds all these titles because he is the only bona fide year-around resident of Silver City, and he gets a wry kick out of awarding himself these mythical posts at no salary per annum.

Naturally, Silver City wasn't always a ghost town. Silver got her start in 1863, and for twelve years boomed in spectacular fashion. In that halcyon period $30,000,000 in gold was taken from one shaft, and the Poorman Mine yielded a 500-pound chunk of ore made up of solid ruby-silver crystals. Specimens were selected and sent to the Paris Exposition in 1866, where they won a gold medal. The city—nobody dared call it a mere town in those hectic days—boasted the first daily newspaper in the state—*The Owyhee Avalanche*—and offered its proud residents the first telegraphic wire service in Idaho.

Silver took her first staggering blow in 1876, a year of grave financial crisis in the West. But the old gal was resilient—she bounced back from near disaster to reign again as the Silver Queen of the state until near the end of the 1890's. At that time, Silver supported more than 2,000 citizens, six general stores and a half-dozen saloons.

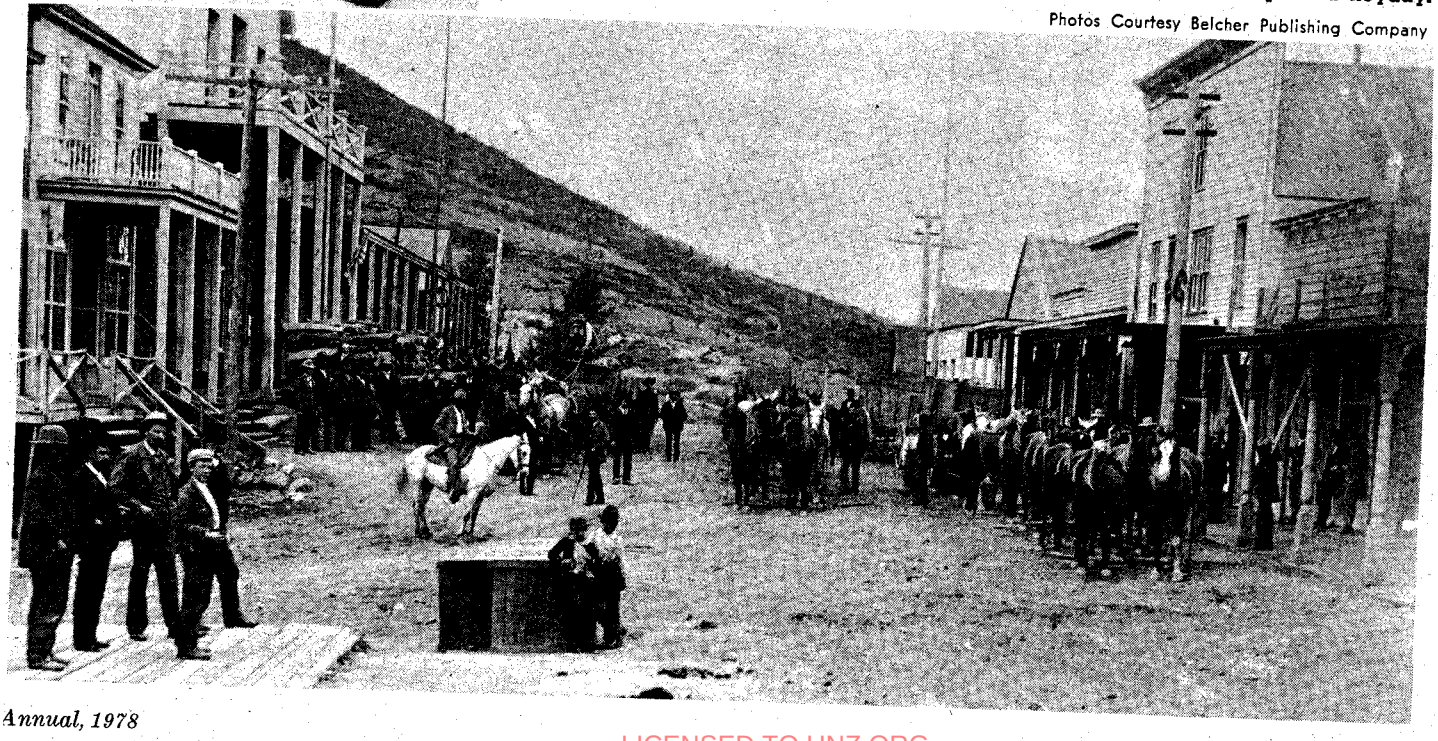
Bill Hawes arrived in Silver City as a boy, when miners and prospectors still thronged the porch of the sprawling Idaho Hotel and jam-packed the saloons nightly to watch the high-kicking dancing girls do the cancan in gold-and-silver-spangled red skirts and long black stockings. Poker, blackjack, and faro tables operated around the clock, and it was a simple matter to stir up a fight or a frolic at any hour of the day or night.

Bill grins when you ask him what Silver was like in those days, shakes

(Continued on page 23)

Left: "Sheriff" Billy Hawes and beer vat where he fashioned a miniature "tavern." There is a tiny bar with a barkeep and a little table. Below: Silver City in its heyday.

Photos Courtesy Belcher Publishing Company



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Ishi, last of the Yahis!

America's last living link with Stone Age Man was broken at the death of Ishi, last of the Yahis.

"I AM A MAN"

BY LORENA ANN OLMSTEAD

IT was hot, and the surveyors' legs ached from tramping all day over uneven ground. Sweat poured into their eyes, and their heavy gear seemed to grow heavier by the second.

Suddenly, sharp-focused, unbelievable, they were seeing a scene from the pre-historic past. Every man in their party stopped short, hardly daring to breathe, lest the vision disappear. Before them, on a huge boulder at the edge of a brush-bordered creek, stood a powerfully built, naked, bronze man!

In his upraised right hand was a primitive, double-pronged fish spear, held high for the kill. For a thrilling instant the astonishing tableau held; then, with the grace and silence of the movement of a panther, the bronze man was gone—vanished like a dissolving wisp of smoke in the brush.

THAT incident occurred in 1908, on Deer Creek in the southern part of Tehama County, California. The surveyors knew they were on the ancient hunting grounds of the Yahi Indians, once a mighty tribe which had ruled the country around Deer and Mill Creeks near Oroville, but all members of the tribe were considered long extinct. Could one or more of these primitive Indians still exist? The possibility was fascinating, but incredible.

That night in camp the surveyors' eerie tale of a naked bronze savage armed with a spear was greeted with howls of laughter by the other members of the party who had not been along. The suggestion was made that they stumbled upon a cache of whiskey somewhere, rather than upon a Stone Age Yahi warrior.

Silenced, but unconvinced that they had been the victims of mass hallucination, the surveyors were back next day on the old Yahi hunting grounds. As they made their way warily through the underbrush, an arrow flashed out of the tangled vegetation to splinter against a rock a scant foot from the leader. He picked up the shaft and stared at it in amazement. The arrow was stone-tipped, like those used by primitive Americans centuries ago!

Alarmed but determined to solve the mystery, the men moved cautiously forward. In a little clearing, so cleverly concealed that only chance would reveal it to a seeker, they discovered a rude camp.

There was a squeal of terror as an old Indian fought his way through the tangled underbrush, urged on by a middle-aged woman who cuffed his naked rear to speed him along. The startled surveyors made no move to detain them.

A whimpering sound drew their attention to a pile of rabbit skins, and there they found an ancient crone so paralyzed with fright she could barely move. She pointed to her mouth, making feeble motions to show she was thirsty. A surveyer propped her up and held his canteen to her lips.

Now the men had reasonable proof that a remnant of the Stone Age Yahi tribe was still alive. This time their skeptical companions listened and believed. The next day they returned to the Indians' camp, only to find it deserted. Even the old woman was gone.

ANTHROPOLOGISTS from the University of California, keenly interested, hurried to the scene hoping to find the fugitives and ascertain if they were really Yahis. No trace remained of the mysterious Indians. Obviously they had fled to some secret hiding place known only to themselves.

Three years passed, and the strange incident was almost forgotten. Then, early one August morning in Oroville, a butcher on the outskirts of town was aroused by the excited barking of dogs. He sat up in bed and looked out the window.

Just below his house, hemmed in by the dogs, an Indian crouched motionless in the dirt of the corral. His coarse black hair was burned close to his head; he wore only a torn piece of rabbit fur across his thin shoulders.

The dogs were called off, but nobody could make anything of the wild-looking stranger. He couldn't—or wouldn't—answer their questions. Finally the sheriff of Butte County was called and told there was a wild man loose—and to come pick him up.

In jail, the Indian remained mute. Seeing that he was hungry, terrified, and close to total exhaustion, the sheriff fed him and let him sleep.

Upon the Indian's awakening, every man in Oroville who knew any Indian dialect tried it on the stranger without success. He merely squatted in his cell, watching every move of his captors, his black eyes tragic and questioning.

At the University of California, Dr. T. T. Waterman heard of the strange Indian. "I'll bet he's a Yahi!" he exclaimed. Armed with a long list of Yahi words, he boarded the next train for Oroville.

As a preliminary test, Dr. Waterman tried various Indian dialects on the prisoner without eliciting the slightest response. Then he pointed to the wooden frame of the cot on which the man was lying and pronounced a strange word *"Si-win-i,"* meaning in the Yahi tongue, yellow pine.

Instantly, the Indian's somber face came alive. He smiled, pointing excitedly to the cot, and repeating over and over *"Si-win-i, Si-win-i!"*

In a short time, Dr. Waterman learned that he was indeed a Yahi and that his name was Ishi, meaning "I Am Man." Without doubt, this was the same man the surveyor had seen three years before. He was the last of his tribe. At all cost, he must be saved so that science could learn something of the customs and language of his vanished people.

Arrangements were made for Ishi to go with Dr. Waterman to the University of California, where a room was fitte

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Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

A powerfully built bronze man stood at the edge of the creek; in his upraised right hand was a primitive spear, held high for the kill.

up for him at the Museum of Anthropology. There, the regents of the University appointed him a lifetime assistant janitor with a salary of twenty-five dollars per month.

Ishi's hair, which he had burned close to his head when his mother, father, and sister died, grew long again. He accepted white men's clothes as he did many other strange things, but he rarely wore the stiff shoes of civilization. As he had no way to procure the soft moccasins he preferred, he walked barefoot.

EVENTUALLY he learned to speak English haltingly, and his vocabulary of several hundred words took care of his needs. Some of his English words were picked up from youngsters visiting the Museum, and were more than a little picturesque.

"Sure Mike," and a patient, puzzled smile was his invariable answer when he wasn't quite sure what was expected of him. He was always pleasant and eager to please the men who fed and clothed him. If he sometimes wondered why visitors laughed at him, he never grew angry, never lost his native dignity.

Ishi's reactions to the strange new world in which he found himself were never predictable. Things expected to amaze him left him unimpressed. For example, he explained that the high buildings of San Francisco and Oakland were not as high as his native crags.

Electric lights he accepted as just another evidence of white men's magic. On the other hand, water from a faucet was a source of never-ending delight.

People interested him and he never tired of watching the throngs as they passed along the city streets. In his entire former life, he had never seen more than twenty people at one time. Now he marveled at the sight of thousands of white people jammed into small areas.

An ordinary match was perhaps the most entrancing miracle he found in the civilized world. In the primitive world he had left it was work to start a fire by the ancient bowstring method. Better than any white man, he could appreciate the priceless gift of the tiny sliver of wood that called up the Flame God in an instant.

A mechanical gadget also intrigued him, if it was something that came within the limited range of his early experience. If it did not, he immediately lost interest.

One amusing incident was Ishi's first meeting with a window shade. He tried to push it aside and it wouldn't push. He attempted to lift it, only to have it drop back into place when he released it.

Dr. Waterman carefully explained the mechanism and showed him how to give it a slight jerk so it would automatically roll up. An hour later he was still gravely raising and lowering the shade, apparently trying to discover where it disappeared when raised. *(Continued on page 63)*

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13 Had To Die

(Continued from page 4)

his own. The Cunninghams became extremely cautious, riding 100 yards apart, on the alert for any sign of danger.

"What fooled us," John said later, "was the trail Navarro left. The horses were still ahead of us, and this was very deceiving. What had happened was this: Navarro and two others got off and ambushed us while the fourth man went on with the horses."

The attack came suddenly, starting with a rattle of gunfire from off the hill side above the trail. Adrian's horse fell beneath him. He rolled from the saddle into the brush, drawing his gun and opening fire. John leaped from his horse and took shelter among the rocks. He found he commanded an excellent view of the hill side and had good cover. He saw a puff of smoke and the movement of a ducking sombrero. Training his sights on the spot he waited, and when the sombrero reappeared he fired. The rifle slid from the Mexican's hands and the arms hung limply over the face of the rock. One more dead.

Adrian decided to try to get back to where John lay. To do so, he had to go out in the open. Running toward the hill side, he took a bullet in the calf of his right leg. He made it back to John but the leg was bleeding profusely. Adrian told his brother he was going to withdraw into the ravine, out of range of the Mexican guns, and bandage his leg.

John laid down a covering barrage with his revolver until Adrian was safely out of range.

The next few minutes of this critical stage of the attack is told in John's own words, as reported to his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Ann Clark, who wrote an account of the vendetta, *Vengeance In The Desert*, published in 1911:

"Before I realized it, that dragoon revolver was empty and there I was without a shooting iron until I'd reloaded.

"After Adrian was out of sight, I began recharging my rifle. While I was thus engaged, crouching behind a rock, I saw one of the Mexicans stand up to get a better view of the ravine. I was sure he hadn't spotted me.

"I never reloaded a rifle faster in my life. I was through in time to pick him off the rock. The way he fell, I knew he was dead.

"Then I saw another turn tail and run through the rocks. With but two of the original band left, I reasoned that this one was aiming to join the other remaining member of the gang, who I was sure had stayed with the horses, which had gone on ahead as a blind. I could not shoot for I had to reload first. He got away."

"I cleaned Adrian's wound with water from my canteen and applied a bandage torn from my undershirt. It was the best I could do under the circumstances for we had no cauterizing liquid with us.

"I went up the hill and found the two dead ones. Neither was Navarro.

"On one I found half a bottle of tequila and I poured it on the bandage around Adrian's leg and made him drink the rest of it."

Leaving Adrian to rest, John rode ahead to scout the trail and found a loose pony. It was still sweaty from a saddle that had been removed, which suggested to him that the remaining pair of bandits had freed the horses of the slain pair and ridden on.

John put the saddle from Adrian's dead mount on the Mexican pony and they were ready to ride again. With a little help, Adrian was able to mount.

At this point, John urged his brother to turn back. Adrian refused. "We will get Navarro or die in the attempt," he said. "We've come this far, and we will go on. Only two more to kill."

RIDING carefully for fear of another ambush, the brothers pushed on. In the late afternoon they encountered a violent electrical storm which drove them to cover under some rocks just off the trail.

As thunder crashed around the peaks above them and the first drops of rain fell, they heard the sound of horses. John went to where he could see the trail, and the sight that greeted him sent cold chills down his spine. A band of 30 Apache warriors, in full regalia and their faces painted were filing past.

But none of the war party noticed where the two horses had left the trail, and they went on by. "It's a good thing that storm came up and we pulled in when we did," John said. 'We might have lost our hair."

Darkness came on and the Cunninghams made camp. Adrian's wound was again bathed and bandaged. John suggested they turn back.

"With eleven of those devils dead and only two to go," Adrian said, "you ask me to go back because of a bum leg. Not on your life. My leg will be all right tomorrow."

The rain had washed out the trail and the Cunninghams had to travel by dead reckoning. Signs of range stock told them they were nearing an inhabited area and were not far from Chihuahua.

Adrian's leg became so painful he had to be helped from the saddle. He slept little that night, and the next morning they discovered gangrene had set in. They had to find a doctor immediately and Chihuahua was the only place within hundreds of miles where a doctor would be.

They arrived in Chihuahua that afternoon and Adrian was rushed to a nursing home where the gangrenous wound was opened and treated. But the doctor could give little hope that the leg would be saved, and the next morning the leg was amputated just below the knee.

Now the brothers faced a long stay in Chihuahua before Adrian would be able to travel again.

"The folks will think we're dead," Adrian said. "You had better go back and return for me in three weeks."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, his brother said. "Don't you remember, this is Navarro's home and I'm going to find him and kill him."

"They'll hang you," Adrian said.

"I'll take that chance," John replied. "We've come a long way and I'll never feel we accomplished our mission until I see that devil's blood spilling on the ground."

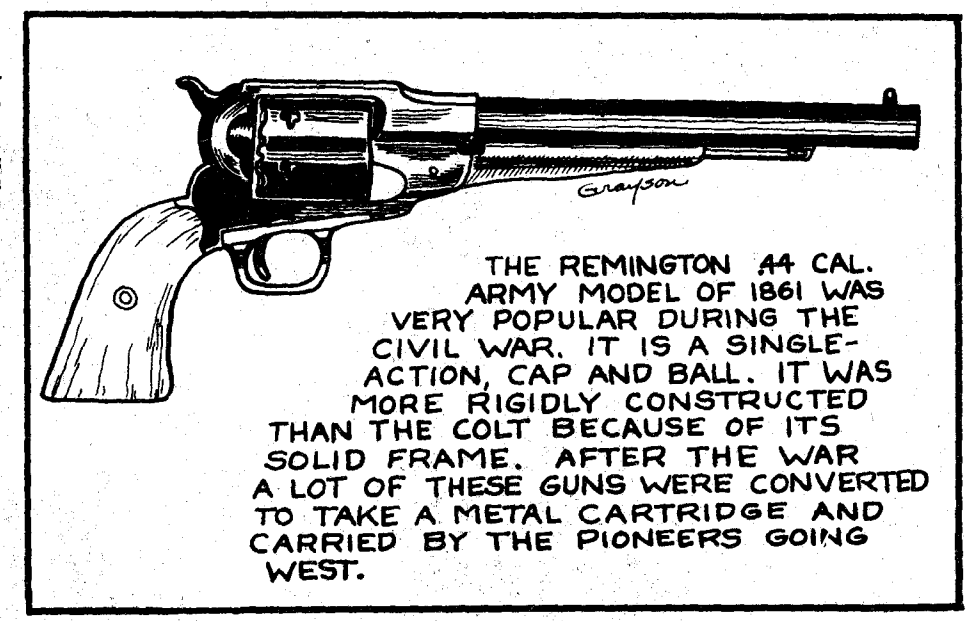
The loss of a leg was a terrible blow to Adrian who was a good rider and a mountaineer as well. He loved tramping through the hills and now he faced a future on crutches or a wooden leg. He was so depressed that he cared little about what happened to him. "Find Navarro and let me kill him," he pleaded. "If they hang me it won't matter. I'll be no good anyway."

John tried to cheer up his brother, but Adrian wanted to kill Navarro himself. It was not uncommon to see men in Chihuahua with guns hanging from their belts, and John, having appropriated Adrian's Colt, went around with both holsters filled with shooting irons. Since he was an American, deep in Mexico, he was being cautious. Only eight years had passed since the Americans under Scott had taken Mexico City, and the feeling against gringos still ran high.

John soon learned all he needed to know about Navarro. The bandit was already recruiting a new gang. For his headquarters he was using El Chico, a cantina on Chihuahua's main street.

He was taking a deadly chance. If Navarro saw him he would shoot him on sight, so John decided on a stratagem. He invested almost all the money he had in a Gaucho costume—bell-bottom trousers split at the ankles, a tight-fitting, waist-length jacket and a wide brimmed Mexican-style hat, all in black. He let his mustache grow and cultivated sideburns, so that when he walked into El Chico his own parents would not have recognized him.

He did not encounter Navarro the first night he went looking for him. He drank with several of his recent acquaintances



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and spread the word around that he was a wealthy rancher's son from New Mexico. But on the second night Navarro and the other surviving bandit, Garcias, showed up. The place was packed. A gun fight would mean that innocent people would die.

FOR an hour or more Navarro and Garcias, who soon were joined by others, stood at the bar drinking while Cunningham lounged at the end of the bar, watching and waiting for his chance.

Once John saw the bandit looking at him, a curious stare on his face.

"I was sure he didn't know who I was." John said later. "He hadn't had a good look at me that day in the canyon, but I could tell he was curious. Perhaps because of the loss of so many of his band he was suspicious of any American who showed up in Chihuahua. I was betting with myself that he would try to speak with me before the evening was over."

Navarro did manage to work his way around to the end of the bar presently. For a few minutes he seemed to be studying the half-familiar face.

"Have I not seen you some place before, yes?"

"You have," Cunningham replied coldly. "Several times."

"But where? I do not remember too well."

Cunningham looked around at the crowded room. He knew that a gringo shooting up a Mexican bar would have about as much chance of getting away with it as a coyote would have escaping from a pack of Russian wolf hounds. The twin six-shooters in his belt did not hold enough bullets to keep them off.

"You've seen me in strange places," Cunningham said at last. "And you'll be seeing me again some day." He turned and walked out, hoping Navarro would follow.

He did. Cunningham had just stepped through the batwing doors when Navarro's voice spoke behind him.

"Gringo, come back! When Navarro asks a question he expects an answer, no?"

Cunningham turned slowly, deliberately, as if he were coming back. Then he drew his guns.

Both Navarro and Garcias, who had followed his old chief out onto the sidewalk, went for their guns, but a burst of gunfire already had shaken the town.

Both outlaws crumpled to the sidewalk.

John Cunningham stepped up and emptied one gun into Navarro, and then with the other he put a bullet squarely between Garcias' eyes.

His pledge over Mary's grave had been kept. Thirteen had died.

Within a few minutes he was surrounded by police and taken to jail. He gave a true account of what had happened, and told the officers why he had killed Navarro and Garcias.

If rape had been committed, the chief of the police said, the shooting would be called justified, but that remained to be seen. Meanwhile he would have to stay in jail.

That night a young Mexican whom John had befriended came to see the prisoner.

"Can you ride well?" John asked.

"*Si!*"

"Then take my horse and ride for the U.S. Dragoons camped near the Rio Grande just west of El Paso. Tell the captain there that the Cunninghams are in trouble and need his help."

Meanwhile, a detachment of U.S. Cavalry under Major Ben Hunt, which had been on a mission to Mexico City in connection with the delivery of the purchase money for the Mesilla Valley (present Arizona south of the Gila River) had arrived in town. Hunt heard of the affair and went to the jail to see Cunningham.

Later he told the Mexican colonel who was in charge of all police that he believed the shooting was justified. He demanded Cunningham's immediate release. The colonel was reluctant to act without higher authority, but finally he gave in and Cunningham was released into the major's custody.

Adrian was put on a horse, and with his stump of a leg still needing medical attention, the brothers rode back to the United States under military escort.

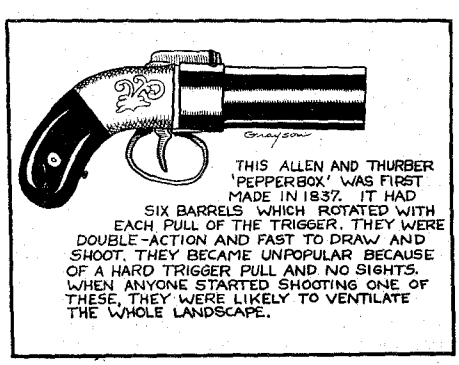
Juan Alvarez, who had just become president of Mexico, filed a protest with the American counsel in Mexico City charging that the killings had been wanton and uncalled for and that the brothers had committed what amounted to an armed invasion of Mexico's sovereignty. President Franklin Pierce asked to see a report on it, and called it "The most audacious feat ever brought to my attention." Eventually, the Mexicans forgot about it.

Adrian Cunningham, in spite of his cork leg, later led raids against the Apaches and was killed in 1861 near Tubac. His brother John served as a captain in the Union Army during the Civil War and later returned to Arizona where he became a surveyor. He died in Tucson in 1919 at the ripe old age of 82. For all the touted gun fighters of the West, few men could boast of an adventure equal in courage and daring to the revenge of the Cunninghams..

THE SKUNK

By S. OMAR BARKER

Out West where cattle roam, the skunk
Is more admired than some have thunk.
Cowboys, of course, do not adore him—
In fact they principally ignore him.
But noting that he will not run
From danger, whether dog or gun,
For fearlessness and simple spunk,
They also hand it to the skunk!
His weapon, it must be admitted,
For self-defense is better fitted
Than tooth or claw, and though he uses it,
He never purposely abuses it
To steal, invade, or take possession
In any spirit of aggression.
But when there's trouble on the trail,
He simply stops and hists his tail—
A brave but peaceful buckeroo
Who *faces* danger hind end to!



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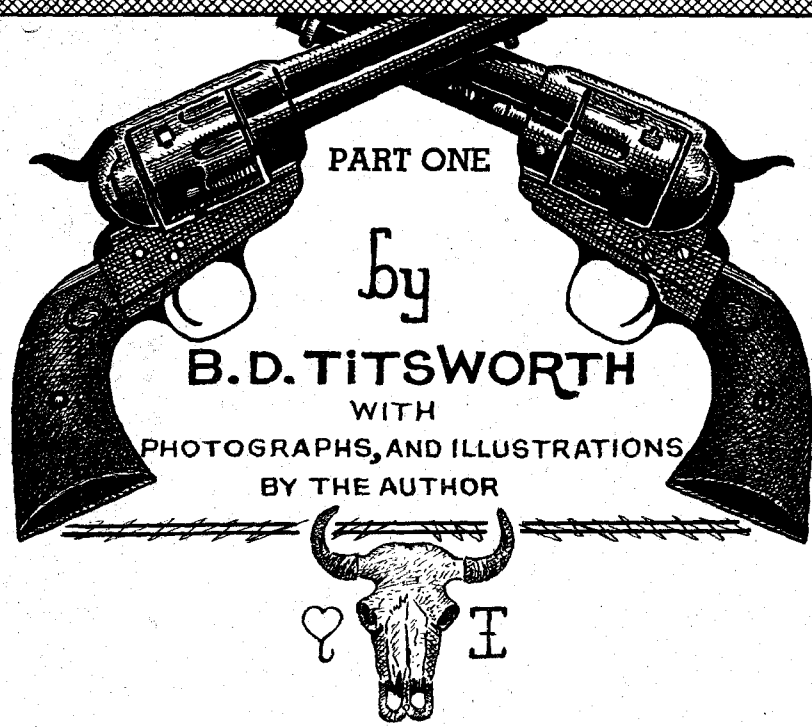
Hole-in-the-Wall Gang



(Written in 1956)

Here is an Old West documentary, on Black Jack Ketchum and his infamous Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws. It is notable for careful, detailed realism and entirely lacking in flashy, pseudo-dramatic writing technique. We like it; we think you'll like it too.

Author's Note: The train robbers, cattle rustlers, horse thieves and murderers I write of in this article, were men George W. Titsworth (my father) captured or helped to capture in his long career as a deputy sheriff from 1877 to 1912. —BDT

DURING a period about sixty years ago, there operated in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Arizona the most reckless, daring and murderous band of desperadoes this country has ever known—men who defied all lawful authority. This gang of train and stage robbers was known as the Hole-in-the-Wall outlaws.

In this gang was Tom Ketchum, a Texan, better known as Black Jack, and the original leader, his brother Sam Ketchum, Billy Carver, Eliza Lay McGinnis, George Meeks, Dave Atkins, Ed Bullin, G. W. Franks, Black Bob McManus, Harry Longbaugh (known as the "Sun Dance Kid" because he was from Sun Dance, Wyoming) Butch Cassidy, George Curry, Ben Kilpatrick, Harvey and Lonny Logan (brothers), and the wife of Ed Bullin, Lauria.

If interfered with in the carrying out of their crimes, these men regarded human life as about equivalent to the value of a charge of powder in one of their cartridges.

They made their headquarters near Baldy in the Raton Mountains of New Mexico, and a place known as the Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, and in Robbers Roost in Utah. In these wild fastnesses, hundreds of feet in height, broken by canyons, and interlaced with ravines and crevices and surrounded by dense forests, these outlaws were immune from capture and even pursuit. Once at any one of these places, they could defy a regiment of soldiers.

The only entrance and exit of the Hole-in-the-Wall hideout was a narrow gorge through which a stream flowed to the open country beyond. At the entrance the walls rose abruptly and it was almost impossible to scale them. Anyone unfamiliar with the place who should have the intrepidity to enter would soon be lost in a network of intricate ravines and be utterly at sea as to the exit.

In the seclusion of this and the other mountain hideouts, these desperadoes planned all their crimes of train, bank and stage robberies, and in their execution eventually met death or capture. Separated by great distance, one by one they met the inevitable fate of the transgressor, and in nearly every instance by means of weapons with which they were most familiar—the Winchester and six-shooter—in the hands of crime avengers.

EVOLUTION of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum's gang has never been accurately traced. It comprised about ten or thirteen desperate men, but so closely veiled were its movements that when Sam and later Black Jack were captured, former Sheriff Gerome W. Shields of Tom Green County, Texas, had to be summoned to identify them. He knew them in the Eighties. He said he had arrested Black Jack for disturbing the peace near San Angelo, and later Ketchum had formed a gang and robbed a Southern Pacific train near Lozier, Texas.

Son of a physician near San Angelo, Texas, Black Jack left there sometime in the 1880's when Texas Rangers sought him for the killing of Jap Powers. He went to the Pecos Valley and was later joined by his brother, Sam. Berry, another brother, remained a Texas ranchman. Black Jack also had one or two sisters.

Ex-Governor James H. Hinkle of New Mexico knew Tom and Sam Ketchum well through having been associated with them at roundups. They never worked for Hinkle's outfit.

The first time Black Jack harassed a locomotive engineer in New Mexico was in Clayton in 1890, shortly after arriving there with a trail herd from Roswell, N. M. Hidden behind

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a pile of railroad ties, Black Jack blistered the engineman with buckshot from a beanshooter every time he stooped to oil the drivers. Finally, discovering the source of the trouble, the engineer went for his gun and Black Jack for the rear of a nearby saloon.

The first murder laid to Sam and Tom Ketchum was that of Levi Herzstein in 1891. Levi, with Morris Herzstein, ran a post office and store at Liberty, near Tucumcari, N. M. It was robbed one night. Suspecting passing cowpunchers, Levi with three Mexicans as a posse took the trail the next morning. Surprising the Ketchum boys along the banks of a tributary of the Canadian River, Levi and one of the Mexicans covered them with their rifles. Tom shouted not to shoot, that they would surrender. He then whispered to his brother that when the posse got close, to step to the horse's head, duck under his neck, and come up shooting. They did. Herzstein fell to the ground dead, and the Mexican critically wounded. The other two Mexicans fled and the Ketchums escaped.

Then, getting their men together, they drifted to Wyoming, where they held up a train near Wilcox. They got over $100,000 in currency and over fifty per cent of it was unsigned money.

After this train holdup, Harvey Logan, one of Black Jack's men, went to St. Louis, Missouri. He had got into an argument with Black Jack and had left the gang. While in St. Louis he dropped into a saloon and billiard hall where he killed a man in a gun fight. He ran out and stopped a team and made the teamster get off the wagon. He took charge of the team and started them in a dead run. He went to turn a corner and upset the wagon. Then, getting a saddle horse, he made his escape. Close to $1,000 of the unsigned money was picked up where he had turned the wagon over. Both horses were so badly injured that they had to be killed.

The next heard of Logan was in Knoxville, Tennessee. He had been arrested on some minor charge and was in jail. William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody's Wild West Show had been playing the town and it was their last day there. He managed to get hold of a wire some way and roped the jailer, got his keys, locked the jailer in *his* cell, armed himself with a six-shooter and escaped. (Of course, he watched his chance and caught the jailer alone.)

Then he made his way to the show train, and it is believed that some of the rough riders and cowboy performers (some of them his friends of old range days) had concealed him in the train and got him out of the country, unknown to Buffalo Bill. A few years later he committed suicide, for he knew he was at the end of his rope.

BLACK JACK and his gang used to come over from the Baldy, New Mexico, hide-out, to Catskill, Colorado, above Trinidad, in the southern part of the state, at different times prior to train and other robberies. As they never committed any crimes or holdups around that part of the country, the Las Animas county sheriff and his deputies didn't know much about them, only hearing there was such a gang of outlaws roaming the country, and of course, they were on the lookout for them.

One day Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum and one of his men rode down to a saloon close to Sopris, a little town west of Trinidad, which was run by a man by the name of Angelo Carley. (By the way, he was a deputy sheriff.) They tied their saddle horses and two other horses, unsaddled, to the hitching rack and entered the saloon.

There was quite a crowd in the saloon at the time these outlaws walked in. They scanned the faces of the crowd and then walked up to the bar and said to Mr. Carley, "Have you got a dice box? We will shake the dice for the drinks." He said, "Yes." So they shook and beat him. They drank their drinks, then they said, "We'll shake again," and had started to shake for another round when a Mexican rancher ran into the saloon and said, "Mr. Carley, you're a deputy sheriff, aren't you? I want you to arrest these two men. They have stolen my horses. They are tied at the hitching rack with theirs out front."

Mr. Carley said to the two men, "Give me the dice box. The game is over. Boys, you will have to consider yourselves under arrest." He hadn't got the last words out of his mouth when Black Jack shot and killed him. They telegraphed in to the sheriff's office in Trinidad, and deputies George W. Titsworth and Louis Kreeger went out there.

Everybody was excited, but they got the description of the men. Eye witnesses to the murder described both men as tall; one was smooth-shaved, and the one that did the shooting had a black beard and mustache. Both wore dark-blue flannel shirts and white hats. The smooth-shaved man wore light-colored corduroys and chaps; the bearded man wore blue denim trousers and both had six-shooters buckled on and Winchesters on their saddles. In the next few days the sheriff and his deputies arrested several suspects and brought them before the eye witnesses to the murder, but none were identified. (When the photographs of Black Jack after his capture had been taken by deputy sheriff George W. Titsworth in the San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad and were published, he was identified as the man who had killed deputy sheriff Angelo Carley.)

Some time after the murder of Carley, Black Jack and his men rode into Castle Gate, Utah, beyond Green River. (Castle Gate was a coal mining camp.) They robbed the payroll there of $25,000 in gold and escaped. When they returned to the New Mexico country, they used gold nearly altogether. They spent money pretty liberally and made friends wherever they went.

MANY years after this gang of outlaws was broken up, captured, driven from the country or executed, some old-timers came through and told something about them that they wouldn't tell at that time. Among them was Mr. G. W. Moore, who ran a saloon in Elizabethtown, New Mexico. His father had built the first log house there and the town was named after his sister.

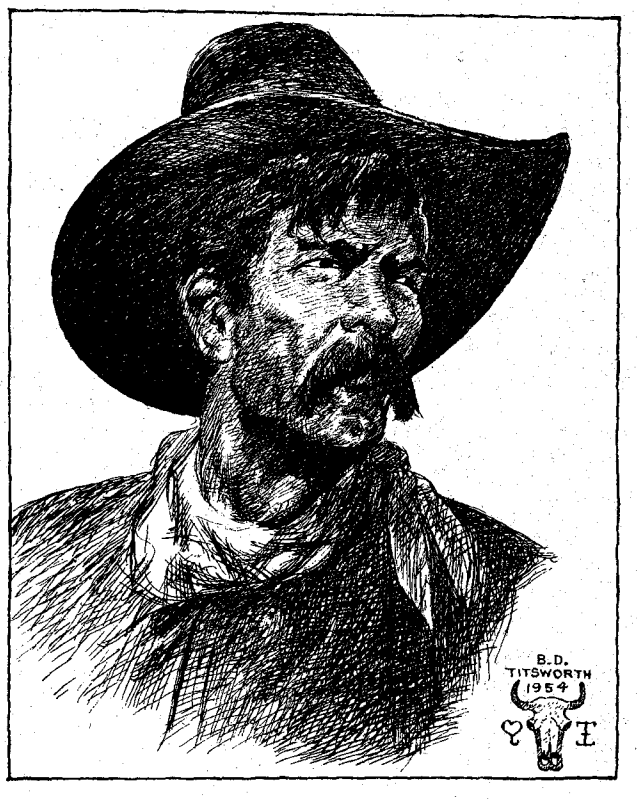
Just prior to their first train robbery and the pitched battle in Turkey Creek Canyon with the sheriff's posse, the outlaws used to drop, always at night, into Moore's saloon in Elizabethtown. The first time they came there were four or five of them. They tied their horses to the hitching rack and entered. They looked around at the men in the building, and then walked up to the bar. Mr. Moore said he thought they looked pretty dangerous and they were strangers to him, so he invited them up to the bar to have a drink.

They had their drinks, then Black Jack looked around and called everyone in the house up to have a drink. "Come on, boys, and have a drink on us," he said, and threw a hundred-dollar bill on the bar. Mr. Moore said, "That's more money than I have in the saloon. I can't change it for you."

Black Jack said, "If you have a room where we can play poker, we will change it for you before morning." Moore said he had a room they could use. There were a lot of poker players sitting around in the saloon and the outlaw leader invited them all to sit in the game and take a hand. He said it would be a nice honest game.

There were some men sitting around that were about as tough as the outlaws. There was Ed Burnett, Clem Mumfried (a killer), Bob Clayton, Shorty Williams, and a cowpuncher whose name is not recalled.

Irving (Black Bob) McManus, a member of Black Jack Ketchum's Hole-in-the-Wall Gang.



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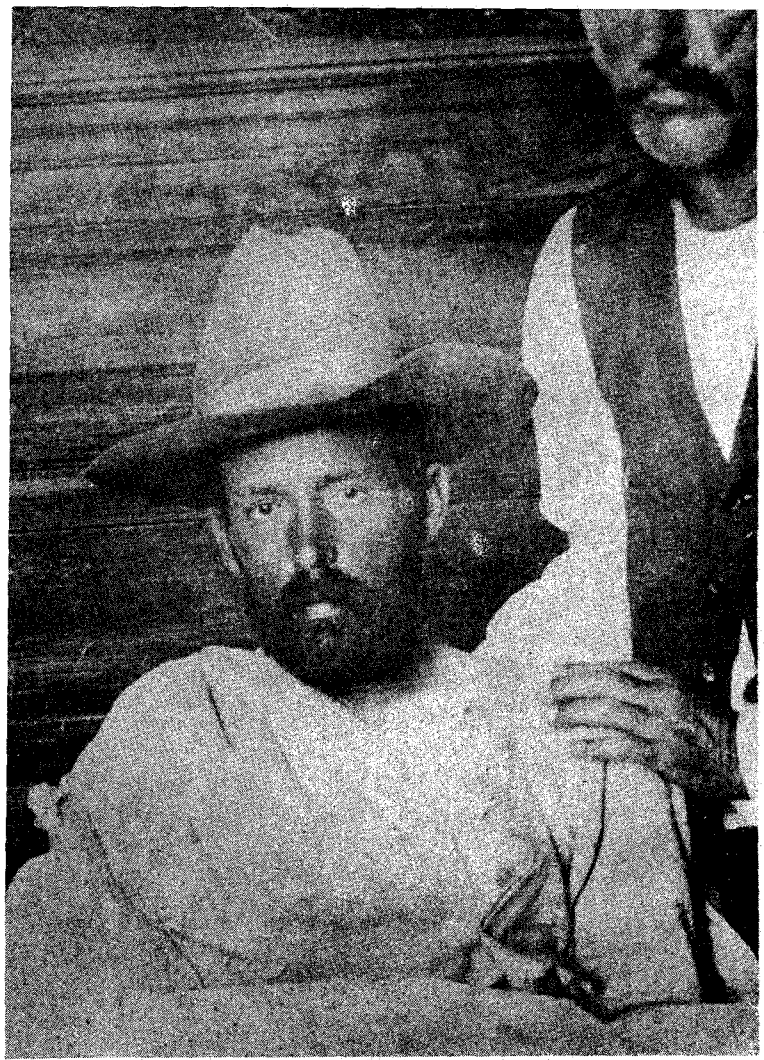

Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, original leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang. Photo taken by Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth in San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colorado, after Black Jack's capture.

Black Bob McManus, one of the outlaws, was not a poker player. He stood guard while the rest played all night. He was one of the most mysterious men of the gang. He never had very much to say and was pleasant enough but dangerous-looking. He was rated as an expert shot with either Winchester or six-shooter.

After they had played poker for some time, Black Jack sent one of the men out to a nearby hotel to bring back something for all of them to eat. He paid for all the food for each man. They made new acquaintances and friends, and the next morning about daylight the game broke up and the outlaws left. They didn't like to be caught around in daytime. The proceeds of the game and bar was well over two hundred dollars.

They continued to drop in every night for some time, but Black Jack finally didn't show up any more at the poker games in Mr. Moore's saloon, and just prior to their first C & S train robbery on the night of July 16th, 1897, none of them came to Elizabethtown.

Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum related at a later date to deputy sheriff Titsworth (who guarded him at night after he had been badly wounded and captured) the movements of himself and his gang on that July night. He said after they had made their plans, selected the spot a few miles from Folsom, New Mexico, hobbled their pack and saddle horses, and got everything in readiness, he walked into Folsom, hid and waited for the train.

Following is the engineer's story of that eventful night of July 16th, 1897:

ENGINEER TUBBS TELLS HOW IT HAPPENED—from an old newspaper clipping:

"Those train robbers were not such bad fellows," said Engineer Tubbs this morning. He had just returned from Texline after being out thirty-six hours without a wink of sleep. To a number of friends who were congratulating him on getting off with nothing worse than a bad fright, he said:

"We left Folsom on time and were just getting up a little speed when I heard someone command fireman Howard to throw up his hands. Looking around, I was startled to see a man in the gangway covering him with a six-shooter. I thought the man a drunken tramp who was trying to run a 'Sandy' on us. The engine was rocking some and as the fellow was trying to steady himself, I thought him intoxicated. I did not know but that he might shoot, so I was preparing to stop the train. I intended to fall out the window after bringing the engine to a standstill.

"About that time I felt a cold piece of steel pressing against my head. 'Hands up!' the old familiar dime-novel cry rang out at the same instant and you can rest assured that they went up. Our new acquaintance told us to obey commands and, by way of emphasis, jabbed us in the ribs with his six-shooter. I was ordered to run slowly to a place where a number of horses were standing and a small fire burning.

"Arriving there, the fireman and I were marched around to the express car and used as breast-works to protect the robbers in case the messenger should do a little shooting. Messenger Scott would not admit us until a shower of bullets had been rained into the car.

"Had I not yelled to Scott that the fireman and I were at the door, Howard would doubtless have been perforated as the messenger had a bead on him, so he afterward said. Two attempts were made to blow up the safe, the second proving a success. The roof of the car was almost completely blown off, the safe was blown straight up and fell back in the car. Money and mail was strewn all over the inside of the express car. It required some time to complete the job, after which the robbers got a box of pears out of the car and told us to help ourselves. They also asked us to join them in a drink of whiskey, they having a large flask. I declined to drink to their health, and they replied that it made no difference.

"The business and social part of the hold-up being over, Mr. Howard and Mr. Scott and I were ordered to mount the engine and pull out. We complied, and as the train started, the robbers mounted their horses and galloped off, yelling and shooting in the air. I stopped the train after going a few miles. The top of the express car was dragging and we chopped it off. Then we proceeded on south, a badly frightened crowd.

"It makes the cold chills run up and down my spinal column when I think of it.

"They were ten outlaws, all having the appearance of cowboys, Mr. Tubbs says. The leader wore a mustache and beard. Some had mustaches and a few of the others were smooth-shaved. This is the engineer's first experience with train robbers, and he is not anxious to come in contact with any more New Mexico Turpins."

Three thousand five hundred dollars in greenbacks and silver were taken by the robbers in this holdup of the C & S, or "Texas Flyer," as it was known. It took place about sixty miles from Trinidad, Colorado, at Twin Mountains near Folsom, N. M., on the night of July 16th, 1897. This holdup was the first train robbery the Hole-in-the-Wall outlaws had committed in New Mexico. A posse of sixteen well-armed men took up the trail early on the morning of July 17th, 1897. It was said the outlaws left in the direction of Springer, N. M.

DEPUTY SHERIFF GEORGE W. TITSWORTH tells about the pursuit of the outlaws, beginning July 17th, 1897:

"I was called by the Sheriff to get my horse and be down at the C & S Depot in Trinidad, Colorado, just as quick as I could. I was the first man there, but it wasn't long until the rest of the possemen arrived with their horses and were ready to lead them.

"The train consisted of a fast passenger engine, stock car and Superintendent Webb's private dining car. (Mr. Webb was Superintendent of the C & S.)

"There were sixteen of us. We had breakfast in Mr. Webb's car while en route to the robbery scene. When we arrived there a short time later that morning, our train stopped in a cut and we threw out a gangplank and led our horses out of the stock car. Then we went to the spot and began examining the ground and horse tracks. We found where a small fire had been, and a spot where twelve horses had stood hobbled. The robbers were evidently in an awful big hurry to get away, for they cut the rope hobbles instead of untying them.

"We followed their trail until it struck the mountainous country. There the grass was so thick their horses' feet made no impression whatever. So we scattered out, looking for some sign of their trail. We had trailed them until then, which was late in the evening. There was a big black cloud forming, and I knew we were going to get caught in a bad rain storm.

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"We all got together just before this storm struck. It was the worst rain and electric storm I have ever witnessed. This storm elimininated all signs of the robbers' trail we had been trying to follow.

"We got to a cattle ranch run by a cattleman I knew by the name of Bud Emory at ten o'clock that night. He and his family were greatly alarmed for they thought we were the outlaws. We stayed there that night. He told us about some men he had seen in a canyon about eight miles from his ranch. He said there were about six of them. He gave us the direction and described the canyon they were in. One canyon headed east and ran out, and made a pretty sharp backbone between the head of that canyon and the canyon they were in. He also told us of a cave the men occupied west of there. So we concluded to try and locate them.

"We left his ranch early the morning of July 18th, 1897, and as we got close to this 'hideout,' I rode up on high ground and looked over the valley to see if I could locate anything on the opposite side of the ridge.

"Just then I heard a shot and called the boys' attention to it. They were all riding in a bunch and their horses were making so much noise they hadn't heard it. They asked me what direction, and I told them right over west of us. It was a warning signal fired by a lookout. We dismounted, and got our horses in a safe place in case of a gun battle. Then after we had spotted a picket house, some of the possemen began working their way around toward it. The rest of us were ready to open fire if the advancing possemen were fired upon.

"Finally the possemen cornered the men and disarmed them and then signaled to us. We got all the horses and went over where they were holding the captives. We didn't think these men were any of the train robbers we were after. There were seven of them, counting their lookout man who was captured later.

"There was a deputy sheriff from Union County, New Mexico, by the name of John Jones with us. He said to me, 'Suppose some of our men get these men their horses and saddle them up and take them on in to Folsom, N. M., and some of us will look around and see what we can find.' So, some of our men went on to Folsom with the prisoners, and we went to searching the hideout. We found a little of everything—Winchester scabbards, cartridge belts, six-shooters, harnesses and so on, but no money. So we gave up the search and followed the other men with the prisoners into Folsom.

"We got in there late in the evening. There we met the captain of the Texas Rangers of Amarillo, whose name was John L. Sullivan. He was a terror to outlaws. He said, 'These men look like the type.' We turned them over to the Sheriff of Union County, N. M., and he took them on the train to Clayton and put them in jail. We afterward learned they were cattle rustlers. So that ended the pursuit of the first train robbers, although we continued to run down every clue or tip.

"I was told that along in the early part of July, 1898, Butch Cassidy took some of Black Jack's men and went to Wyoming. Later we received an account of the holdup of the Union Pacific Flyer near Table Rock Wyoming."

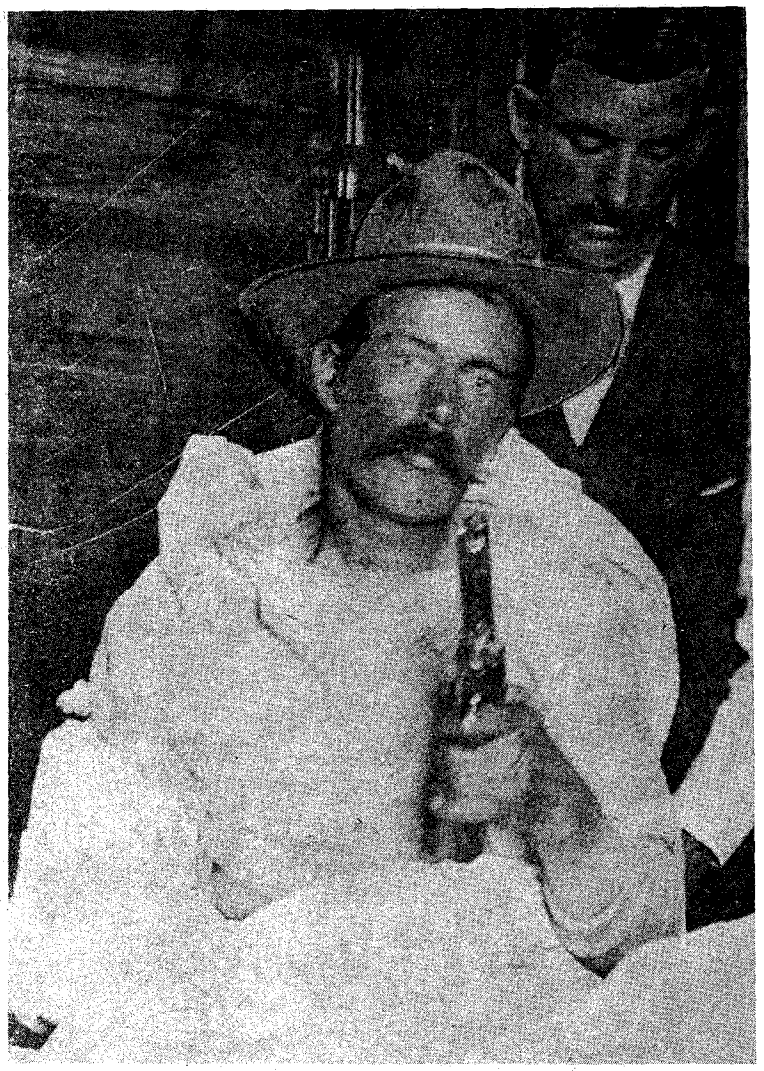
(From an old news dispatch)

Believed to have secured $100,000

"CHEYENNE, WYOMING, August, 31st, 1898. The chase after the four desperadoes who dynamited and robbed the Union Pacific Flyer near Table Rock in the Red Desert Wednesday night is still on and the robbers have not been overtaken. A courier has just reached the railroad from the south with the report that the trail of the robbers has been followed with considerable difficulty owing to certain methods employed by the outlaws to shake off their pursuers. A number of streams were crossed, and in these the robbers waded their horses until they came to a ledge of rocks, when their mounts would be urged along over the ledges for several miles, leaving no trail whatever.

"There are now four posses in the chase, the manhunters numbering in the aggregate over one hundred men. All are well armed and are mounted on splendid horses, while the majority of the men have traversed the country many times and know every foot of the ground. The trail leads south in the direction of Bitter Creek Mountains, and if the present course is pursued, it will go through what is known as Hay Stacks, a rough broken country with many natural hiding places.

"Unless the robbers know the country, they will be at a great disadvantage, as the only water obtainable is in water holes, a majority of the creeks having dried up. It is presumed, however, that the outlaws are well acquainted with the country because of the fact of their selecting Table Rock for the scene of the holdup and because of its closeness to the mountains. Certain acts of the outlaws also lead to the belief that they are members of the Butch Cassidy gang, in which event they know the mountainous country now being traversed even better than the oldest frontiersman and scout in the pursuing posses.



Another photo of Black Jack Ketchum taken by Deputy Titsworth. The outlaw submitted to a shave, but clung to his handle-bar mustache.

"As there are innumerable places in the mountains admirably adapted for an ambush, it is feared should the robbers be hard pressed, they will set an ambush for the posses. If the outlaws are overtaken, a battle will surely be fought. Both parties being armed with Winchesters and six-shooters, there will doubtless be bloodshed.

"OFFICIALS of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Pacific Express Company are scouring the country for bloodhounds, which will be used in case the outlaws succeed in eluding the posses. A number of Pinkertons have been sent to the scene of the holdup from Denver and Omaha, and these will join in the chase.

"As the courier who reached the railroad from the south this noon left the posses late last night, additional advises from the chase are expected at any moment. Just what the news will be, time alone will tell. A report is current here that the train robbers secured upwards of $100,000 in currency which was being sent to the U. S. soldiers in Manila and China.

"It develops that when express messenger Woodcock, who was the man in charge of the express car dynamited and robbed at Wilcox, Wyoming, some time back, heard the sound of voices outside the car after the train had been stopped, he divined the cause of the stop and immediately tossed one package of currency containing $600 in a telescope, but before he could get to the large amount, the robbers reached the door and ordered him out. It is believed the outlaws are headed for the Hole-in-the-Wall hideout in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming.

"These men were not captured until years afterward. Black Jack Ketchum and his men have been hunted for years. The gang achieved its first notoriety in August 1886,

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when it robbed a store and killed a man near Kingman, Arizona. Since then, railroad trains, banks, stores and stagecoaches have been robbed in a sensational manner.

"The bank of Nogales, Arizona, was held up; then the teller began shooting and the robbers were foiled. They took to the mountains and escaped. More than a dozen men have been killed and better than $200,000 has been secured by the gang. Three times the Colorado and Southern Flyer has been held up and once the Santa Fe California Limited."

$10,000 reward was offered for the body, dead or alive, of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, the notorious outlaw leader. Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming and Montana each offered $5,000 reward, in addition to the rewards put up by the Wells Fargo Express Company and the Colorado & Southern Railroad for the body, dead or alive, of any of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum's men. Photographs of a number of his men were in the hands of United States marshals, deputy sheriffs, and sheriffs of the districts in which the bold robberies and other offenses had been committed, but as the outlaws seldom entered a town, their recognition and arrest was difficult.

Shortly after Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum formed his full gang, they were driven out of Arizona and sought refuge in the mountains of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. They made a raid on a small Mormon settlement and were pursued by a posse of Mormon colonists and a small force of *rurales*. The robbers were overtaken and a fight took place, resulting in the killing of three members of the gang. It was reported at the time that one of the men killed was Tom Ketchum, the leader of the outlaws, but this statement was disputed by authorities.

Then the gang returned to Arizona, where they got into an argument over the division of money taken in a holdup at Jerome, Arizona, and Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum's men left him. The gang, then led by Sam Ketchum (Black Jack's brother), crossed over into New Mexico.

ON the night of July 16th, 1899, the Colorado and Southern Flyer, after it had left Folsom, was robbed a second time. The outlaws got a large amount of money and loot. Then they fled for the rough mountain country on their fast horses, pursued by a large posse of sheriffs, deputies and cowpunchers.

(Old newspaper accounts follow)

The Posse of Deputies Lose the Trail

JULY 17TH, 1899. ASSOCIATED PRESS—The Possemen headed by W. H. Reno, Chief of the Special Service Department of the Colorado & Southern Railway, with Sheriff Ed. Farr of Walsenburg, Huerfano County, Colorado, Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth, of Trinidad, Las Animas County, Colorado, and a number of other sheriffs, deputies and appointed deputies have lost the trail of the fleeing robbers of the Colorado & Southern Fast Flyer, after following it for twenty-five miles south-west of Folsom, N. M., where it was completely obliterated by the heavy rain, and upon return to Folsom information was furnished by an ex-member of the gang, which was considered of sufficient importance to act upon.

* * * * *

Pitched Battle With Bandits
Posse Runs Across Train Robbers in Turkey Creek Canyon
A Bloody Fight Takes Place
Latest Account of the Battle
Details of the Desperate Encounter Between Sheriff's Posse and "Hole-in-the-Wall" Outlaws
Outlaws Used Explosive Bullets and Smokeless Powder with Terrible Effect—Sheriff Ed. Farr's Body Brought to Trinidad —Outlaws Escape

ASSOCIATED PRESS. SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 18th, 1899—The fight with train robbers in Turkey Creek Canyon Sunday evening was one of the most desperate that has ever taken place in New Mexico, famed as it is for encounters with desperate men. It was in the nature of a duel in the rain and semi-darkness, the pursuing posse having come upon the outlaws just about nightfall.

Outlaws Were Fortified in Turkey Creek Canyon

The attacking posse of officers came upon the outlaws about 5 o'clock in Turkey Creek Canyon, Colfax Co., N. M., 35 miles from Railway. The outlaws were about to go into camp, having chosen a well fortified place, and refused to surrender at the demand of the officers. The possemen dismounted, and sought the shelter of trees, Sheriff Ed. Farr, Reno, Love, and Smith going to the left of the other deputies perhaps one hundred yards. Firing was at once opened on both sides. About one hundred shots were exchanged, the outlaws having the advantage of being provided with smokeless powder, which made it difficult to locate them in the gathering gloom and the downpour of rain. They also used explosive bullets.

One Outlaw was a Dead Shot

Most of the execution on the part of the robbers was done by one of the outlaws, who appeared to be a dead shot. Every time he fired, the bullet either found its mark or came uncomfortably close to one of the attacking possemen.

Almost at the first fire from the outlaws, Sheriff Ed. Farr received a bullet through the wrist. He coolly wrapped his handkerchief about the wound and resumed firing. Then he received a shot in the body near the heart. Falling across the body of Smith, who had been wounded in the leg, Sheriff Farr expired in a short time. Deputy Sheriff Love was shot in the thigh with an explosive bullet, shattering the bone badly and making a bad wound that necessitated amputation.

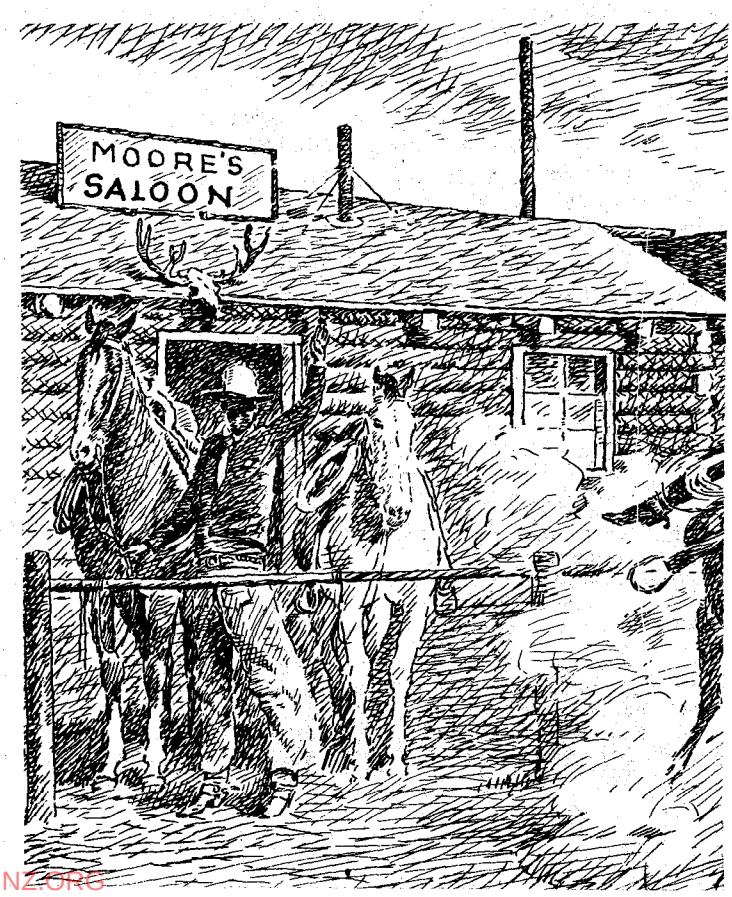
The outlaw expert shot then singled out Officer Reno as a victim. He received a slight wound in the side and his coat had several bullet holes through it. One of the outlaws was seen to fall but his body was not found. By this time it was quite dark and raining hard, and the firing ceased.

RENO went over to the men and discovered that Sheriff Farr was dead. Smith asked him to lift the dead sheriff's body off of him as he was nearly crushed. This officer Reno did and then, with the help of the other men of the posse, they lashed the body of Sheriff Ed. Farr on the back of one of their horses and in company with a few of the possemen started for Cimarron, eleven miles distant. The party with the body of the dead sheriff did not reach Cimarron until late next morning, so intense was the darkness and so severe the rainstorm. It rained hard and it was a miserable all-night trip.

The other deputies camped at the scene of the battle and the next day brought the two wounded men on into Cimarron. When daylight came, the outlaws were nowhere to be seen. They had escaped, taking their wounded with them.

On the battle ground the possemen found some of their bedding rolled up in tarps. Bloody splotches covered the ground. They found a bloody hat and slicker, the tree of a pack saddle, some provisions, frying pans and a large coffee pot. The ground was littered with empty .30-40 cartridge cases, and at the far end of the battle ground lay a dead saddle horse with the saddle still on. A Winchester scabbard and rope were on the saddle. There were about forty pounds of dynamite in a box nearby.

Sam Ketchum (Black Jack's brother) who was the leader of the outlaws in this battle, and Billy Carver both received wounds which later caused their death. McGinnis, one of the outlaws, was wounded four times but survived.



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Sheriff Ed. Farr was born in Kerrville, Texas. He came to Colorado and settled in Huerfano County in 1891, and in 1895 he was married. He and his brother (Jeff) were engaged in the cattle business. In 1897 he was elected sheriff of Huerfano County, and at the expiration of his term he was re-elected. His reputation in his line of business was such that on many occasions he was called upon by detectives and railroads to assist in just such work as that in which he lost his life. He was brave and generous to a fault. He will be buried by Walsenburg Camp No. 174, Woodmen of the World. He was 35 years old at the time of death.

ASSOCIATED PRESS. LAS VEGAS, N. M., JULY 19TH, 1899—Up to a late hour last night no further news was received at Springer concerning the band of robbers. The entire community has been aroused by the battle with the train robbers Sunday evening, July 18th, 1899.

The pursuing posse has been swelled to forty well armed men. Superintendent Webb of the Colorado & Southern arrived at Springer on a special train. Superintendent Hurley of the Santa Fe is also on the ground. Captain Thacker, Chief of the Secret Service of the Wells Fargo Co., left Springer by special stage for Cimarron.

Death of H. M. Love, One of the Posse

SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 21, 1899.—(SPECIAL)—H. M. Love, a member of the posse who was wounded during the desperate engagement with train robbers last Sunday night in the mountains near Cimarron, died here this morning from the effects of his injuries.

He received a bad wound in the thigh, the bone being badly shattered. Love had been in the employ of Charles Springer, a cattleman on Ute Creek. He was brought to this place yesterday from Cimarron where he had been cared for since the fight.

SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 21, 1899.—(SPECIAL)—F. H. Smith, the other injured member of the Sheriff's posse, who was wounded in the leg in the pitched battle with the outlaws in Turkey Creek Canyon late Sunday evening, is getting along nicely and may recover.

THE outlaws had hung together for quite a while after the battle. Once their immediate danger seemed over, however, they scattered.

Sam Ketchum, brother of Black Jack, who was the leader of the outlaws, and was wounded in the left arm near the shoulder in the battle, was the first of the robbers captured. Old newspaper accounts follow:

One of the Bandits has been Captured. Sam Ketchum, a brother of the notorious "Black Jack," Taken Last Night

He Sustained a Broken Arm

During the Desperate Engagement with the Posse and Went to the Ranch for Medical Attendance and Food

ASSOCIATED PRESS. LAS VEGAS, N. M., JULY 21, 1899—A Special to the Optic from Springer says: Sam Ketchum was captured last night at Lambert's Ranch on Ute Creek, where he came in for medical attendance and food. His left arm was broken near the shoulder. The prisoner gave his name as Sam Ketchum. He is over six feet tall, stout of build and light complexioned. He has sandy hair and mustache and appears to be about 38 or 40 years of age. Ketchum is wounded in the left arm near the shoulder. While the bone is badly shattered, the wound is not considered dangerous. A physician dressed the wound and the outlaw seems to be resting better.

The cattleman who captured the outlaw is about 60 years old and pretty wiry. His name is McBride, and his story follows:

"The outlaw rode up to my ranch house and asked for food and medical attention. He was weak from the loss of blood and the lack of food. My wife fixed him something to eat and my son kept watch over him. I was hunting some horses that had strayed off, and upon returning to the ranch I found the wounded outlaw. I got the drop on him and disarmed the man, who made slight resistance.

"I sent my son to Cimarron, eight miles distant, for a doctor and to notify the Sheriff. The doctor and sheriff arrived at about the same time. The doctor dressed the outlaw's wounded arm, and we kept him under guard at my ranch that night. The next morning we took the prisoner before a Justice of the Peace at Cimarron and tried him for the killing of Sheriff Farr, resulting in him being bound over. After the trial we started for Springer.

"The prisoner had little to say other than that his men were camped in the canyon west of Cimarron late Sunday evening when the sheriff's posse rode up on them and commenced to fire. At the time he was watering his horse, and about the first shot fired caught him in the left arm. He said that one of his party's horses was killed by the posse. When they escaped after the battle, his men tried to hold him on his horse but he could not stand it long and had to dismount. He told them to leave him and that he would look out for himself."

The prisoner will be taken to the territorial penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M.

Lambert's Ranch, where the wounded outlaw was cap-

Following the all-night poker game at Moore's Saloon, the outlaws mounted their horses at dawn and rode away.

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tured, is located eight miles from Cimarron and three miles from Turkey Creek Canyon, where the battle with the "Hole-in-the-Wall Gang" of outlaws occurred.

McBride Entitled to Big Reward for Capturing Sam Ketchum Singlehanded.

Mr. McBride, the Ute Creek cattleman who has worked hard all his life and barely been able to keep the wolf from the door, will, if given the reward for the capture of Sam Ketchum which he is entitled to, have possession of enough money to keep himself and family in easy circumstances the balance of their lives. There has been a standing reward of $5,000 for the capture of Sam Ketchum for several years. Outside of that amount a number of other rewards for the capture of the hold-ups of the Colorado & Southern train are offered, in all amounting to a large sum.

TRINIDAD, COLORADO, JULY, 1899. Superintendent F. C. Webb of the Colorado and Southern Railroad and Deputies Harry Lewis, W. C. Bent, Hugo Pfalmer, and Lewis Kreeger left on a special at 3 o'clock this afternoon for Springer, N. M., from which place they will join the other posse in the mountains thirty miles distant in pursuit of the outlaws. They were joined here by a large posse from Walsenburg, Colorado. Coroner B. B. Sipe and Dave Farr of Walsenburg, brother of the deceased, accompanied the party to Springer. Mr. Webb and the other two gentlemen will return to Trinidad tonight with the body of Sheriff Ed. Farr, who was killed in the battle in Turkey Creek Canyon with the outlaws.

Another one of the Wounded Outlaws Has been Located on a Nearby Cattle Ranch

Death beat the doctor and sheriff's posse to the bedside of Billy Carver, one of the other wounded men of the outlaw gang who was seriously wounded in the gun fight with the posse in Turkey Creek Canyon, late the evening of July 18th, 1899.

(Old News Dispatch Follows):

SAM KETCHUM BEHIND BARS

The Train Robber Says He Told his Men to Leave Him.

Brother of Black Jack

So the Officers Declare.

No Late News of the Posse in Pursuit of the Fleeing "Hole-in-the-Wall" outlaws.

ASSOCIATED PRESS. SANTA FE, N, M., JULY 22, 1899—Sam Ketchum, brother of Tom Ketchum (Black Jack), accused of train robbery, murder and resisting United States officers, is now in the N. M. Territorial Penitentiary here. Ketchum is weak from loss of blood and pain from the wound in his left arm. This forenoon he rested easily, although he said that his arm seemed to weigh 300 pounds.

According to this story, after the fight his men assisted him on his horse several times, but he became faint and had to dismount. Finally he said, "Go on, boys, and leave me." His companions then rode away and Ketchum made his way to the Lambert Ranch house, asking for assistance and where he was arrested by a deputy with but little resistance. Sam Ketchum is a United States prisoner, but may be tried by the Territory. He came to New Mexico from San Angelo, Texas, and, according to U. S. Marshal Foraker, is a desperate character.

Brother of Black Jack

He is a brother of Tom Ketchum (Black Jack), who was the leader of the outlaws and was implicated in the train robbery at Folsom, N. M. two years ago. Tom is 37 years of age, while Sam is about 45. The case is entirely in the hands of U. S. Marshal Foraker, who will be assisted in the case by the Wells Fargo Co. They have also got a posse of 10 men pursuing the outlaws who are fleeing toward the northwest.

Funeral of H. M. Love Held at Springer, N. M.

SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 23RD, 1899.—H. M. Love, who died from gangrene, was buried at Springer and was followed to the grave by a large body of citizens. His parents live in Ill., and a brother somewhere in Kansas. A knife he had in his pocket, which he had been using to skin cattle that had died on the Springer Ranch with blackleg, was struck by the outlaw's bullet, shattering the knife and driving the poison blades into his thigh. Physicians say that his was a hopeless case, as it was 18 hours after he was shot before medical aid could be obtained.

The Funeral of Sheriff Ed. Farr

TRINIDAD, COLORADO, JULY, 1899.—SPECIAL— A special train bearing the body of the late Sheriff Farr of Huerfano County, his relatives and friends, left this city at 9:15 o'clock this morning for Walsenburg, Colo., the home of the deceased, where the funeral occurred this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The train consisted of a baggage car, coach and Superintendent F. C. Webb's private car. The engine and baggage car were draped in mourning. Mr. Webb and the funeral party occupied his car, while the other cars were well filled with friends of the deceased. Delegations from the Woodmen and Redmen's Lodges were in the party and will assist the orders at Walsenburg in laying away the remains of their fallen lodge member. Both of the above named orders contributed beautiful floral designs, as did also a number of individual citizens. Sheriff Farr was a warm personal friend of Superintendent Webb, who provided the special train and accompanied the party to Walsenburg, doing everything in his power to honor the dead and to ease the grief of the heart-broken widow and relatives.

George W. Titsworth, Deputy Sheriff from 1877 to 1912. Photo taken about 1909.

Sam Ketchum, brother of "Black Jack" Ketchum, Dies from Wound in Left Arm.

SANTA FE, N. M., JULY 25, 1899.—Sam Ketchum, leader of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang of outlaws in the hold-up of the C & S Flyer and battle in Turkey Creek Canyon, died July 24, 1899, of blood poisoning which had set in his wounded arm near the shoulder. He was a brother of the notorious Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, the original leader of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang. Sam Ketchum has been held in the Territorial Penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M., since his capture.

Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum Returns to New Mexico

Hounded from Arizona because of the slaying of two men, Black Jack returned to New Mexico and resolved to stick-up the C & S Fast Flyer "single-handed." Caching his dynamite and supplies at Twin Mountain, where the other two hold-ups were staged, and tying his horses nearby, Black Jack walked into Folsom, N. M. that night, August 16th, 1899. He boarded the southbound Texas fast mail, as he had done once before. At Twin Mountain the engineer felt a six-shooter jabbed into his ribs and was told to obey orders. Black Jack was in an ugly mood.

THE train jerked to a stop. Passengers were thrown from their seats. Conductor Frank Harrington (later a Houston, Texas, insurance man) realized that for the third time the train of which he was in charge was about to be robbed. With the rear brakeman he went forward. In the baggage car he stumbled over mail clerk Bartlett, writhing on the floor, shot in the jaw by Black Jack.

Black Jack was threatening to kill the engineer and fireman if they did not hurry and uncouple the express car from the rest of the train. In a moment the engineer and fireman changed position. Conductor Harrington had a chance. Swiftly he raised his double-barreled shotgun. The glint of light on the barrel of the gun caught Black Jack's eye. He fired at Conductor Harrington but his shot was a fraction late.

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A heavy charge of No. 1 buckshot from Conductor Harrington's sawed-off shotgun riddled his right arm from the elbow down, knocking his six-shooter out of his hand, while his shot had only nicked Harrington's arm. The outlaw staggered backward, fell down the grade, and the train sped on. Finally he managed to find his six-shooter, then he staggered to his horses (a saddle and pack horse). They smelt the blood, for by that time he was bleeding badly, and his efforts to mount either horse failed. He wandered around in a daze and finally fell.

When the train reached the next station, Conductor Harrington wired the sheriff in Trinidad, Colorado, to form a posse to search for the outlaw, whether dead or alive. (Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth was a member of this posse.) Conductor Harrington also notified the crew of a freight train that was bound for Trinidad to keep a sharp lookout for the dead or badly wounded Black Jack Ketchum.

Then on the morning of August 17th, 1899, (it was just breaking day) a brakeman was mounted on the cupola of the caboose, and as they neared the scene of the attempted robbery, the brakeman sighted a man lying on the prairie about three hundred yards from the railroad grade. As they pulled up to the spot, he raised himself up and waved a bloody hat. The train stopped. The engineer (I believe his name was Chris Waller), the fireman, conductor and the brakeman went out to the wounded outlaw. As they got near, Black Jack throwed down on them with his bloody .45 Colt's six-shooter and ordered them to stop.

The engineer said, "You wouldn't call a man out here and shoot him, would you?" "No, I guess not," Black Jack said. "I'll die anyway and the buzzards will eat me." He was smeared with blood from head to foot and was lying in a big pool of bloody mud.

The trainmen carried him and put him aboard the caboose and made him as comfortable as possible. He was so weak from the loss of blood, he could hardly hold his head up. The enginemen mounted the engine and the engineer opened the throttle wide as the train made all possible speed toward Trinidad.

UPON the arrival of the freight train with the wounded outlaw, the posse train, which had been on a side-track awaiting the arrival of the freight, was called off. (By the way, Black Jack gave Chris Waller, the freight engineer, his beautiful pearl-handled .45 Colt six-shooter, belt and scabbard.) They took the wounded outlaw from the caboose and rushed him to the San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colo., where he was stripped of his bloody clothing, bathed and made ready for the operating room.

From the very first he contended that he would not permit his arm to be amputated, and it has not been done, notwithstanding a published report to the contrary. When told by the hospital surgeon that he would likely die unless the arm was removed, he coolly replied: "Let death come."

Wounded Bandit "Snapped" by Camera

TRINIDAD, COLO., AUG. 21, 1899.—George Stevens, the bandit wounded in the recent attempt to hold up the Colo-

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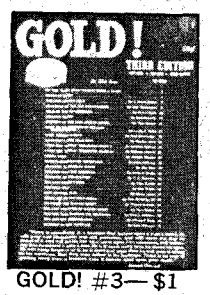
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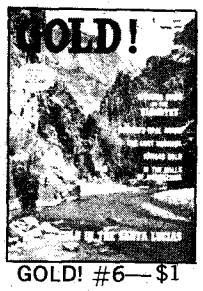
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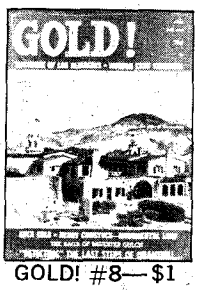
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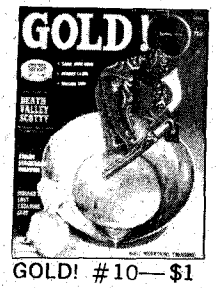
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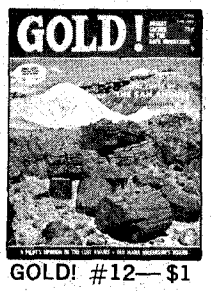
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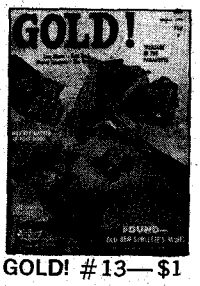
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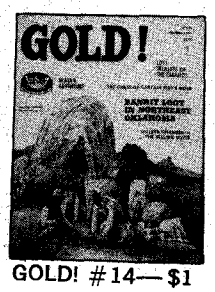
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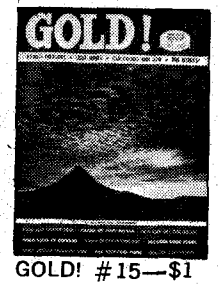
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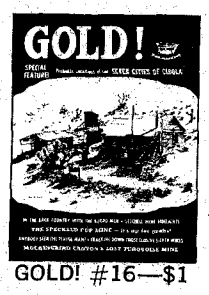
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Prospectors, TH'ers, Collectors, Oldtimers, History Buffs, and Dreamers. Almost everybody enjoys exciting, true tales of treasure, mysteries of fabulous lost mines, ghost towns and enormous wealth still waiting to be found!

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rado & Southern Train near Folsom, N. M., is still in the hospital here and his condition is most favorable. He got a fairly good night's rest, and was feeling better this morning. But his fever came up this afternoon, however, and he is not so well. Deputy Sheriff G. W. Titsworth, who has guarded the outlaw at night, secured Stevens' consent to have his picture taken. He disliked the idea at first, but after considerable coaxing consented to "sit." After breakfast this morning the officer came down town, secured a camera, and got several snap-shots of the train robber before and after he had been shaven. Although the officer had only a few minutes instruction in the art, he thinks he got some good photos.

No one has as yet identified the outlaw. Many believe him to be the original Black Jack Ketchum, leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws. He had a thoroughbred saddle horse and a pack horse tied a short distance from the scene of the attempted hold-up.

The robber says he is sorry that he shot mail clerk Bartlett. He warned Bartlett, he says, three times to keep his head inside the door, and the fourth time he shot only to frighten the clerk. The bullet struck an iron brace on the door and glanced and struck Bartlett in the jaw. The outlaw seems to have it in for Engineer Kirchgraber and Conductor Harrington. He says if Harrington had not stepped back in the car, he would have "fixed" him even though his right arm was useless.

The outlaw is a large, fine looking fellow. He is about six feet one and one-quarter inches tall and about 35 years of age. He is dark complexioned, has an intelligent face and a pair of bright, piercing dark eyes. (He still claims that his name is George Stevens.)

A few days before Deputy Sheriff Titsworth took Black Jack's picture, which was the means of the outlaw's identification, he had consented to have his arm amputated. Blood poisoning had set in and he said the pain was almost unbearable. He was prepared for the amputation and wheeled into the operating room, where Dr. John R. Espey was preparing to give him an anesthetic, which he flatly refused, saying "Go ahead, Doc, and chop her off." He watched while the surgeon amputated his arm. When it was over, he smiled and told the doctor he hoped he could do as much for him sometime. Then Deputies Titsworth, Lewis, and a few of the nurses wheeled him back to his room, where he was placed comfortably in bed.

McGinnis, another Member of Black Jack's "Hole in the Wall" gang of outlaws is captured.

CARLSBAD, N. M., AUGUST 17TH, 1899. Two strangers appeared at V. H. Lusk's camp twenty-five miles east of Carlsbad, Eddy County, N. M., on Wednesday evening, coming from an easterly direction, their saddle horses and a pack horse being jaded and bearing evidences of a long, hard ride. The men were heavily armed, and upon an invitation from Mr. Lusk to spend the night with him, said they had their camp outfit and would go out a mile or so where good grazing could be had for their horses.

They inquired of the cattleman if there were any stray horses around. Being told that there were, the strangers rounded up one animal and said they would catch the others the next morning. They stated that they had lost many horses. Mr. Lusk, knowing that the strays were turned loose by horse thieves when about to be overtaken by a sheriff's posse, his suspicions were aroused. He sent one of his riders into town to inform the authorities. Sheriff Stewart gathered his posse, two men beside himself, and left for the Lusk Ranch, where they arrived about 4 a.m. Thursday morning and concealed themselves a short distance from Lusk's tent to await the appearance of the outlaws.

SHORTLY after daylight a man rode up to Lusk's Camp, mounted on one horse he had caught the night before and leading a second one, and on invitation of Lusk the man dismounted and went into the tent to eat breakfast. The posse waited a few minutes, then climbed through the fence and started for the tent when they were discovered by the outlaw, who immediately started for his Winchester which was in a scabbard on his saddle some twenty yards away and in the direction of the posse.

Sheriff Stewart commanded him to surrender, the answer being a shot from his six-shooter. He then turned to Lusk saying, "Did you notify these men?" Lusk had turned his back but the outlaw fired at him, the bullet striking Lusk's wrist, shattering the bone on one side, but Lusk kept retreating, having no gun.

McGinnis then ran to the other side of the tent and fired twice at the posse. The last shot struck Rufe Thomas while he was levelling his Winchester at the outlaw. The bullet struck Thomas' outstretched left arm, coming out near the arm-pit and entering the shoulder and lodging under the shoulder blade. Sheriff Stewart and his other deputy continued to shoot at the outlaw, who fell as if killed, and the outlaw said that a shot from Sheriff Stewart's rifle passed so close to his head as to stun him for a moment. He fell on his face but rose with one arm outstretched.

The officers advanced and the uninjured deputy held his Winchester on the outlaw as the sheriff undertook to search him. McGinnis had been examining his pistol, which he had stuffed into the waistband of his pants, supposing it to be empty. When Stewart got close to him, the outlaw struck him with his fist, hitting the Sheriff a stunning blow in the face, almost knocking him down, at the same time grabbing for the sheriff's six-shooter. But Sheriff Stewart hit him a heavy blow on the head with his gun, finally overpowering the outlaw and hog-tying him with a rope.

"I'd feel plumb nekkid without my guns."

In the meantime Black Bob McManus, the other outlaw, was on top of a hill about three quarters of a mile away with two horses. The officers after the struggle found they had a very seriously wounded man on their hands and concluded to get him to Carlsbad as soon as possible, though had they abandoned him they might have given chase to the other outlaw at once. The officers reached Carlsbad, N. M., with their prisoner and badly wounded deputy about 9 o'clock that morning. The saddle horse ridden by the captured outlaw was branded ED connected. The brand was given to Andy Jones of Sterling, Texas. The saddle was marked S H M on the seat and was supposed to have been owned by Sam Murray of Ozona, Texas.

The arms used by the outlaw were a .30-40 model 1895 Winchester and a .45 Colt's revolver. The Winchester scabbard was marked in plain gothic letters **JO YOUNWA**, the "N" inverted and indistinct. The Winchester is a new gun, having seen little use. McGinnis was about 30 years of age, dark complexioned, gray eyes, wore a small light moustache, and was about 5 feet, 10½ inches tall.

MR. G. W. MOORE, who ran a saloon in Elizabethtown, N. M., told Deputy Sheriff G. W. Titsworth that after the battle with the sheriff's posse in Turkey Creek Canyon, McGinnis (who was wounded four times) and Black Bob McManus went up a canyon, six or eight miles south of Elizabethtown, above a cattle ranch that was run by a Mrs. Witt, a widow. About three miles up that canyon from the ranch they concealed themselves, and got somebody to go to Elizabethtown for a doctor. Mr. Moore couldn't remember the doctor's name. He was a prospector and trapper, and had a little knowledge of medicine.

He attended the wounded outlaw (McGinnis) for about three or four weeks. People harbored them and got them provisions. The officer stated that "when the posse rode into Elizabethtown, people knew all about them, but nobody would tell us, through fear or otherwise." A short time after the battle, McGinnis was captured between three and four hundred miles away, down in Eddy County, New Mexico, by Sheriff Stewart. They could have ridden that four hundred miles on good horses in eight days very easily after McGinnis got well enough to ride that distance.

George Stevens Identified as Famous "Black Jack"

The man who stopped the Colorado and Southern Train near Folsom last week is Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, Notorious Outlaw, whose gang has terrorized the southwest for years

Ketchum and McGinnis taken to the New Mexico Penitentiary Today

TRINIDAD CHRONICLE NEWS, TRINIDAD, COLO., AUGUST 23RD, 1899.—McGinnis, a member of the gang of outlaws who held up the Colorado and Southern passenger train near Folsom, N. M. on a July night, and later was engaged in two fierce battles with sheriff's posses, resulting in three deaths

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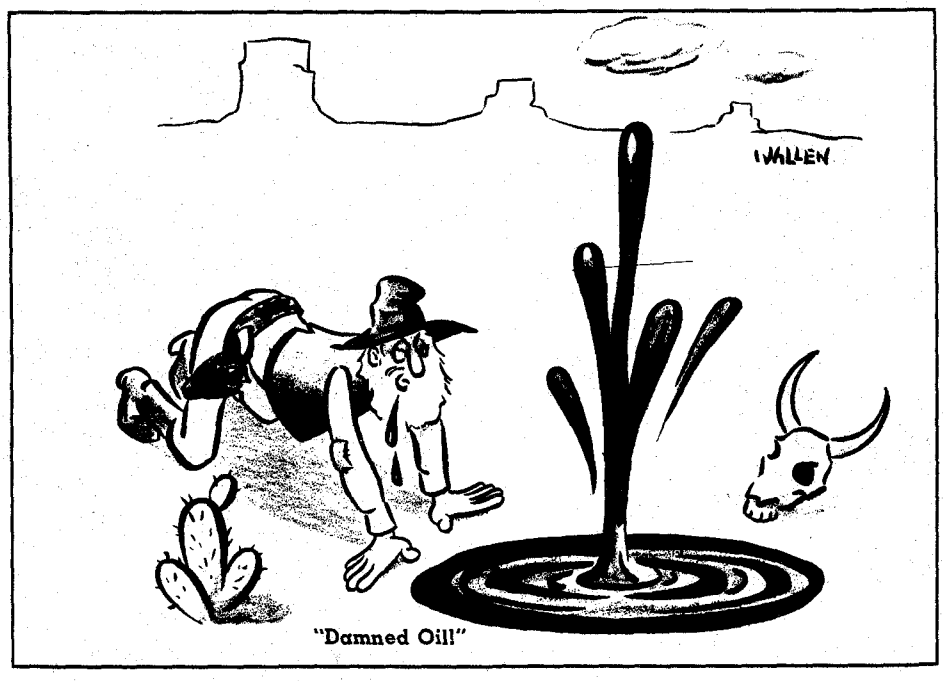

"Damned Oil!"

and several badly wounded, was brought to Trinidad this morning and later taken to the penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M. McGinnis was captured on the morning of the 17th inst., on a ranch twenty-five miles from Carlsbad, N. M. Sheriff Stewart, of Carlsbad, who with two deputies effected McGinnis' arrest, brought the prisoner here. He was accompanied by United States Marshal Foraker and Deputy Marshal A. F. Codington, of Santa Fe, Special Agent Reno, of the Colorado & Southern, Sheriff Jeff Farr, of Walsenburg, Colo., (brother of Sheriff Ed. Farr who was killed in the Turkey Creek Canyon battle) and J. H. Hunt, a merchant of Cimarron, N. M. The party arrived over the Colorado road at 6 o'clock and departed at 10:30 a.m. for Santa Fe. McGinnis was kept in the county jail until almost train time.

McGinnis was identified by Mr. Hunt and others. When the officers went to Carlsbad for McGinnis, they took pictures of George Stevens, the outlaw who held up the "Texas Express" single-handed, Wednesday night, August 16th, 1899. Sheriff Stewart, who knew Tom Ketchum well, said that Stevens was none other than Black Jack. Others also said that the pictures are a correct likeness of the notorious outlaw.

Sheriff Stewart visited the prisoner at the hospital this morning and positively identified the man as Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum. Ketchum will be taken to the Santa Fe, N. M. penitentiary, on the same train with McGinnis. By the capture of Ketchum and McGinnis the gang that has borne the former's name, and terrorized the Southwest for years, has been broken up. But one outlaw of the four leaders (Black Bob McManus) is at large and the chances are that he will be captured before long.

Tom Ketchum (Black Jack) deliberately Shot down Keepers of a Store in Arizona. Requisitions Issued for his Return to Arizona—Outlaw's Life is Thought to be Ebbing Away

ASSOCIATED PRESS. The following special was sent to the Denver Republican last night: Santa Fe, N. M., August 25th, 1899.—Ezra L. McGinnis, who joined in the second robbery of a passenger train near Folsom, N. M. and Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, who was wounded in the third effort, waived examination and are held to answer a charge of interfering with the United States mails. They will be kept in the penitentiary here. Ketchum will probably soon die from the result of his wound. He did not know his brother Sam was dead nor of the second train robbery and battle in Turkey Creek Canyon when he attempted to hold-up the train "single-handed" at the same spot. His temperature is 103 today.

A brother of Sam and Tom Ketchum in San Angelo, Texas, supplied them with money to start in the cattle business in Idaho. The two outlaws sought their "old stomping ground" in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Utah and New Mexico, and after forming the Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws, continued to follow their hold-ups of trains, stores, banks, and stage-coaches.

JEROME, ARIZONA, AUG. 26TH, 1899.—The man who attempted to hold-up the express train near Folsom, N. M. on the night of August 16th, and was wounded and later captured, has been identified by the officers of this (Yavapai) County as the Camp Verde murderer and a requisition was made today for his return to Arizona. The accused proves to be Black Jack, who is now in the hands of the United States officers at Santa Fe, N. M. When captured, Black Jack had the hand-made purse, .45 Colt revolver, and when his saddle and pack horse were found, the saddle and blanket described minutely by those at the scene of the crime.

The officials state that the identification is firmly established. The murder for which Black Jack is wanted here is one of the most atrocious crimes known in the history of the Territory. On July 2nd, 1899, R. M. Rogers and Clinton Winfield were shot down in "cold blood" in an attempt to rob their store at Camp Verde. Sheriff Munds and a posse trailed him into New Mexico and Colorado, where, finally, his trail was lost.

NOTE: His horses (both thoroughbreds) drifted into a small town near Tex-line where they were caught. The saddle, a high-forked, center-fire, full-stamped, with twenty-eight inch tapaderos and bearskin saddle pockets, was a beautiful job. The Winchester scabbard was also full-hand-stamped. The Winchester, a model 1895, .30-40, was still in the scabbard. A beautiful Navajo blanket, chaps, and a thirty-five foot rope topped off his outfit. The saddle was covered with blood. His pack horse had the pack saddle on with canvas-panniers attached.

After his attempt to rob the C & S and being wounded in that attempt, and later captured and brought into Trinidad, he was searched. Besides the hand-made purse and .45 Cal. Colt revolver, a brass compass, a pearl-handle pocket knife and a fountain pen were taken from his pocket. He said that the pen had been used to write the history of the gang during its plundering through the west. He said that over 300 pages had already been written. He later gave the compass and pearl-handle pocket knife to Deputy Sheriff Titsworth.

Curious to See Outlaws

Women's curiosity to see and know things in general was nothing as compared to the desires of the male population of Trinidad to get a glimpse of the two train robbers the morning they were taken to the penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M. McGinnis was driven to the depot in a closed carriage and Ketchum was taken in an open spring wagon. He was lying on a cot and kept his face covered with his large white hat. It is estimated that more than 800 men, boys and a few women and girls were at the depot. The people crowded about the prisoners, almost suffocating Ketchum, and it was with some difficulty that the officers cleared the way to the car.

All were more than anxious to see Black Jack's face, and he finally told Sheriff Stewart that he would 'remove his hat and sit up if the crowd would contribute $5.00. The money was not forthcoming and the crowd went home greatly disappointed. Ketchum was placed in a baggage car, and just as the train started asked for a cantaloupe. He was quite sick up to that time.

A reporter for the *Trinidad Chronicle-News* endeavored to draw McGinnis into conversation but he politely declined to talk, other than to say that he was not wounded by the sheriff's posse near Carlsbad, N. M. "They hit me a few licks on the head with their guns, but no damage was done except breaking the skin on my forehead." He raised his hat and a large dark bump was visible. Several dimes and quarters were handed to him by those who sized him up. McGinnis stood the searching gaze of the crowd without flinching in the least, but refused to be Kodaked.

BLACK JACK WILL RECOVER

Sheriff Shields of Tom Green County, Texas, is in the city and talks of the notorious outlaw.

PLAYED —WITH KETCHUMS

when they were boys—He offers to bet a few boxes of cigars that Black Jack will not hang.

Concluded
on page 58

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In a leather-bound album, now in possession of Mrs. Don C. Foote, of Billings, Montana, a legendary character of the Old West reveals some startling facts about herself

THE REAL CALAMITY JANE

BY KATHRYN WRIGHT

Photos from the Author

OF all the famous women of the Old West, none has been cloaked with more contradictory legends than the notorious Calamity Jane.

In the half century since her death on August 2, 1903, Calamity has been endowed with the vocabulary of a muleskinner, the liquor capacity of a John Barleycorn, the morals of Madames Du Barry and Pompadour, and the various attributes and skills of Florence Nightingale, Annie Oakley, Poker Alice, Jim Bridger, and Buffalo Bill. The real woman was astounding enough without the legends.

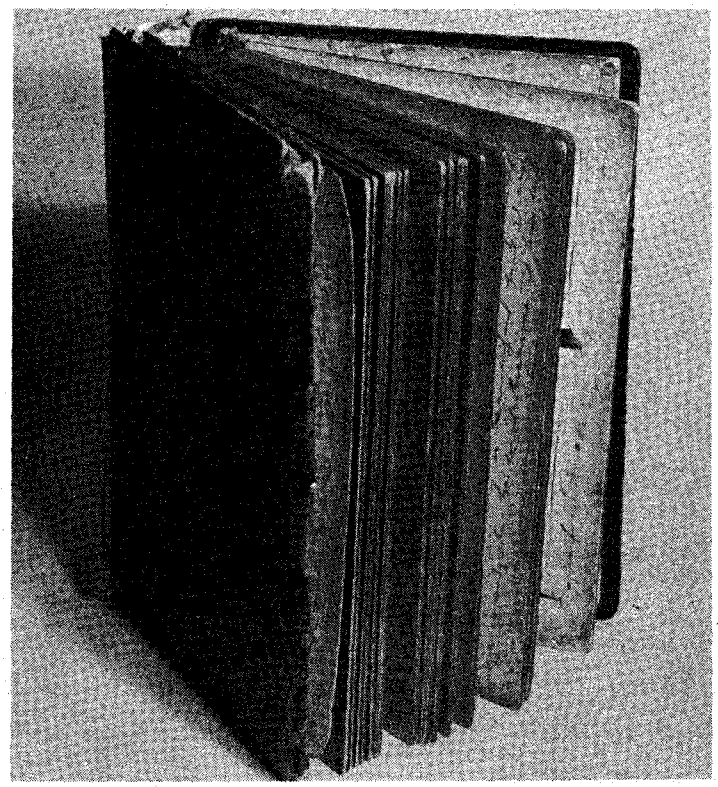
Calamity, born Martha Jane Cannary on May 1, 1852, in Princeton, Missouri, rode a spectacular trail that in the last half of the 1800's took her into the West's Army forts, gold camps, Indian lodges, and boomtowns.

She scorned the frills of women in saloons she frequented, preferring the buckskin garb of the Plains scout. To the public and her casual companions of drinking and gambling houses in towns along stagecoach roads, river banks, and emigrant trails, the blue-eyed redhead was a tobacco-chewing, cigar-smoking, hard-drinking product of the frontier—hard as nails and independent as any man.

But Calamity left a written record of her life, indicating that beneath her fringed leather shirt beat as feminine a heart as any under a fancy bodice.

This record, a series of letters written on the cardboard pages of a leather-bound picture album, is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Don C. Foote, of Billings, Montana, and is displayed in their museum, Wonderland. Its yellowed pages, filled with a generally unpunctuated scrawl, bring to light Calamity's evidence of her marriage to James Butler (Wild Bill)

Left: A picture Calamity Jane left of herself among souvenirs willed to her daughter and gathered up in Deadwood, S. D., by Captain James O'Neil, after her death. Below: A weathered, time-worn picture album holds Calamity Jane's own handwritten record of her adventures and romances as the West's foremost woman scout.



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Hickok, their turbulent love, the divorce and final resumption of that love, justifying the illicit romance with these words: "I was glad to have him again, even if he was married and she so far away. I always excused our sin by knowing he was mine long before he was hers."

The diary and a sheaf of other letters and documents—all full of heartbreak, spine-tingling adventures in Indian country, lonely nights by campfires, nights with Wild Bill and a second husband, Charley Burke, poverty, sickness, and hatred—were accepted by the United States Government as Calamity's property and as satisfactory proof of the identity and age of Mrs. Jean Hickok McCormick, of Billings.

Mrs. McCormick, who left the diary and other mementos to Wonderland Museum upon her death in Billings, February 21, 1951, applied for old age assistance in 1941. After a thorough study and investigation, she was found eligible for aid and on September 6, 1941, was listed in the files of the U. S. Department of Public Welfare as the daughter of Martha Jane (Calamity Jane) Cannary and James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok, born September 25, 1873, at Benson's Landing. This was an early-day settlement near the present town of Livingston, Montana.

FIRST entry in the diary was made September 25, 1877, in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, and is headed: "To Jim O'Neil. Please give this album to my daughter, Janey Hickok, after my death. Jane Hickok."

Jim O'Neil was Captain James O'Neil, a sea captain who maintained a home in Richmond, Virginia. Calamity had given her daughter to O'Neil for adoption in 1874.

In Deadwood, September, 1880, Calamity wrote in her diary: (Punctuation corrected for readers' convenience) "Janey, a letter from your daddy Jim came today and another picture of you . . . Your picture brought back all the years I lived with your father, and recalled how jealous I was of him. I feel like writing about him tonight, so I will tell you some things you should know. I met James Butler Hickok (Wild Bill) in 1870 near Abilene. I heard a bunch of outlaws planning to kill him. I couldn't get to where my horse was, so I crawled on my hands and knees through the brush past the outlaws for over a mile, and reached the old shack where Bill was staying that night. I told him, and he hid me back of the door while he shot it out with them. They hit him, cutting open the top of his head; then they heard him fall and lit matches to see if he was dead. Bill killed them all. I'll never forget what he looked like with blood running down his face while he used two guns. He never aimed, and I guess he was never known to miss anyone he shot at—I mean those he wanted to kill. He only shot in self-defense . . .

"Then he was quite sick. I nursed him several days, and then while on the trip to Abilene, we met Reverend Sipes and Reverend Warren and we were married. There will be lots of folks doubt that we were ever married, but I will leave you plenty of proof that we were. You were not a woods-colt, Janey. Don't let any of these pus-gutted blatherskites get by with that lie . . . "

Warning her daughter against jealousy, Calamity continued: "It (jealousy) kills love and all the nice things of life. It drove your father from me. When I lost him, I lost everything I ever loved except you. I gave him a divorce so he could marry Agnes Lake. I was trying to make amends for the jealous times and my spells of meanness. If she had loved him, she would have come out here with him. But she didn't, and I was glad to have him again even if he was married and she so far away. I always excused our sin by knowing he was mine long before he was hers . . . "

Hickok, who was shot in the back of the head in a Deadwood saloon on August 2, 1876, married Mrs. Agnes Lake in Cheyenne, Wyoming, March 5, 1876. He left shortly afterward for the Black Hills. Agnes never saw him again. According to Hickok's early biographers, she moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and was living there in 1880.

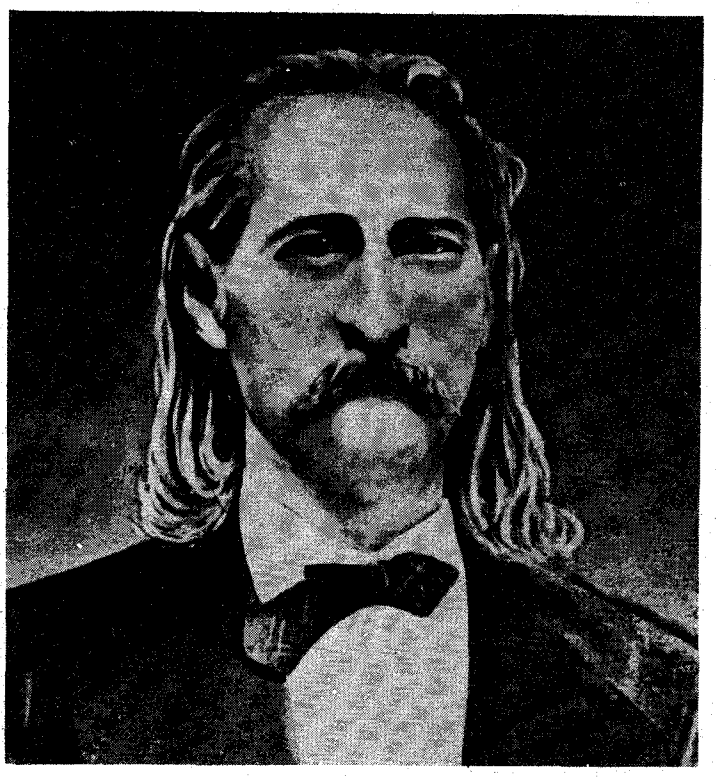
MEANWHILE, the West's foremost woman scout was in Deadwood, nursing a broken heart and wounded vanity; chronic ailments that had plagued her since her marriage to Bill six years before. Woman-like, she decided to snub him should their paths cross again. She quickly discovered that such a course was impossible for her to follow.

" . . . We met one day and we both found we still loved each other better than ever. I forgot everything when I was near him. No one else ever knew—if anyone hinted such to me, I hauled off and knocked them down. He denied it also; we both lived a life of lies. He was meant for me, not Agnes Lake, or he would have stayed with her instead of coming back to me . . . "

Of her second marriage, Calamity wrote on September 25, 1891: "I did a crazy thing some time ago. I married Charley Burke. He got me in a weak moment and we were married."

What became of Charley? There is no later reference to him, except a brief mention in a letter Calamity wrote Cap-

Left: "You are the dead spit image of meself at your age and as I gaze on your little photo tonight I stop as I kiss you and then remembering, tears start and I ask God to let me make amend somehow someday to your father and you." So wrote Calamity Jane, Sept. 25, 1877, in Deadwood, D. T., upon receiving the original of this photo. Right: Photo of portrait of James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok painted while he was Deputy U. S. Marshal at Abilene, Kansas.



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LA CROSSE TRIBUNE

Daughter Of Famous Pioneer Couple Of Wild West Era Visits La Crosse

She doesn't carry guns—this Jean Hickok McCormick, only child of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane Cannary Hickok, the couple that tamed the west with six shooters—but she has had almost as exciting a life as her father and mother.

And Jean Hickok McCormick was in La Crosse yesterday attending a Hickok family reunion—decked out in full western garb from a 10-gallon hat down to fancy boots.

The 68-year-old daughter of the west seems paradoxical to her parentage for she is soft-spoken, slender and pretty. She doesn't look like a woman who began life in a log cabin in the wilds of Montana nor one who was taken for a six-month side in an ox-drawn covered wagon through hostile Indian country when she was only days old.

Visits Kinfolk

She came to La Crosse to see her nearest kinfolk—Mrs. William Quinn, 708 South 8th street, Mrs. Al Canfield, 609 South 4th street, (second cousins) and lots of third, fourth and fifth cousins from De Soto and other parts of the state.

Mrs. McCormick traveled here by bus from Billings, Mont., where she spent the summer appearing in rodeos as the daughter of the two fighting-est persons in the great wild west.

The story of her life would make an author of westerns look at his fiction with disgust. Her birth in Livingston, Mont., with her mother unattended in a log cabin at the foot of a mountain range was the beginning.

Her mother almost died for lack of medical care but a Capt. James O'Niel, British master of a Cunard line ship, came upon the cabin in time to give aid.

Daring Trip East

O'Niel went east and Calamity Jane followed almost a month later, taking her infant alone through ferocious Sioux tribes. The mother was equal to the task and got the covered wagon through the danger zones by riding ahead on her horse doing a hand-stand on the saddle. The Indians thought she was insane—and a person to be permitted to go unharmed.

Mrs. McCormick was given to the O'Niels for legal adoption when Calamity Jane reached the east coast. Jane went on to join a road show in which she did western riding and shooting.

Wild Bill Hickok wandered off before Mrs. McCormick's birth and divorced Calamity Jane in favor of a circus queen, Agnes Lake.

Mrs. McCormick, then fostered by the O'Niels, was shuttled back and forth from Liverpool England to New York on the Cunard ship Madagascar of which her foster father was captain.

Learns of Parents

She didn't know her real parentage until her foster father's death in 1912, when her mother's diary was given to her. She was married at the time to a Robert Burkhardt and lived in Richmond, Va. She kept the diary from Burkhardt for four years but he found it one day and divorced Mrs. McCormick when he found out she was the daughter of the famous gunfighters.

Jean McCormick doesn't remember her father at all but does remember Calamity Jane, who came to visit the O'Niels twice, once when Jean was 10 and once when she was 18.

She does remember some stories about the famous couple, though, and has read some of their exciting life in her mother's diary.

Escaped Ambush

Her parents wed in a little town near Abilene, Kans., after Calamity Jane saved Wild Bill Hickok's life. Jane overheard nine desperadoes plotting to ambush Wild Bill. She crept on her hands and knees almost a mile to warn him. Wild Bill shot all nine.

After the wedding, Calamity Jane posed as a male gambler—the Jack of Diamonds—and ran a gambling establishment as Wild Bill's partner in Abilene. Wild Bill meanwhile cleaned up the town single handed as town marshal—a feat for which he was ever afterward famous.

Calamity Jane dropped her male role after a while and became Wild Bill's wife openly. Shortly after this they separated.

Wild Bill was shot through the head by an enemy when only 39 years old. He had a colorful life as a scout, marshal, gunfighter and general tough man of the west in the meantime, though.

Husband Was Killed

Mrs. McCormick, however, had her thrills and tragedies, too. She was married on Armistice day to an American aviator flying for France during the World war. The time was just before the hostilities had ceased. Her husband, Ed McCormick, whom she had known in Richmond, was killed only 40 minutes after the ceremony when his plane was shot down.

Mrs. McCormick leads a quiet life now, appearing in rodeos, teaching penmanship in graded schools in Montana and nursing.

"I like La Crosse," she said yesterday, "and shall be back to visit soon again—now that I know I have relatives."

—Tribune Photo

Jean Hickok McCormick, daughter of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane—famed gunfighters of the west—attended a Hickok family reunion yesterday at Pettibone park. Decked out in her cowgirl outfit, she is shown with Mrs. William Quinn, left, and Mrs. Al Canfield, right, both second cousins and nearest kin to the 68-year-old westerner.

Reproduction of a clipping from the La Crosse, Wis., Tribune of 1941, which is among the keepsakes and other items on display at the Wonderland Museum in Billings, Montana. Shortly before her death on February 21, 1951, Mrs. Jean Hickok McCormick worked at Wonderland, then called Western Trails Museum.

tain O'Neil, June 20, 1898, from Stringtown, now Bridger, Montana.

"I am so blue and disgusted with life. I have Belle Starr's little girl with me. Her father was Bill's cousin. She worries me to death. Burke is so mean to her. I have gotten so I hate him."

A respite from Burke and "Belle Starr's little girl" came in August, 1893, when Calamity joined Colonel William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody's Wild West Show and toured Eastern states and England.

Some of Cody's biographers relate that Calamity's career as a member of the troupe was short-lived because of her excessive drinking. Of that tour, Calamity wrote bitterly a few years later:

"Four years have slipped by and I am back in Deadwood. I am tired and feel so old. I am nursing again. I can always fall back on that. I got so lonely for our old West and so disgusted with gadding all over the world . . . Lord, how I hate England with its snobs, its good-for-nothing women with their put-on airs and brogue. They forget that they were thrashed by a handful of Americans not so long ago. I felt like shouting it from the tree tops. I never saw so many parasites as there are in England, especially the women with their blokes. Just because they have handed down one generation to the next some bed-buggy estate, they get the idea they are aristocrats—or in plain words just plain paupers . . ."

Obviously, the trip was an unhappy experience for rough-and-ready Calamity Jane. It must also have been an edifying experience for the English women with whom she came in contact!

OF Billings, Montana, where she is remembered by many old-timers, Calamity was equally vituperative. "Billings," she wrote, "is some lively town; it supports about fifteen hundred toughs. These are hectic days—like hell let out for noon. These human parasites prosper, both men and women. The respectable citizens of the town are powerless; they can't even control the elections. The police figure they would risk complete annihilation by attempting raids on the dens running at top-steam. Block after block is appropriated (composed) entirely of saloons and sporting houses. In the center of this whirlpool of saloons and dives, may be seen the house of Madam Feeley—the hub from which the lesser spokes in the wheel radiate. Any old-timer in the Yellowstone Valley can tell about Feeley's house. It is a large building with brilliantly illuminated windows. A force of professional bouncers are maintained by the establishment to preserve a degree of peace. Madame Feeley reigns supreme; she is an anomaly, a mighty attractive woman, neither ruthless nor unscrupulous . . .

"Located near the Yellowstone River is an inferior spoke in the wheel. In its basement are evil, dirty-smelling, poorly lighted dens, vile and dangerous, where a trap-door opens directly into the river to accommodate those who just can't take it. More often, they are robbed and dumped into the river because the gang thinks they're spies or stool pigeons. I am telling you this because I want you to know the sort of world we have here."

So Calamity found Billings in 1893. How Billings found Calamity nine years later was chronicled in the *Billings Gazette* November 21, 1902.

The account reads: "Calamity Jane is in trouble and in jail again. For some time past she has been acting more than usually unruly and has committed several overt breaches of the peace. Among her more recent escapades was one of yesterday and which would have resulted seriously but for the timely interference of a bystander.

"Without any apparent reason, save that suggested by a mind more or less overstimulated by her favorite tipple, Jane armed herself with a hatchet and invaded Yegen Brothers store and attempted to put an end to one of the young ladies employed in the drygoods department. She advanced toward her with hatchet uplifted and said she was going to chop her to pieces then and there. It may have been only one of Jane's practical jokes, but the victim, having little sense of humor, screamed for help. One of the male clerks disarmed the belligerent Calamity and assisted her from the battlefield. No com-

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plaint was made and she retired in order.

"This morning Calamity visited another store on the south side and again threw down the gage. She was promptly arrested and will be tried this afternoon should she be sober enough to face the bar of justice. It is deemed likely that she will receive a sentence long enough to give her time to sober up."

BESIDES her love for liquor and fights, Calamity also had a domestic streak as shown in a diary entry in which she tells of purchasing land west of Billings. She wrote:

"I have a cabin of logs on it . . . There is a shack not very far away from my hut and a bunch of outlaws living there. I cook lots of things for them and they pay me well for everything. I baked two dozen loaves of bread this week, eight cakes, fifteen mince pies . . . I am going to write down my receipts (recipes) for you. Maybe some day you might like to know if I could cook or not. I am proud of my cooking, especially of my fish dishes, cakes, and pies . . ."

The outlaws apparently didn't pay Calamity enough, for the land went for taxes a few years later. Some rotting logs and a crumbling stone fireplace chimney remain as mute evidence of her residence there. Whether Calamity realized her land was gone is a question.

In June, 1903, back in Deadwood ill and nearly blind, Calamity scrawled: "I am sick and haven't long to live. I am taking many secrets with me, Janey; what I am and what I might have been. I'm not as black as I've been painted—I want you to believe that . . . If you ever come out here, fix up my old home and be sure to find General Allen, of Billings. He was a good friend."

Knowing her time was short, Calamity sent for Captain O'Neil and in his presence laboriously wrote a confession which fills the last pages of the album.

"I, Jane Hickok Burke, better known as Calamity Jane, of my own free will and being of sound mind, do this day June 3, 1903, make this confession. I have lied about my past life. To help clear up my daughter's birth-right and my sister's daughter's birth, I am making this confession to James O'Neil to make public or to keep to himself. I was born in Missouri. I had several sisters, but only one is to be mentioned in this. People got snoopy, so I told them lies to hear their tongues wag. The women are all snakes and none of them I can call friends. All letters and information given prior to this are lies except the diary I have kept for Janey since 1877.

"The only lie in that is where I said Bell Starr was no kin of mine. She was my sister, raised by Ben Waddell and his wife. They were killed in the Eighties, in Oklahoma. They never knew our relation. After their death, Bell came to me under the name of Starr. She married William Hickok, cousin to my daughter's father, James Butler Hickok. I lied about having a daughter born to me in 1887; I nursed my sister Bell at that time. She gave birth to a girl whom she named Jessie Elizabeth. Then Jack Oakes came from Fort Pierre. Hickok believed the worst of his wife. He was ashamed of her doings and refused to live with her. She lived with Jack Oakes, and to them was born a son, Charley Oakes. Jessie Elizabeth was born October 28, 1887, near Benson's Landing, where Janey was born September 25, 1873.

"Bell posed as my daughter and Jessie Elizabeth as my granddaughter. They were neither, for Bell was older than I am. Charley's father murdered a man in Fort Pierre. I have been called the common-law wife of King, Sonors, Wilson, and Dorsett. I was legally married to Hickok and Burke. I dare anyone to deny these facts.

(Signed) Jane Hickok Burke"

Those who signed as witnesses were James O'Neil, R. R. Ryan, and N. K. Sipes.

Calamity's claim of marriage to Hickok has been generally denied and ridiculed in after years, and Calamity herself kept it hidden during her lifetime. Death, on August 2, 1903, brought her openly to a permanent association and place with Wild Bill. Their graves lie side by side in Deadwood's Mount Moriah Cemetery.

". . . I remain, yours very truly, Chief Redhorse . . . Smoke signal that right away, Miss Running Water."

Ghost Town Guardian

(Continued from page 5)

his grizzled head and says: "Man, you wouldn't believe it if I told you. Just say the sky was the limit on everything you can think of—and some things you can't!"

NEAR the turn of the century, Silver's richer veins petered out and the mine shafts began to fill up with seepage. The rising water spelled her finish, yet some stubborn citizens hung on and refused to admit that Silver was practically through producing ore. The slow, dull years marched on and in 1935 Silver City really lost out for good when the county seat was moved to Murphy. In 1942 the last of Silver City's mines shut down, and the following year post office and telephone service was discontinued. In 1948 the road from the valley was improved, and the Kiwanis Club of Payette, Idaho, labelled the historic buildings. The old Silver Queen was now officially a ghost town.

But to Bill Hawes, Silver was still the glamorous gal of the past. He stayed on, living alone, the only permanent resident in a spectral town of weather-beaten buildings and empty streets and alleys, where only the mournful creak of a loose shutter in the wind or the thin scream of a circling hawk ever breaks the brooding silence.

Bill is contented and proud to be the lone guardian of a ghost town. He has grown to *like* Silver in her desolate old age. "Here I have time to think and figure things out for myself," says Bill. "I watch the clouds and listen to the wind during the day, and at night I read and listen to my radio. I do as I please—go fishing or hunting whenever I've a mind to. There's no pressure on me to do a durned thing—if I don't want to do it!"

As an Owyhee County Deputy Sheriff, Bill's chief duty is to prevent vandals from breaking into the sagging buildings and to discourage relic hunters from "carrying off the whole doggone town, piece by piece." One ghoulish visitor was industriously prying up a wooden cross in the cemetery when Bill threw down on him with his shotgun and ran him out of town on the double. "I was plumb mad—felt like saltin' his tail with birdshot!" recalls Bill indignantly.

Other and more reputable visitors come to Silver, however. Every spring "a whole raft of folks" drive up from the Snake River Valley towns and ranches. Fifty hardy souls have fixed up the best of the rickety wooden buildings as weekend summer homes. Several of the more enterprising of the summer visitors set up souvenir shops to entice the occasional wide-eyed tourists who venture into Silver City between spring and fall. Not too many tourists make it, since the nearest settled town is Murphy, Idaho—about twenty-four miles down a winding dirt road.

THE happiest time of the year for Bill comes after the last tourist has disappeared and all the summer folks have packed up and left. "They're all nice folks and I like 'em," explains Bill, "but they're people and they interfere with my thinking." Whistling merrily, he backs his ancient pickup truck out of the shed and drives to Murphy to stock up enough supplies and reading matter to last him through the long, cold winter.

Back home again, he checks the webbing of his bearpaw snowshoes for broken thongs and inspects his skis to be in readiness for the first big snowstorm of the year. Once a day, regardless of the weather or depth of the snow (it sometimes reaches the eaves of the houses), he makes his rounds through town—past the cemetery where hundreds of pioneers lie buried, the brewery that once supplied beer to saloons throughout Owyhee County, the abandoned ore mills, and the forlorn and long-deserted schoolhouse where Silver's children studied their three R's—"readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmatic." One of those kids was the late United States Senator, John Nugent; another was a bandit who lost his life in a battle with a local lawman; a third was Bill Hawes.

Yes, winter is the rewarding time of the year for Bill—especially the hours he spends before the fireplace in a downstairs room of the old Hawes General Store, now a souvenir shop in the summer. Here he sits in his big, comfortable armchair, gazes into a crackling hardwood fire and thinks his long, calm thoughts. Here are his guns and fishing tackle and all the cherished mementoes a man gathers in a long, happy, busy lifetime. Here, while the blizzard howls outside and beady-eyed Pete, his tame pack rat, nibbles at his supper in the corner, Bill Hawes relaxes in utter contentment and peace—one man who has found a clear-cut answer to the exasperating riddle of living.

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The Passing of Tom Horn

BY LAURAN PAINE

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

A fine Indian scout, a good range detective—what strange flaw of character turned Tom Horn into a paid killer?

TOM HORN, efficient and hustling professional gunman of the Northwest, is one more of the legion of early day Westerners whose passing has given rise to the rumor that he was cut down, spirited away and revived, to live out a long life in idyllic seclusion.

This same conclusion has also reached such men as Jesse James, Billy the Kid and Clay Allison. Not to mention some honorary Westerners, like Napoleon the First, Abraham Lincoln and Aaron Burr.

In trying to clear up the passing of Tom Horn, the following facts of his richly deserved demise, related from unimpeachable sources, are offered.

Tom Horn was a man of medium size with clean-cut features and intelligent eyes. He had none of the proverbial hardness that is supposed to set the gunman apart from other men.

Yet, Tom ran a thriving murder business in Wyoming and Northern Colorado about the turn of the century. Tom was a businessman whose sliding scale of prices was tailored to fit every purse. He killed for as little as one hundred dollars. And, when approached by a large, powerful combine of Wyoming cattlemen, he agreed to kill for five to seven hundred dollars a head. Tom rarely shot more than once. If a victim ever escaped, he never knew it, for Tom only shot when confident of a hit in the back. His consistently employed method of identifying his handiwork was to place a small pebble under the head of the victim, thus making it easy for an employer to recognize his handiwork when he saw it.

Tom, paradoxically, had a wonderful record as an Indian scout in Arizona, as well as a cattlemen's association detective. On top of this, he was commended for bravery and patriotism in the Spanish-American War, which he entered as a volunteer, letting his business wait until he returned.

IN THE 90's, a group of cattlemen, known as The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, hired Tom to do away with some annoying grangers. At this time, too, an influx of sheepmen was beginning, which annoyed the cowmen.

United States Senator Joe Carey was an official of this association. He expressed satisfaction at having so renowned a cattle detective working for his outfit. At one of its meetings, Tom calmly told the association that he would eradicate these pests for his cowmen employers at a flat rate of two hundred dollars a head. He didn't mean sheep! The Senator exploded. Not because of the bargain price, nor the offer, but because Tom made it boldly, before a room full of cowmen. Tom was fired!

After his dismissal by the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, Tom went to work for a smaller group of cowmen. He had his understanding with them right from the start. Things began happening soon after, for Tom and his new employers saw eye to eye and that eye was best utilized when sighting down the barrel of a .45 at an interloper's back.

In 1895, not far from Cheyenne, Wyoming, a piney-woods rancher named Lewis was piddling around with a sagging gate — perpetual bane of all ranchers — in his pole corral down behind the house. He was found slumped over the gate in a puddle of blood by his family. There was a neat .45 slug hole between his shoulder blades.

This act was followed quickly by a similar killing of one Levi Powell, also suspected as a calf thief by Tom's employers. In Powell's case, though, Tom *almost* earned his fee. The slain man's six-year-old son was with his father when the latter was shot down. Seeing Tom Horn on a street in Cheyenne, a few days later, he identified him as the killer. No action was taken, however, because of the lad's extreme youth. This incident made people think a little.

AFTER Tom's return from the war, two small-time ranchers, who owned convenient places adjoining his employers' out-range, were shot down and killed. One was a man named Matt Rash; the other was a freed Negro named Isham Dart.

After the Rash and Dart killings, Tom took a little vacation. He encountered a posse of lawmen, got into an argument with one officer, and was dangerously slashed around the neck. He killed the posseman, in fair fight, and went back to the Cheyenne area once more.

On July 18, 1901, Tom, back at work, was sent to study the affairs of a small rancher named K. P. Nickell. Nickell, showing very little foresight, had brought a band of sheep into the cattle country. He was up one foggy, overcast morning at dawn, with his son, checking his pungent charges. A gun roared out of the gloom and Nickell, supposedly, fell over dead. Since the morning was overcast, Tom had made an understandable mistake — he had shot and killed Nickell's thirteen-year-old son. The frontier was aroused over Willie Nickell's murder and the boy's death was the beginning of the end for Tom Horn.

Tom's employers dutifully went out, under the guise of friends in sorrow, found the little round pebble under the boy's head, and were satisfied Tom had done the job. However, they refused to pay on the grounds that Tom had not killed the man he was supposed to bushwhack.

Annoyed, Tom returned to the Nickell Ranch a few days later, fired twice and downed Kels Nickell with a bullet through the hip and a bad wound in one arm. From his bed, Nickell saw the light and got rid of his woolies.

IN JANUARY, 1902, six months later, Joe LeFors, a former stock detective acquaintance of Tom's, who at that time

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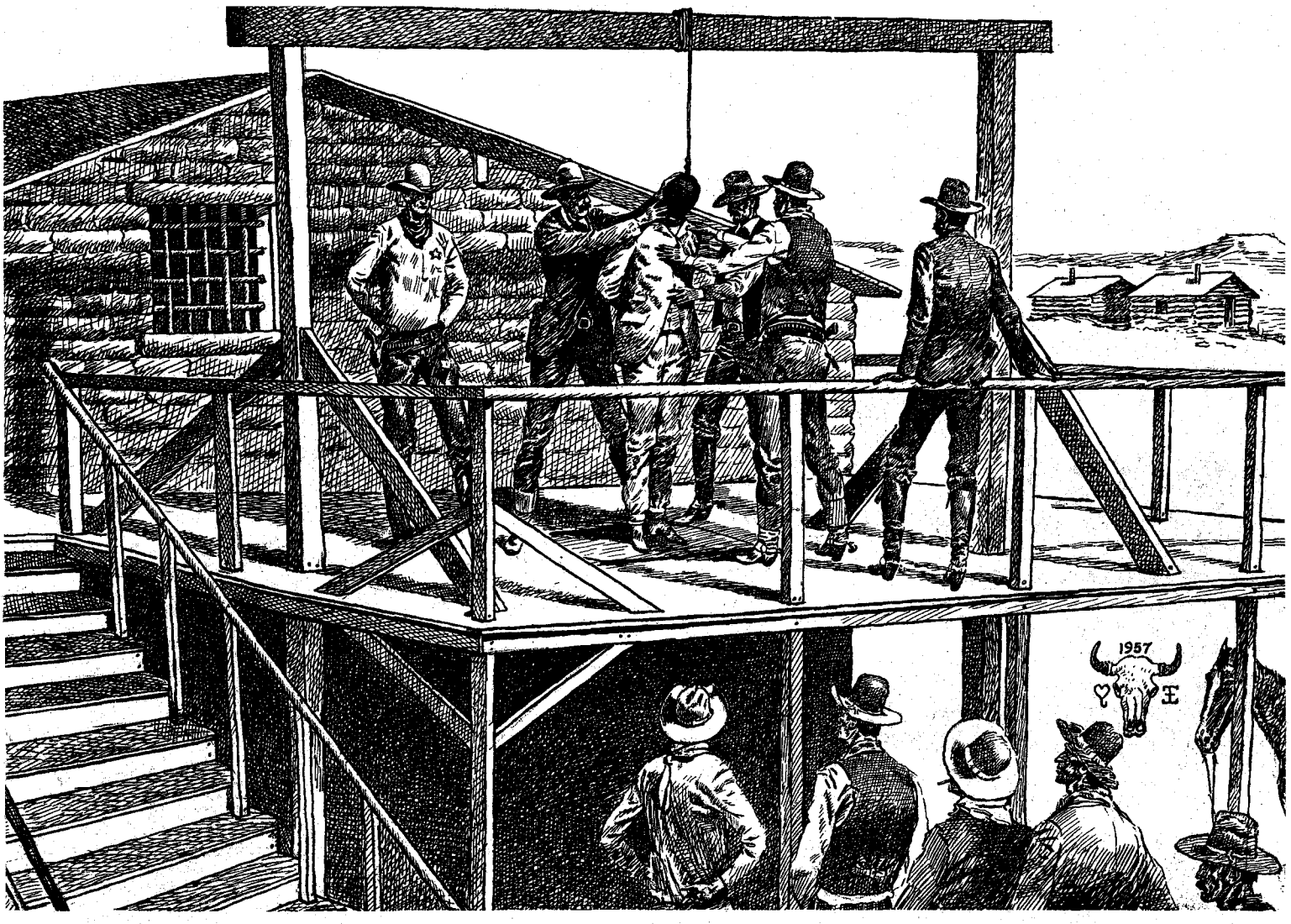

Proctor adjusted the noose, drew a black hood over Tom's face, and Joe Cahill, another friend of Tom's, helped the Undersheriff and Ed Smalley lift Tom onto the trapdoor of the gallows.

was a Deputy United States Marshal, was having a few drinks with Horn. Tom got pretty drunk and complained about his failure to collect for the Nickell boy's killing. LeFors tricked Tom into repeating the story when there were hidden witnesses. Tom was arrested, confronted with the confession and locked up. He was quickly tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged as a result of the farcical trial that condemned him for being a questionable character, rather than a proven killer.

Two puzzling things stand out in the transcripts of Horn's trial. One, his defense expenses of five thousand dollars were paid in cash by unknown strangers. Tom didn't have a cent when he was arrested. Two, a surgeon known to be above duplicity proved conclusively that Willie Nickell had been shot to death by a gun other than Tom Horn's. Notwithstanding this amazing evidence, Tom was locked up pending execution.

Horn and a penny-ante thief named McCloud, broke jail, almost beating Undersheriff Proctor to death in the process. McCloud surrendered a few minutes later when two .45 slugs creased him. Tom was captured by a hurdy-gurdy operator who fired two shots at him from a hastily-grabbed-up cheap little nickel-plated gun.

Tom dropped his gun and threw his hands in the air and was held at bay by the hurdy-gurdy man, who found out a few minutes later that he had fired the only two cartridges in the little pistol.

Tom was returned to jail and guarded from then on. A gallows was erected just beyond Tom's cell. For some unknown reason, exactly one hundred and six days slipped by after his jail-break before Tom was finally hanged. During this time, only a shred of canvas was hung over Tom's barred window to hide the gallows, which was repeatedly tested with sacks of sand weighing two hundred pounds, while the prisoner listened to the grisly racket. Tom Horn, whatever else he was, was darned tough — he didn't crack up!

The night and day before Tom's hanging, Cheyenne's Court House was surrounded by no less than two fully armed companies of state militia.

Prior to leaving his cell for the execution, Tom was visited by a minister and a couple of "Sisters." They sang hymns and Tom turned his back, suffering the indignity in silence and scorn. The minister left the cell and announced that Tom Horn had "confessed" to him. This aroused considerable agitation in the crowd come to witness Horn's death.

At the designated hour, Tom was led into the yard. He climbed the gallows steps with a firm tread, looked around at the spectators and shook his head. "Ed," he said quietly to Ed Smalley, one of the executioners, "that's the sickest looking bunch of sheriffs I ever saw!"

Big Charlie Irwin, a friend of Tom's, was standing beside his brother, known as Little Frank. Charlie spoke over the murmur of the mob. "Tom, would you like me and Little Frank to sing for you?"

Horn nodded with a smile. "I'd like that, Charlie."

While a patched-up Dave Proctor, ashen faced from the beating, buckled heavy leather straps to Tom's legs and arms, Big Charlie and Little Frank Irwin sang a lugubrious song entitled, "Life Is Like A Mountain Railroad."

A minister, not the charlatan who claimed Horn had "confessed" to him, read the service for the dying. Tom stood erect and relaxed, apparently listening, although his eyes gazed out over the assemblage.

Ed Smalley, getting whiter with each passing second, spoke. "Want to say anything, Tom?"

Horn shook his head. "No."

Big Charlie's deep voice broke in again, "Say, Tom, did you really confess to that preacher?"

Tom grinned dourly when he answered. "No, Charlie. I didn't say anything to that fellow."

Proctor adjusted the noose and drew a black hood over Tom's face. Joe Cahill, another friend of Tom's from earlier

(Continued on page 34)

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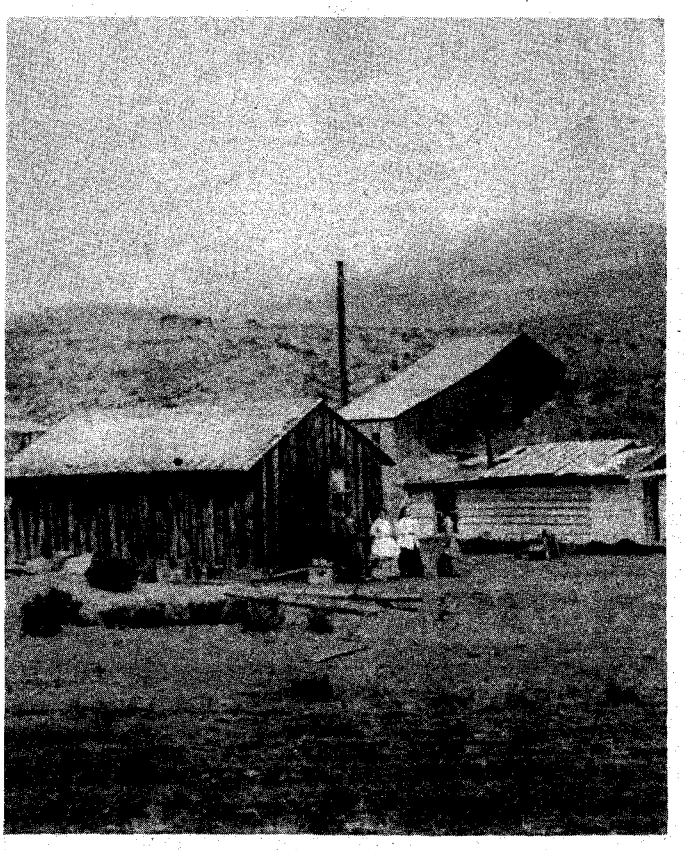


The people shown here are standing in front of a boarding house in Rochester, Montana.

Some live, some linger on in a sort of twilight existence; others have crumbled to ruin—these fascinating old towns and ghost towns of Montana

GHOSTS AND NEAR GHOSTS

By FRANK SIMMONS

MONTANA is as big as Indiana, Michigan and Illinois put together. It is bigger than Japan or Italy. It averages almost 600 miles in length and well over 300 miles in width. Yet this vast territory of 146,997 square miles contains only a little more than 600,000 people—about the population of New Orleans or Minneapolis, not many more than Seattle. Montana is three times bigger than New York State; its population one-thirteenth that of New York City.

Montana has a varied and colorful history, having at one time or another belonged to France, Spain and Great Britain. Eastern Montana was purchased by the United States from France in 1803, but forty-three years elapsed before western Montana was obtained from Great Britain.

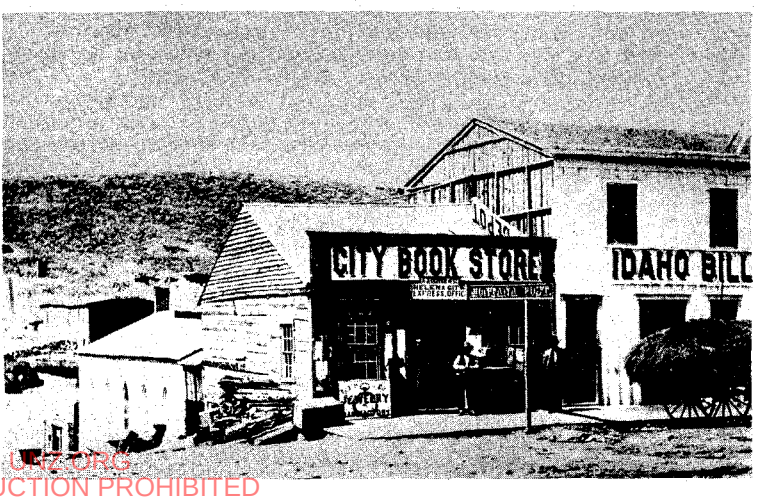
The territory was organized on May 26, 1864, but there was no political effect until December 12 of that year when the Legislative Assembly met in Bannack. At that time, Virginia City was suggested as the place for the next meeting, scheduled for February 1, 1865. As of that latter date, Virginia City was designated as the first Territorial Capital, retaining that distinction until 1875 when fast-growing Helena was designated.

In 1894, after Montana had become a state, Helena won the capital from Anaconda in a notorious election largely financed by the booming fortunes of Marcus Daly and W. A. Clark, the famous Copper Kings. Clark wanted Helena, and Daly wanted Anaconda. Clark, who was considered merely unethical in this matter, won from Daly, who was—at least in this exhibition of steamroller politics—regarded as downright crooked.

The economic development of Montana began with the establishment of Manuel Lisa's fur trading post on the Yellowstone in 1807, at a point near present-day Custer. The American Fur Company was founded in 1808, with John Jacob Astor for years the only stockholder. David Thompson, of the Northwest Fur Company, followed in 1809 by establishing Salish House, near present-day Thompson Falls. Fort Union, an important post near the North Dakota line, was erected in 1826.

In 1850, Major John Owen began his vast trading empire (the original "Inland Empire"), after he bought out St. Mary's Mission, which the Jesuit fathers had established in 1841. Fort Owen, located at present-day Stevensville, became the unofficial seat of government between Fort Union and Walla Walla. The town of Stevensville did not get started until 1864. Such was the case with the other trading post areas. Dependent upon the fur trade for their existence, they were set up for quick aban-

Below left: Robbers' Roost on the old stage road from Virginia City to Bannack. Henry Plummer, sheriff by day and highwayman by night used it for a lookout. Below right: The City Book Store in Virginia City. It was operated by Daniel Webster Tilton, publisher of Montana's first newspaper. Building, now restored, also housed the "Helena City Express Office."



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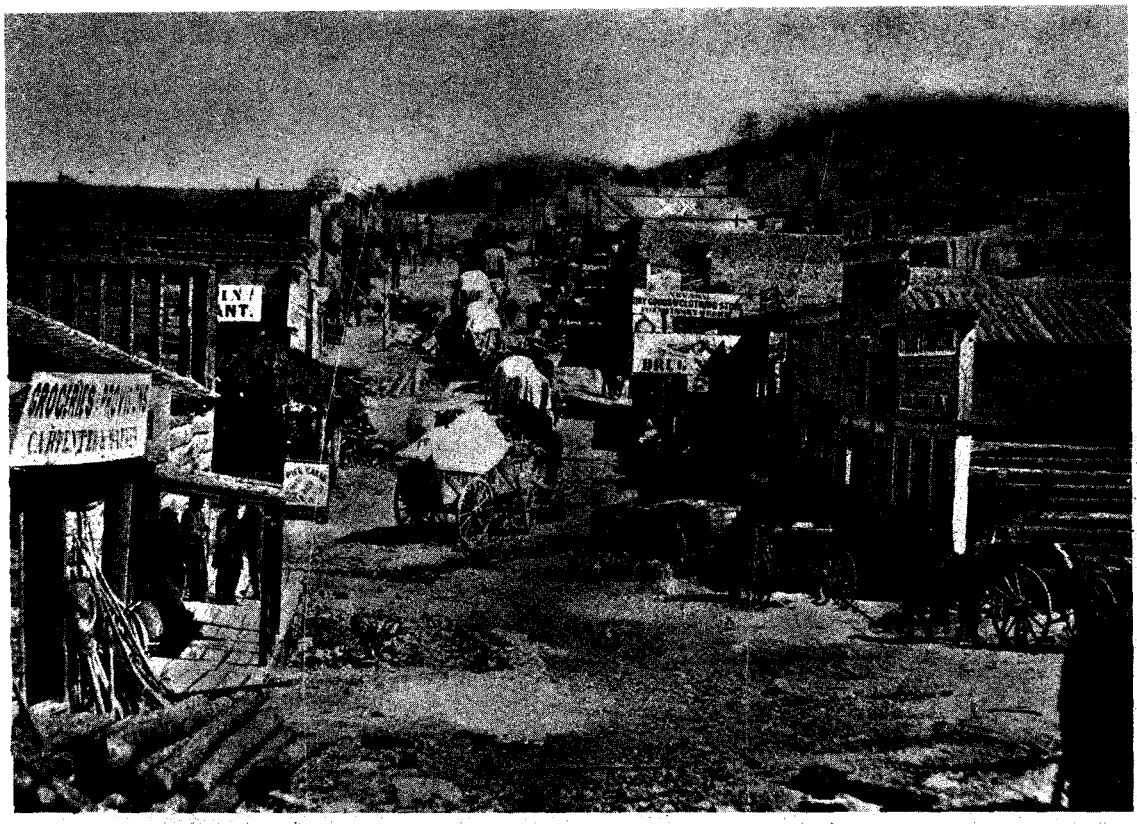
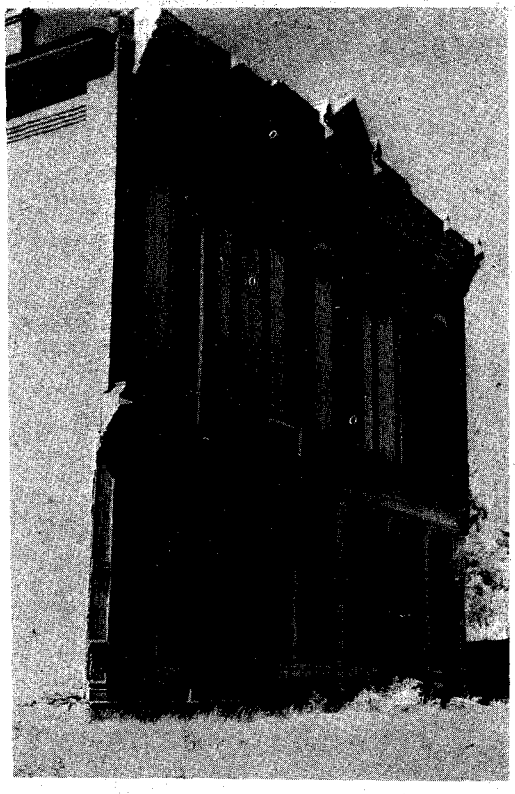
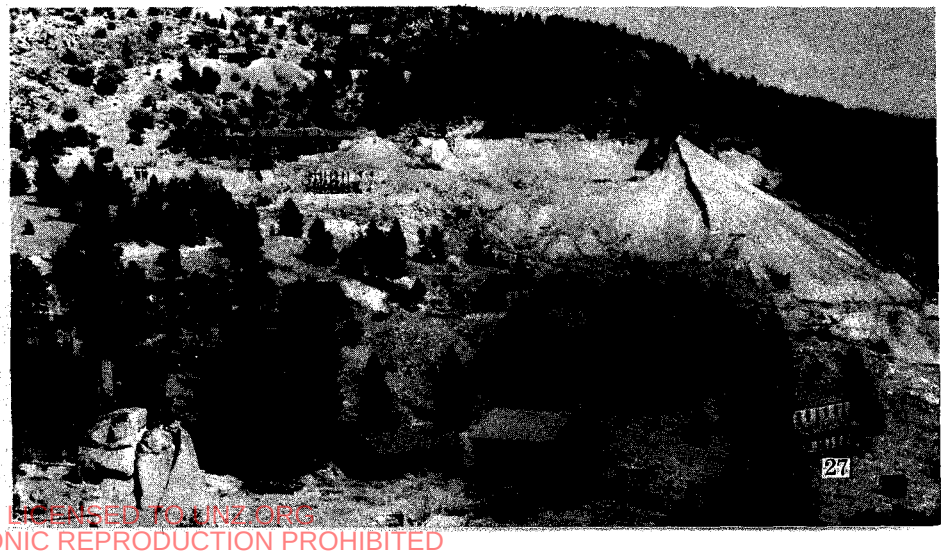


At left: Scene of Helena, taken in 1865, looking up Bridge Street. This is now called State St. Below: The Burkett Mercantile Company store in Granite, Montana, taken in 1888.



Above: The remains of the old opera house and union hall at Granite. At right: the ghost town of Granite. The town once had four churches and eleven saloons.



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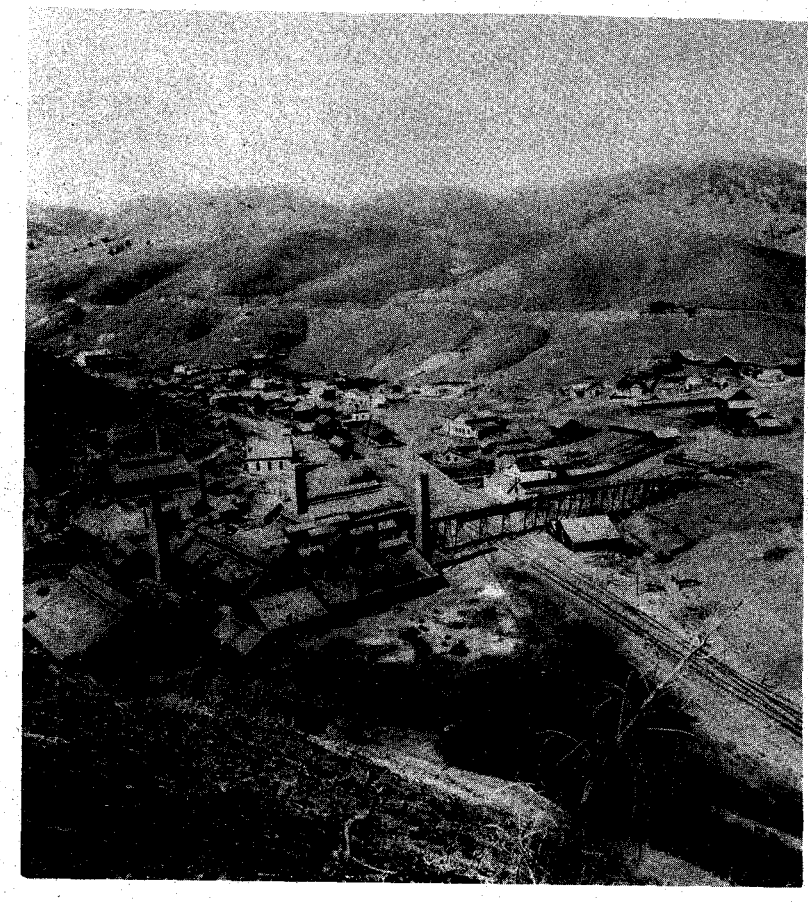
Above: An early picture of Diamond City, Montana.



At right: Wickes, Montana. The Wickes Smelter, operated by the Helena Mining and Reduction Company, was built about 1883 and closed about 1890 after completion of the East Helena smelter.

donment or transportation to more lucrative areas whenever that trade faltered.

Fort Benton, located at the navigation head of the Missouri River, was a notable exception. Built by the American Fur Company in 1846 as Fort Lewis, it was renamed Benton—or Benton City—in 1850, after the noted Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. The fort itself served as a U. S. military post in 1847. Sold to the Northwest Fur Company in 1864, it was returned to the Army in 1869. Fort Benton became the transportation center of Montana, and the point of distribution for the whole inland northwest area. The first of the big paddle-wheeled steamers, the *Chippewa* and the *Key West*, landed in Benton, from down the Missouri, in 1860.

Three other towns can also claim honors for being among the first in Montana: Deer Lodge in 1855, Gold Creek in 1858, and Hellgate (Missoula) in 1860.

Deer Lodge originated about 1854, when Johnny Grant, a squawman, began to raise beef and vegetables to supply the trappers and drifters between Fort Owen and Fort Benton, and the itinerant would-be miners passing through the valley, headed for the new discoveries in the Canadian Caribou. Before 1854, Johnny had traded successfully with the Indians.

Grant's large ranch remained a main source of supply when discoveries were later made in the Gold Creek and Pioneer areas, not far west of his spread. In 1858, he, and several other squawmen, brought sizeable herds of cattle into the Deer Lodge Valley from the Oregon Trail. There were a number of Mexican trail hands in the party, and the resulting settlement south of Grant's ranch became known as Spanish Fork. During the period between 1860-62 it was sometimes called LaBarge City (after the Fort Benton organizer, Captain LaBarge). Later it was referred to as Cottonwood until, in the spring of 1864, it was officially named Deer Lodge City.

The State Penitentiary was established there in 1869, built and operated as a private venture by Frank Conley and Archie McTague. The first log structures were replaced by brick buildings in 1882. Conley and McTague operated the institution as a private business, paid by Montana Territory, until 1889 when Montana became a state. Then they were listed as state employees and paid officials, but the prison was still known as part of Conley's farm, and prison labor was used in the farming.

Deer Lodge is now a town of about 4,000 people, distinguished for the number of fine old Victorian homes that line its streets.

Gold Creek was called American Fork by Major John Owen in his *Journal* entry for February 3, 1862. It was the site of the first gold strike in Montana, when, in 1852, Francois Findlay washed a little color out of the head of Gold

This picture was taken in front of the H. A. Milot hotel and saloon in Sun River, Montana, about 1880.

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Butte, Montana, showing the corner of Alaska and Quartz Streets. The large building in the center was the old Miners' Union Building, built in 1885-86.

Creek and became scared and secretive. He had no proper equipment, no grub, and no realization of his significant find.

Gold Creek was visited by James and Granville Stuart in 1858. They, too, were poorly equipped, and the Blackfoot Indians were hostile. The Stuarts moved on, and Gold Creek lay inactive until Captain J. L. Fiske, with a party of a hundred men and thirty women and children arrived under military escort from Minnesota. Many of the party remained to develop the area around Pioneer Gulch, a few miles south of Gold Creek. The Stuart brothers returned to the area and set up their sluices.

Gold Creek boomed and faded and did not again come into national prominence until, in 1883, Henry Villard of the Northern Pacific Railroad, drove the golden spike joining the two sections of the railroad connecting St. Paul with Tacoma. In 1880 there were 30,000 people in Montana. In 1884, one year after the railroad was completed, the population was over 100,000.

The town is between Drummond and Garrison on U. S. Highway 10, but motorists have to turn south off the highway and cross the Clark Fork. Seven miles south on the same road lies the ghost town of Pioneer, with its deserted stone buildings, built in the sixties.

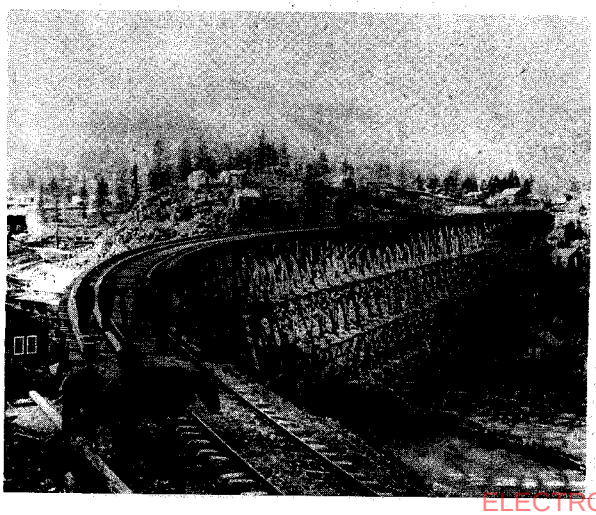
About 200 miles east of Spokane, on Highway 10, is the first large city of Montana. Missoula, with a present population of over 30,000, is an old town begun as an offshoot from the settlement known as Hellgate, two miles northwest of the town proper.

IN August, 1860, Frank L. Worden and Chris P. Higgins opened up the Worden and Company Store, the first store in Montana. The second building in town was P. J. Bolte's saloon, in 1861. It was later acquired by Cyrus Skinner, who was hung there by the Vigilantes in January of 1864. For good measure, they strung up three others along with Cy.

The saloon became a courtroom for the first legal case tried in Montana. It was actually only a miner's court and entirely extra-legal. Nonetheless, a verdict was rendered against "Baron" C. C. O'Keefe, and for "Tincup Joe" Dubrieul, a Frenchman who had been charged with mistreating O'Keefe's horse. At that time, Hellgate was in Washington Territory; the nearest district court was in Colville, 300 miles away. Understandably, the Baron did not appeal the verdict.

Tincup Joe was from a French settlement eighteen miles west of Hellgate. The settlement was established as Frenchtown in 1862, and in January of '64 the Vigilantes, having hung four men in Hellgate, made it an even five in Frenchtown.

Hellgate, in 1865, merged with the rival settlement of Missoula Mills to



At left: Marysville, Montana, taken in 1887. The fabulous Drummlummon mine is at the left in the picture, and the trestle of the Northern Pacific Railroad is in the foreground. At right: The Denver Meat Market in Nevada City, Montana. Picture was taken in 1864.

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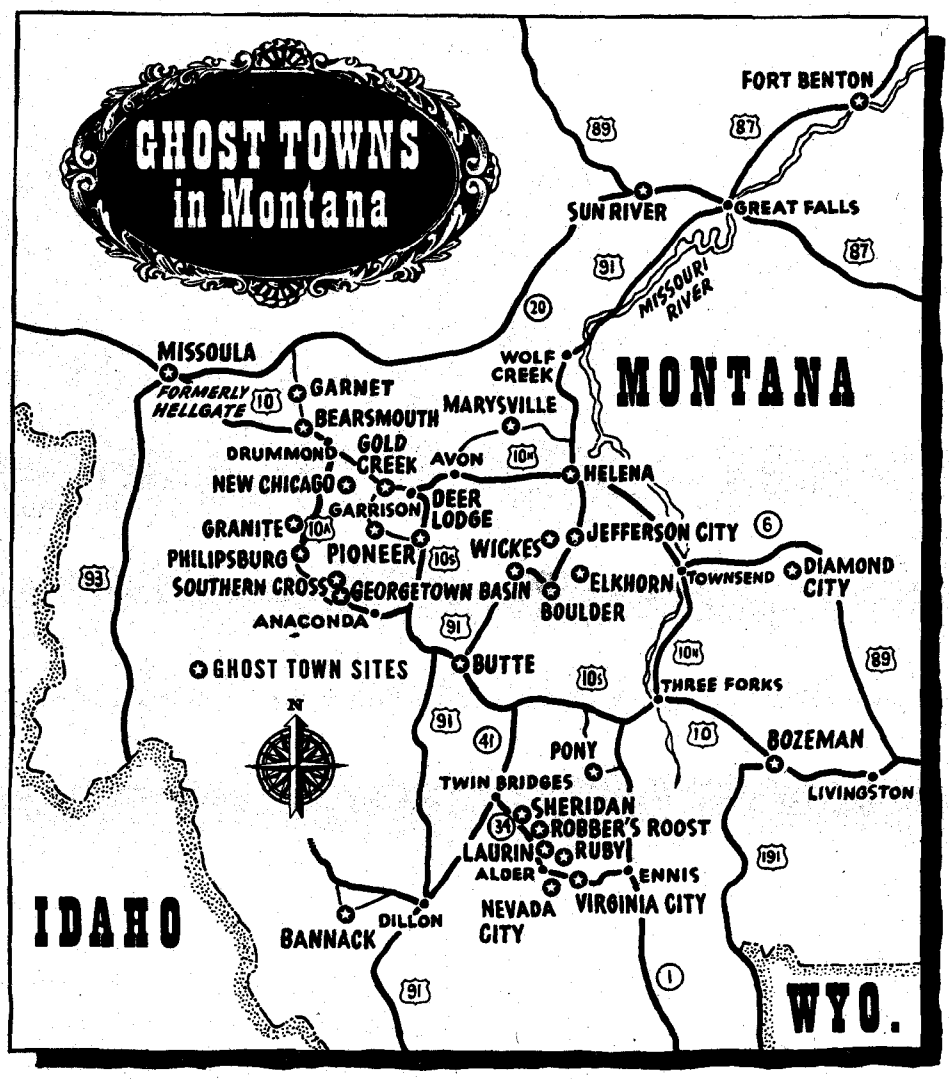

Map by Lowell Butler

become Missoula. Hellgate's maximum population was fourteen; average was twelve; died with their boots on, nine.

Chris Higgins' store and Cy Skinner's saloon are still standing—in somebody's back yard. The roofs of both buildings have long since fallen in, and there are some windows and doors missing. But the heavy logs that form the weatherbeaten walls are still in place.

At this point, having sketched the story of Montana's beginnings and that of her four oldest towns, the writer presents a catalog of twenty-seven old towns. Some are now nearly forgotten, some are ghost towns, and some have crumbled into dust. Here's an alphabetical list, with pertinent comment:

Bannack—Twenty-three miles west of Dillon—began when John White and William Eads found the first placer deposits on Grasshopper Creek, July 28, 1862. They had been part of a party of prospectors bound for the Idaho gold camps, but turned back into the Deer Lodge valley when they heard the Idaho diggings were already over-crowded. They had finally worked their way south into the Beaver Head. N. P. Langford, W. A. Clark and Conrad Kohrs (later Montana's cattle king) all had established claims by the end of the summer, and $600,000 was taken out by the end of the year.

Everybody was too busy mining to build any houses, and Bannack was a tent-and-cabin camp until the first house was built in October. A townsite company was formed and the town was laid out October 6, 1862; growing to 1,200 inhabitants by the spring of 1863. When Beaverhead County was formed, shortly after the territory was organized, Bannack became the county seat and held that title until Dillon took it over in 1881.

Basin—Near Boulder, halfway between Butte and Helena, on U. S. 91—has several old false-fronted buildings which date from the town's establishment in 1870. In the old days, the town was an important placer camp, dating back to 1864.

Bearmouth and **Beartown** are on Bear Creek, which runs down Bear Gulch into Clark's Fork. The turn-off is to the north, about eight miles west of Drummond, on U.S. 10. Bearmouth was, and still is, the railroad loading point for the ores from the Garnet range. Other than loading platforms, about all there is to be seen there today is the old hotel, now being used as a private residence. In the sixties, however, it was the lively entrance to the Bear Gulch and Elk Creek districts, which, in 1866, had a floating population of about 1,500. Beartown, three miles up the gulch, was the wildest mining camp in the Montana Rockies. Altogether, the narrow gulch yielded 30 million dollars, but most of this was during the first four years. Nothing now remains of Beartown but two or three unpainted and weather-beaten cabins or shacks, uninhabited and uninhabitable. During the middle eighties, the newly completed N.P. suffered a rash of train robberies at Bearmouth.

IF you go on up to the top end of the gulch, about eight miles from the highway turnoff, you come upon the ghost town of Garnet. The winding mountain trail that serves as a road is impassable during certain times of the year; but, then nobody lives in Garnet except at certain times of the year. It has many deserted old buildings and its main street circles a hillside dotted with cabins and barns. There are three or four false-fronted stores, all deserted, on one side of the main street and, further on, a large three-story frame building with leaded glass doors. It is the old hotel, still rather elegant in an empty, broken-down sort of way. Placer mining in Garnet was going strong in 1867, and over three million dollars in gold was taken out of the area in the early seventies. There used to be almost a thousand men working the district, but only a couple of families live there now, and then only in the summertime. The town got its name from the garnet rocks and pebbles you can pick up by the handfuls there.

Blackfoot City—near Finn, about 15 miles north of Avon which is on U.S. 10—was located May 16, 1865 and hit its peak in '66 and '67 when it had a population of about 2,500. It was partially destroyed by fire in June of 1869

Montana City, Montana, taken in 1864.

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Main street of Elkhorn, Montana, taken just after the turn of the century.

and then started on the downgrade, and declined to a population of 82 in the 1880. Nothing identifiably significant remains now, but in the sixties a single nugget valued at $3,200 was taken from the district.

Boulder—halfway between Butte and Helena, on U. S. Highway 91—was incorporated in 1865, but was first settled in 1862 during the stampede to this area from Gold Creek. This district, including Elkhorn, produced a total of 30 million in gold and silver. After the rush declined the town dwindled to a population of 215 in 1880. It is now a lively town of over 1,000.

Bozeman had its townsite laid out in 1864. Near here, Nelson Story wintered the first herd of Texas cattle trailed into Montana in 1866. It was the beginning of the great cattle drives from Texas and Kansas, some 1,500 miles of desert, parched prairie, and snow-blocked mountain passes—with 3,000 rangewild longhorns. They followed the Bozeman trail from Fort Laramie to Virginia City, and this was not the easiest part of the drive. The town of Bozeman had a thousand people in 1880, and has a population exceeding 12,000 today.

Butte, about which much has been written elsewhere, got its start as overflow from the discoveries at nearby Silver Bow City, in 1864. The boom at Butte did not really begin until 1874, and it was silver—not gold—that started it. The flamboyant history, resulting from the tremendous copper strikes made later, has been well told, and often. Butte is the largest mining camp, on the richest hill, in the world. Well over four billion dollars in mineral wealth has been taken from under the fabulous hill.

Diamond City was located about 22 miles east of Townsend at the head of Confederate Gulch in the Big Belt Mountains. The gulch produced at least fifteen million in gold. The early prospectors were Confederate soldiers who had been captured by the Union Army and banished to the wilds of Montana. Three of the soldiers made the strike in the summer of 1864. It was fantastically rich—as high as $180 to the pan. But in 1865, "Montana bar" was discovered nearby, from which men washed $1,000 to the pan, from the bedrock. Diamond City hit a big peak population of about 10,000 late in 1866. But it was all over by 1870. There were 225 there in 1880; and by 1883, only 64. There is nothing to see there now; it has disappeared.

Elkhorn—situated on a high slope at the foot of Crow and Elkhorn peaks—is about 15 miles northeast of Boulder. It is utterly deserted—not a living soul there; a true ghost town. In the middle 1880's, at its peak, there were 2,500. Now, it is big and well preserved, but empty. Quartz locations were made prior to 1870 and some gold was taken out, but not until 1883, when the Elkhorn Mining Co. was formed, did it become a big producer. And this was silver, not gold. In 1884 Elkhorn was paying $5,000 daily into the First National Bank of Helena. A total of over $15,000,000 was shipped out in silver alone. By 1910 it had about petered out.

Georgetown and **Southern Cross:** If you turn east of U.S. 10A, at Georgetown Lake, between Philipsburg and Anaconda, you will make a steep winding ascent to an altitude of 7,000 feet. There, on the steep mountain side, are the vestiges of a town—a half-a-dozen tumbled-down shacks, a dilapidated hotel, a ruined false-front store building. This is

(Continued on page 35)

Deer Lodge, Montana, taken about 1870.

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A startling apparition burst upon the Apaches! (Author's conception.)

Was he merely cunning or crazy as a coot, the bearded, wild-eyed hermit known as the

MADMAN OF THE SUPERSTITIONS

By R. O. ACKERMAN

THE year was 1872—height of an exciting era in old Arizona Territory.

The scene was the Superstition Range—luridly famous for its long series of unexplained murders, which still occur at intervals.

The tall, muscular, red-haired stranger, leading his burros up the trail, was destined to add a startling chapter to the history of this mysterious area.

Few people have heard of Elisha M. Reavis. This is hardly surprising. He was to become locally famous as the homicidal hermit whom no Apache marauder would dare attack—during a period when Apache uprisings held most of the Territory in a grip of terror! However, the Superstition area was to achieve national renown just a few years later because of the "Dutchman's Lost Mine." The Reavis story, though overshadowed by that of Jacob Walzer, is equally fascinating but in a different manner.

To those of us who have lived in that region for years, there are a number of interesting stories just waiting for expression. That of Madman Reavis, for example, certainly requires no exaggeration or embellishment to stand as a fascinating bit of Western lore.

Where Elisha M. Reavis lived prior to 1872, no one ever learned. Why he chose to settle in the most remote part of the Superstitions was also a mystery. But there he settled, and there he died—and that was to be the greatest mystery of all!

It might enhance our story to report that Reavis was a prospector, or perhaps a trapper. We regret to say that his vocation was no more romantic than raising vegetables. At infrequent intervals he would pack his string of burros, whistle up his four black shepherd dogs, and start the long trip to Globe, Silver King, or other mining communities. There he would sell his vegetables, buy needed supplies, and start the trek back. Mrs. Couch, now of Phoenix, remembers him stopping by her parents' corral on his way to Globe. He would not enter a house, so her mother would send dinner out to him. He would leave vegetables in repayment, including the first purple cabbage ever raised anywhere in this region.

The description of Reavis, by Mrs. Couch and other early settlers, is a weird list of contradictions. All agree that he was tall and erect, with strangely piercing blue eyes. He was not at all sociable and seemed always impatient to return to his secluded cabin, in the extreme heights of the Superstitions. However, he did unbend somewhat toward children, and it was then that he was revealed to be an educated and cultured man. He could discuss world affairs, books, foreign lands and their strange religions, etc.

In direct contrast to these glimpses of his culture, however, was his unkempt appearance. It is said that he never had a

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haircut in twenty-five years, and his long beard was matted and filthy. When one pair of pants wore completely out, he would simply pull another pair on right over the old ones!

He seemed constantly watchful, and his heavy single-shot rifle was never far from his hand.

IT was during the Apache uprisings of the 70's and 80's that Reavis first made a name for himself. He did not relish *anyone* skulking around his mountaintop homestead, least of all the Apaches. Therefore, it was not surprising that he drilled one through the head, leaving the body where it dropped.

After a couple of days in a hot sun, other Indians had little difficulty in locating their former comrade. As they attempted to remove the remains, Reavis chalked up two more clean hits . . . retiring the side.

After reinforcements arrived, the maurauders made a determined attack on the stout little cabin. The big redhead was firmly entrenched, however, with an unerring eye and plenty of gleaming .45-70 cartridges for his so-called "needle-gun" and shorter carbine. (Not to be confused with the gun-collector's Prussian needle-fire rifle, this was an authentic local colloquialism for the familiar trapdoor Springfield during that period.)

Unable to dislodge the recluse, the war-party laid siege to the cabin. Night fell, and true to Apache custom, active hostilities were temporarily suspended. The Indians built a fire in a sheltered spot not far from where their intended victim lay. The night was very quiet, under a rising full moon. Secure in their assurance of ultimate victory, it is quite possible that glossy black heads nodded which should have stayed alert. . . .

Suddenly, the delusive peace was shattered by an unearthly series of yells . . . high-pitched . . . fearsome . . . spine-crawling! To the badly startled Apaches there appeared an apparition which would haunt their dreams till their dying days!

From the cabin burst a stark naked, red-bearded giant—large yellow teeth clicking as he gibbered and laughed insanely! He progressed in a series of animal-like leaps—straight into the glowing embers of the fire! Waving a butcher knife in each hand, the wild-eyed figure kicked smoking coals into the Apache faces!

There was but one thought in the superstitious Indian minds—to put plenty of distance between themselves and that hollow, mocking laughter—those mad, staring eyes!

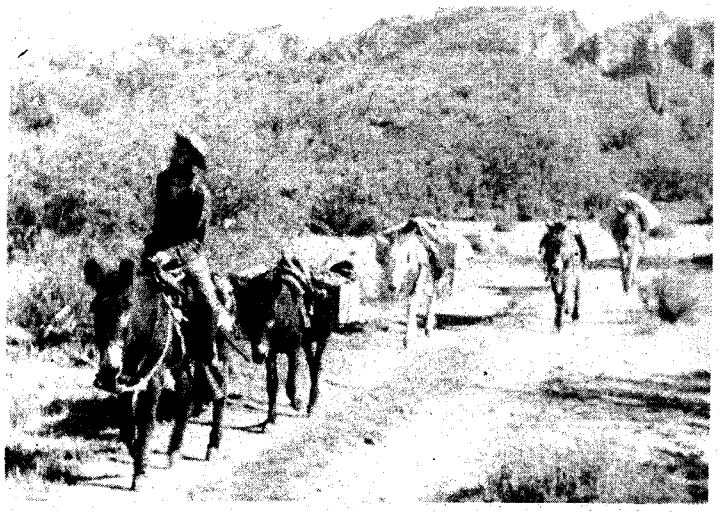
That was the end of the private war between Reavis and the Apaches. Though he shot several others whom he chanced to come across, wandering through his forbidding hills, never again did one raise a hand against him. After nightfall the bodies would be retrieved by friends, and that was that.

Once again, the Indian superstitions for which the mountain range is named had worked in a white settler's favor. In this case, it was the strong Apache belief that anyone harming a crazy man would come to a similar end himself.

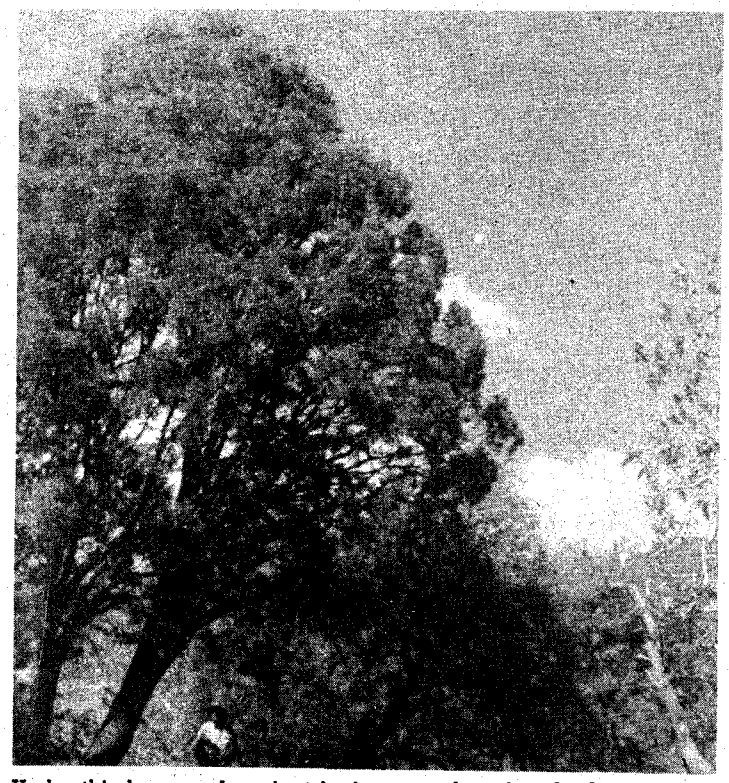
For years, local opinion was divided upon the question of the Reavis mentality. Was he actually deranged, or did it merely suit his convenience to pretend so? Like everything else about this strange and secretive man, no one will ever really know.

ELISHA REAVIS lived an enigma, and, as we previously hinted, he died one. *(Continued on following page)*

Herman Petrasch remembers, as a boy, helping to bury the Dutchman of the Superstitions.

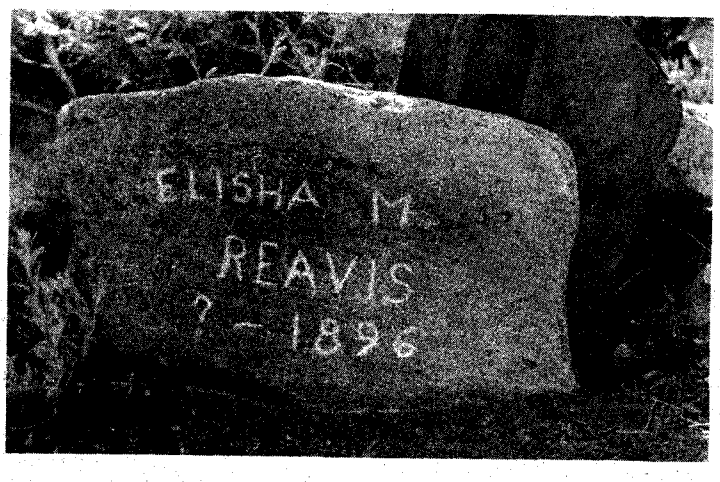


Entering the Superstitions. The larger saddle-burro was handy for packing a rifle and fording streams—otherwise we usually walked.



Under this huge and ancient juniper, overhanging the burro trail on the heights of the Superstitions, the "madman's" decapitated body was found.

A rough headstone is better than none.



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The long red hair and beard had turned to white now, and some of his very few friends were worried about his continuing to live alone.

There is some disagreement concerning the exact date and details of his death, but all agree upon the major circumstances. The man who found him is variously identified as James Dellabaugh, Will Knight, or John Neighbors. However, in April of 1896, one of these friends knew that Reavis had started on a pack trip "outside." When he failed to show up at the J. J. Fraser ranch or any of several others upon his route, the friend started backtracking. High up in the timber country, only five miles from his cabin, Reavis' decomposing body was found lying in a dead campfire. The head was missing, and was later found some distance away. Elisha Reavis was the first of a long series of persons to be found in that manner—with a surprising percentage of them headless—the latest ones in very recent years!

Reavis' burros were tied up. Some were starving, others were already dead. Deputy Sheriff Benson took a Judge and a coroner's jury of four men up there in a buckboard. Not a cent of money was ever found, either upon the body or at the cabin. While this pointed to murder, their on-the-spot inquest could not determine the cause of death. The old man was rolled in his blanket and buried, just behind the large juniper under which he was found. Oddly enough, there is an early Indian ruin at that spot, and Reavis found a last resting place among men of an ancient civilization—about whom we know little more than we do of him.

* * *

The author's painstaking research led to a series of other interesting and unexpected discoveries. Several of these were of sufficient interest to warrant mention here.

First of all, we gleaned everything relevant from the old records in the Arizona Museum, with which we were connected at the time. We then interviewed Mrs. Couch, Mrs. Armer, Mr. Walker (now deceased) and others—most of whom had known *both* Reavis and Walzer. Though the questions were of Reavis, these territorial settlers naturally spoke often of Jacob Walzer. As they generously shared their earlier memories with us, the famed Dutchman emerged as a very real individual rather than a legend. In place of the burly, white-bearded prospector that is always envisioned, they described a tall, courtly, sad-eyed gentleman—beardless, with a dark mustache, and a sallow complexion that suggested TB. Probably for that reason, he never drank in earlier years—though he would offer a glass of wine to a guest. This is the man whom uninformed writers describe as roaring into town for a periodical hell-ripping jag!

Among our informants was the one man living who knew him best—Herman Petrasch, whom Mr. Barnard mentioned as having saved the Dutchman's life and who later buried him in the Petrasch family lot. Herein lies a story within a story...

THE author felt it advisable to trace further the odd circumstances of Reavis' death, and to obtain all pertinent photos. Therefore, accompanied by a friend, a ten-day pack trip was made into the Superstitions and clear up to the Reavis ranch. Each of us had varying goals, including some little-known cliff dwellings in Rogers Canyon which feature logs obviously hewn with stone axes. The extreme aridity has kept them in an amazing state of preservation.

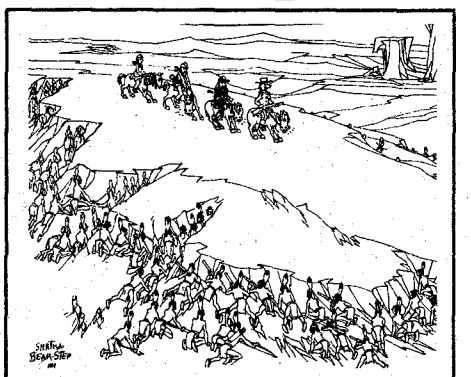
On this pack trip, we had a long and rewarding visit with the 88-year-old Mr. Petrasch. Like his predecessors Reavis and Walzer, Herman Petrasch prefers to live alone—yet is far from the popular conception of a hermit. In his lonely shack in the Superstitions, a radio keeps him informed of world events. He subscribes to the *Manchester Guardian* from England, preserving the tradition of culture that has marked all three of these recluses. His mail and supplies are picked up by Billy Martin, a rancher whose place was formerly the Silver King stage station.

Bill is a gentleman whose integrity is unquestioned by his legion of friends, and it was from him that some parts of the Reavis story were revealed for the first time. Upon reliable directions from Martin and Petrasch, we were able to locate the Reavis grave beyond question, several days later. There your writer was privileged to carve a belated headstone for Elisha M. Reavis, using a flat rock and several constantly resharpened horseshoe nails. To the average person, that wind-swept mountaintop is as remote as Mars, yet it was with a deep sense of satisfaction that the stone was lowered into place.

There were other moments that made mere research seem secondary. Some were of doubtful profit, like the dead cow in the only available drinking water, a couple of rather irritable rattlers, or the night-prowling varmint that panicked the hobbled burros. On the other side of the ledger was the long, corroded copper cartridge case picked up by the writer in remote Rogers Canyon. It was an *inside*-primed centerfire of extremely obsolete type, and of the exact caliber used in the Dutchman's Sharps carbine! Perhaps only a coincidence, but certainly a startling one.

All of this was several years ago. If Herman Petrasch is living, he would be in his 90's. If not, we sincerely hope that the grand old gentleman has finally found his lost gold mine in a form that is not for us mortals to understand.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Editors of TRUE WEST have raised the question: Could Reavis actually have raised fruit and vegetables high in the rocky, arid Superstitions? The answer is yes. I mention several times in my article that Reavis lived high up in the timber country. The same natural moisture that would support heavy timber would easily support much smaller fruit trees and certainly vegetables. R.D.A.



"Mister Butterworth, Sir, I wish to go on record as repeating I don't like it so peaceful and quiet."

The Passing of Tom Horn

(Continued from page 25)

days, helped the Undersheriff and Ed Smalley lift Tom onto the trapdoor. Evidently Tom could make out the hulk of Ed Smalley from behind the hood. His voice sounded muffled.

"What's the matter, Ed? Getting nervous?"

Smalley went over and leaned against a post of the gallows with his arm up to his face. He didn't answer. Next, the condemned man turned toward his old friend, Joe Cahill. "Joe, they tell me you're married now." Cahill didn't speak either. "Well, I hope it works out well, Joe. Treat her decent."

Without a tremor, Tom Horn stood on the trap for over thirty seconds waiting for the blunderers to spring the trap. Beyond a doubt, he was the most collected person in the yard. Suddenly, the leaves of the trap crashed downward with a report like a small handgun. Tom Horn was swung into eternity — supposedly — at a little less than four feet. His neck didn't break and the scar he had received in the fight over at Dixon turned purple and throbbed with each beat of his heart. However, the hangman's knot had slammed into Tom's temple and rendered him unconscious.

Tom Horn hung, dangling, for close to twenty minutes, twisting slowly with occasional spasmodic jerks, while an imported physician stood by checking him, testing for pulse every minute or two. Finally, Tom Horn's powerful heart fluttered a little and ceased to beat. The professional killer, Tom Horn, was dead; but, more important to the territory, he was dead un-confessed. His employers were never known.

Kels Nickell was standing just outside the jail-yard and asked the first man to come out, "Is the son-of-a-bitch dead?" He got his short answer and limped away, smiling.

Tom's body was laid out at Gleason's Mortuary and was duly examined by all who knew him in the area, plus hundreds who did not. He was certified dead by those qualified, either through training or experience, to know a corpse when they saw one — and a whale of a lot of people who didn't know one from the other. And, the facts remain unaltered with the passing of time. Tom Horn died, probably of strangulation while unconscious, but he died nevertheless that day of his execution and was not "spirited away to live out his alloted years in Mexico," as three "authorities" claim.

Editor's Note:

If TRUE WEST were to print only articles that had been read in advance by all known authorities, friends, enemies, historians and kin and pronounced true by all — there would never be another issue of this magazine printed! It is impossible to get any group with even a reasonable amount of knowledge to agree on all points about any man or event.

Tom Horn is an especially controversial subject in the country where he was active. He was a hero or a heel — depending mostly, it seems, on the side you were on. It is impossible to present, therefore, an unbiased, accurate, last-word article on such a man. For actually, who knows all the truth? Tom Horn himself knew — but then he isn't here to tell it.

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Bannack—the first territorial capitol of Montana.

Ghosts and Near Ghosts

(Continued from page 31)

Southern Cross. Further downhill and in about the same worn-out condition, are the remains of Georgetown. Discoveries in the area began in 1867. Southern Cross was a lively gold camp in the seventies and had about 500 people in 1880. But only three or four of the little houses are occupied now. In one of these, living alone, is a retired miner and prospector whose name is John Ruskin. And when the snow is deep around his cabin, during the winter that goes into May, he sits by the stove and reads Schopenhauer and Immanuel Kant, Thomas Carlyle—and John Ruskin.

Helena and Montana City: As you drive north to Helena on U.S. 91, you pass by what was Montana City. There are only weed-covered mounds of gravel and tailings to see there now, but one Hurlburt had found colors there on Prickly Pear Creek in 1862. The town boomed after the big strike of August 18, 1864, helped when the discoveries at nearby Last Chance Gulch also came into fruition. Then, the swarming Last Chance Gulch stampede shaded it, and it began sliding down hill. The post office was moved to Clancy in 1872, and by 1880 only 50 people remained.

THE discovery in Last Chance Gulch, by John Cowan and company, was made July 21, 1864. In the spring of the year, twenty-five adventurers had left over-crowded Virginia City, hoping to find something better in the Kootenai Country. When they got a little west of Prickly Pear Valley, they met up with hostile Indians, and were turned back into the valley. Tired, broke and low on supplies, they resolved to take a last chance in a gulch they had passed up. As a result about 20 million dollars in gold has been added to the wealth of the country. Two years later, a more dignified name had been given the place, and Helena (named after a Minnesota town) had a population of 7500. However, photographs of the town, taken in the hectic spring of '65, picture excited confusion; miners were housed in log cabins, "wickiups", shacks and tents; narrow streets were blocked with men, ox trains, mule teams and pack trains. Wild cayuses plunged through the streets, every saloon was crowded, and carpenters sweated and pounded as they built store buildings, log cabins, sluice boxes—and coffins.

Jefferson City—on U.S. 91 halfway between Boulder and Helena—was settled in 1864 by the men stampeded from Alder Gulch en route to the new diggings at Last Chance Gulch (Helena). There were 200 people listed in the census of 1880; less than half that many are there today.

Laurin—on State Highway 34, between Twin Bridges and Virginia City—was established by J. B. Laurin, a Frenchman, who began operating his general merchandise store there July 15, 1863. The local residents call it "Loray", and Dimsdale refers to the place as "Lorraine's ranch" when he describes the hanging of G. W. Brown and "Red" Yeager. These two, among the first of Plummer's gang of road agents executed by the Vigilantes, were hung from a cottonwood tree on the Ruby River, about a quarter of a mile west of the store, January 4, 1864. The store is still standing, and so is the tree.

If you go to Laurin, you will also be duly impressed by an imposing red stone church called "St. Mary of the Assumption." The interior has beautifully carved woodwork and gilt work. The edifice seems incongruous among the weather-beaten sheds and vacant buildings around it. But they were there first.

Marysville—is 20 miles northwest of Helena. It began in 1876 when Tom Cruse, an illiterate Irish immigrant, discovered, or at least claimed, a strike he afterwards named the Drumlummon—after his birthplace in Ireland. It contained silver and gold in quantities, and, in 1880, he erected a five-stamp mill. Two years later, he sold out to a British company for one and one-half million dollars. He moved to Helena, founded a bank, rode around the city in an elegant carriage driven by a liveried coachman, and religiously attended every board meeting, although he had only recently learned to write his name. The British Company eventually went broke.

Marysville hit its peak about 1887, when it had a population of 2,000. The 1950 census showed 150. Most people doubted it.

Nevada City—about three miles west of Virginia City on State Highway 34—was one of the several smaller mining camps that sprung up along Alder Gulch after Bill Fairweather's big strike near Virginia City in May of 1863. The others were Centerville, Adobe Town, Junction, and Ruby. Hardly a trace now remains of any of these, except Ruby. And at Nevada (for some reason, pronounced Nevayda by the local citizenry) only a few original buildings are left. You may see an old ore-wagon, posed prominently in front of a rather well preserved house still occupied as a residence. There are plans to restore the place. But that would take some doing—if restoration, rather than improvement is the object.

The town was incorporated February 9, 1865. There were once several thousand people there, but it fell below 300 by 1880. The first victim of vigilante justice, George Ives, was hung there December 21, 1863.

New Chicago—is reached by a turn-off, two miles south of Drummond, on U.S. 10A. It is about a mile and a half east of 10A on a good road.

In 1872, John A. Featherman, who had come to the territory in '64, established a general store in the community. It was on the old stagecoach line from Deer Lodge to Missoula, and the town flourished, until August, 1883, when the N.P. railroad was completed and the stageline was discontinued. At one time the population in the immediate vicinity reached about 550, but dwindled away toward the end of the eighties. Mrs. Linda Meyers, of Drummond, now in her middle seventies, was born here. She is the grandniece of John Featherman.

Several of the old structures, including several cabins and residences, the stage station and the school—built in the eighteen-sixties and seventies—are still standing.

Philipsburg, also on U.S. 10A, was founded in 1864, rose to a population of 800 in '67, fell back to 600 in 1880 and is back up to about 1000 now. Up in the hills nearby, was the town of Granite. At one time, it supported 3,000 people from the wealth of the Hope mine, which, between 1885 and 1892, produced $20,000,000 in gold and silver. There is nothing much to see there now.

THE old ghost town of **Pioneer** is not far north of Philipsburg, but is reached by driving south from Gold Creek, about seven miles. It was founded by some from the party of Captain J. L. Fiske who arrived from Minnesota on September 26, 1862. However at about the same time, there were many prospectors drifting in from the Pike's Peak district and the Cherry Creek diggings, near Denver. The miners considered these areas about played out and the strikes in the Deer Lodge country looked better. Pioneer hit its peak in '66 and '67 when the population was up to 800 or 1,000. But in 1885 there were only 300.

Francis "Slim" Slaughtner who was born in Pioneer about 65 years ago, still lives there in one of the cabins. But there are few neighbors, and he is one of a handful that remains. Several of the old houses are still standing. And there are three old stone commercial buildings which have stood since the 1860's; one was a store, one was a saloon, and the other was a postoffice.

Pony—six miles west of Harrison which is on State Highway One—was established in 1876 after a gold discovery the previous year. In 1877, W. W. Morris and Henry Elling, who were most instrumental in Pony's development, came to the camp from Virginia City, where Elling had established "California House", a men's clothing store, in 1863. By 1880, they owned the Clipper and Boss Tweed mines, the bonanzas of the camp, which, during their operations pro-

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duced $5,000,000 in gold. At least $10,000,000 more was taken out from other sources.

Pony must have been quite a town in its day. In the residential district, there are several old Victorian two-and-three-story mansions still standing—much like those in Deer Lodge. Many old houses and outbuildings stand unused and vacant, and the business district is, for the most part, deserted. However, there is one lively business establishment, functioning in a brisk and efficient manner. It is located in a big old brick building and is an interesting composite of a hotel, general store, museum, curio shop, restaurant and saloon. One of the attendants behind the bar is Jim Flint, probably the oldest working bartender in the Northwest. He is ninety-five. His companion bartender in this multifarious establishment, named "Pony Club", is Bert Smith, who is also the owner. "Bert" is a woman.

Ruby, north of the highway between Laurin and Virginia City, is reached by following a side road diagonally southeast from Laurin. It was named for the ruby-colored garnet gravel, on the ground surface, which glints and glistens after a rain. During the rush into Alder Creek in '64, it became one of the satellite camps at the edge of the main Alder Gulch Development. It was never a large town, but it experienced a revival in the 1890's when a huge dredge was put into operation under the sponsorship of Harvard University.

There are several miners' cabins and larger residences, some built in the sixties, still standing there. Some are still used as dwellings and are now occupied.

Sun River, is located 20 miles west of Great Falls, a mile south of the highway (U.S. 89) on the stream of the same name. A gold strike of relatively small proportions was made here in 1866. But it caused a tragic rush which stampeded some 3,000 people into the district, where they congregated, without provisions or shelter, in mid-winter. Many were frozen in seven feet of snow and were not found until spring.

Sun River was established in 1867, but the first house had been built in '65. It never was much of a town; by 1883 there were only 150 people there. Fort Shaw was established nearby and Gibbon marched from there, in 1876, to join Custer, on the Little Big Horn. Nothing much of historical interest remains in Sun River now. And, Charley Bovey has removed some of the old buildings to his Great Falls museum, which he calls "Old Town".

Wickes—is south of Corbin, about five miles southwest of Jefferson City, which is on U.S. 91. The town was settled in 1877. The biggest mine was the Alta, and three hundred miners were once employed there. There are thirty-nine miles of tunnels underneath it, and the total yield in lead, gold and silver was over $32,000,000. In 1886, when the N.P. completed a branch line into the town, there was a population of 1500, with five dance halls and 22 saloons. After disastrous fires in 1900 and 1902, there was not much left of the town. Even less remains now—but the smelter stacks are still standing.

Sheridan—nine miles south of Twin Bridges, is on State Highway 34, on the way into Alder Gulch. It is not historically important, but it became a town when nearby Bivins' Gulch was developing, during the rush of 1864, as part of the Alder district.

"Old Robbie" Robinson, last remaining resident of Diamond City, Montana. Original building before which he is standing was once a stage station, and burned down in December, 1958.

As we go through the Ruby area, and into the Gulch, we come to "Robbers' Roost", only a few yards off the road, and about fifteen miles northwest of Virginia City.

Robbers' Roost—between Sheridan and Laurin, was Pete Daly's place, stage station and roadhouse. It became a hangout for a cutthroat gang of criminal "road agents" that intriguing bunch of social cast-offs which drifted in from the Idaho camps of Florence, Elk City and Lewiston. During 1862 and '63, it became the headquarters for Henry Plummer and company. This big two-story building is still well-preserved, with porch and veranda.

IF you stop there, and are met by the caretaker, who may be a gentleman of disagreeable appearance, you may have just cause to regard him with sceptic appraisal. He may possibly be somebody's hired lackey, who recites memorized portions of Dimsdale's account of the Vigilante activities, while selling his sleazy store of curios. He may turn out to be a relative newcomer in Alder Gulch, from North Dakota.

Bill Fairweather, age 39, died here August 25, 1875. His strike set off the explosion of Alder Gulch.

Virginia City—(Sometimes called "the Williamsburg of the West"), on State Highway 34, has been so widely publicized that not much more should be added here. That will give us space for the sort of comment which follows:

To begin with, Virginia City was founded by Bill Fairweather's strike May 26, 1863. The town was incorporated December 30, 1863, by an act of the United States Congress; Montana was not yet a state or territory. That action was unique. It never happened before—or since—and can't happen again. The Second Legislative Assembly voted Virginia City the capital of Montana Territory February 2, 1865. At its peak there were about 6,000 people in the city proper, and twelve to fifteen thousand in the Alder district. On November 2, 1866, the telegraph line from Salt Lake City to Virginia City was completed, and the first telegram was sent to President Andrew Johnson. Postal deliveries began shortly after Fairweather's strike. But, since there were no post offices in Montana Territory in '63, letters were brought in from Salt Lake at a cost of $2.50 each—later the charge was dropped to one dollar. By 1869, there were thirty-eight post offices in Montana, and mail was delivered three times weekly.

Virginia City is still the county seat of Madison County; but the Court House, which was erected in 1876, was optimistically built as a State Capitol. The last desperado hung, by Vigilante action, was on the grounds of this building, in 1878. During 1863, 198 murders, justifiable or not, took place. That was in six months—about one a day. During January 1864—the Plummer gang was wiped out by the Vigilantes and thirty desperadoes were hung—about one a day.

The upstairs portion of "Bob's Place", a saloon which used to be called "Content Corner", was Montana's first capitol building. It is directly across the street from the Fairweather Inn, a hotel which used to be the "Anaconda Saloon", but is now a composite building whose front porch and veranda were attached after being taken and transported from the old Goodrich Hotel in Bannack. In the earlier years, Tom Farrell operated the "Madison House", called the "Five-story Hotel", established in the '60's, of single story construction, but descending downhill the equivalent depth of five stories. Tom was a prominent horseman, auctioneer and Confederate soldier.

The first name given Virginia City was Varina, often mispelled and written Verona. This was the name of Jefferson Davis' wife; but the name of the town was speedily changed by an influential judge of strong Union sympathy. Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale, English and eccentric, wrote a complete history of the "Vigilantes of Montana". The "Montana Post", the first territorial newspaper, established August 21, 1864, serialized this work from August 26, 1865 to March 14, 1866. Dimsdale died shortly thereafter. But, he had established himself as the first teacher in the first school in Montana, August 22, 1864.

The present population of Virginia City is about 350—but you now see it as a restored "ghost town". It is fortunate that, through the efforts of Charles A. Bovey, the old town has been restored. He spent a good deal of his own personal fortune in the process. It may be somewhat unfortunate for his-

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torical authenticity that some of the restoration should be labeled "improvements".

If you go to this old place, look up the Town Marshall, Harold Gohn. He was born here, and his grandfather, who came from Colorado to Virginia City in 1863, was a prominent citizen, in the wild old days.

Before we conclude this directory, let us once again mention old Bannack, a town originally named East Bannack to distinguish it from Bannack City, in Idaho. When they named Bannack City, "Idaho City", East Bannack became just "Bannack". Major John Owen's *Journal* of May 22, 1863, reports that "Between two and three thousand emigrants from Pike's Peak, the States, and Salt Lake have already arrived in this country, this spring—and the road from Bannack is lined with them and their wagons".

A highway marker near Bannack reads: "Henry Plummer, Sheriff and secret chief of the road agents was hanged at Bannack in '64 by the Vigilantes. It tamed him down considerably".

Now, if, at this point of conclusion, some disputatious gentleman should care to remark about the many ghost towns not included here in comment or report, let him have his way. He's right.

Not all of the dead towns are accessible. Not all are very old, or very interesting or colorful. And not all of them have much historical significance.

The mere fact that a town—sometimes only a station is deserted, with some portion still standing, is only *prima facie* evidence that it should be considered among the great old places herein reported.

I have picked a few—probably most of the important ones—in the region of the Montana Rockies where the first gold discoveries, and the resulting mining camps, were located. And I have tried to give greater emphasis to those settlements which have been less known and not so much publicized.

Some of them are not yet asleep—not by a long shot.

Some have crumbled to ruin. Dead and gone. But vivid memories linger, to thrill the casual traveler or the earnest student of Western history.

"Honest, Ma'am, I wasn't swearing. That really is the name of the stew!"

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"The SL Boys at Dinner" is the caption on this L. A. Huffman photograph. In the background is the "cavvy" in the rope corral

No doubt about it, the old-time range cook led a rugged life. Still there was always time for a few

CHUCK

THE chuck wagon cook of the old true West has been portrayed by many mediums and from many angles—some of them favorable and some disparaging.

He has been implied to be a magician who could wave a magic wand and produce delectable "vittles" which would warm the heart and the tummy of hungry he-men, and he has also been pictured as a gruff old fuddy-duddy or an old fogey who could carve you up with his butcher knife at the first provocation.

Both of these views are extremes of fiction and fancy which do not fit the facts, so let's get this thing straightened out right now, once and for all time. The chuck wagon cook was a normal and rational human being, who neither performed miracles nor indulged in vicious rampages.

There are no two ways about it, and the guy to get you straightened out is an old veteran pot-slinger who has not only been through the whole works but has mingled with all the characters involved.

The chuck wagon cook was given four ornery, half-broken mules that were mean to hitch up. And some of them were even bridle-shy and required a lot of time and patience to even get the bit in their mouths and the headstall over their ears.

This was one of the plagues he had to endure in the early morning hours when he was already behind schedule and had a long trip ahead of him with a deadline to meet.

During and after breakfast the crew of "buckaroos" would agree with the cook upon the camp site for that night, many miles away, and then they looped and saddled their mounts and took off, leaving the cook and the "wrangler" to break camp and move it.

They even left their bedrolls lying around "helter-skelter" and the cook and wrangler had not only to clean up the pots and pans and store them in the wagon, but pick up the bedrolls and all the other paraphernalia they had left lying around.

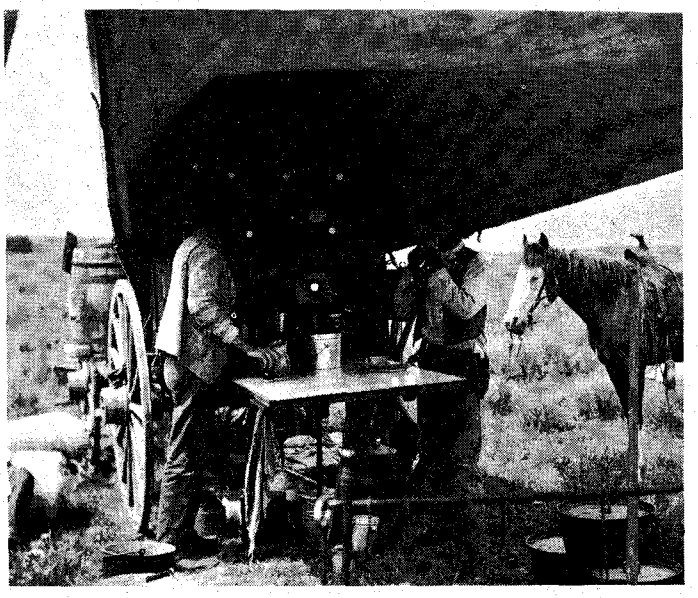
When the chuck wagon was all loaded up, the wrangler took off with his herd of extra saddle horses—known in the Northwest as the "cavietta" and in the Southwest as the "remuda"—leaving the cook to hitch up his ornery mules and head for the new camp.

These trips took plenty of planning, preparation, precision and hustling in order to get to that new camp in time to feed that gang of hungry wolves.

If those mules gave him a hard time while he was hitching them up, believe you me they caught plenty of hell on the trip with a blacksnake whip that put them in their places.

Those four mules took that chuck wagon "anyplace" he wanted to go—not just over established, winding, mountain dirt roads, but across short cuts between boulders, stumps and trees; up the side of a mountain; through a saddle in the divide; down the other side and across a treacherous stream.

He just "got there," brother, in spite of hell and high water, and he made camp in time to cook a good hearty meal for that weary and ravenous gang who would have mobbed him if he didn't.



A hungry horse wrangler having his pie and coffee in the kitchen of an old Dutch oven outfit. The cook stands beside his open mess box.

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and the Biddle tepees, so-called because Biddle of the 70L outfit was the first to introduce them for the cowboys.

WAGON CHUCKLES

By MARK TREY

That was his job, and the gang didn't give a hoot how he did it or how he overcame his handicaps on the trip. They were tired and hungry when they hit camp and they didn't want any excuses or alibis. They wanted good solid stick-to-your-ribs he-man grub and plenty of it, and it had to be ready when they pulled their saddles off and washed up.

This was Mexican John, XIT cook. Apparently he thought a lot of his outfit—look at the piesl Most roundup cooks mixed their dough in dishpans, as shown here.

Photos from the L. A. Huffman Collection

THE chuck wagon cook had to be a combination of stagecoach driver—handling those four mules in rough terrain; a navigator to figure out the most feasible route and time schedule; a provider of fresh meat along the route between camps in the form of antelope, young deer, sage grouse, or even a good mess of trout as a diversion from the beef, bacon and sowbelly; and last but not least, a good engineer and surveyor to locate the new camp in the most comfortable position possible.

While the gang made severe demands upon him, they also respected and admired him for his ability and for his contributions to their comfort and needs. If he was a good cook and a good guy, that was good enough for the whole gang and they didn't give him any trouble.

He arose at an unearthly hour in the morning while the gang were still pounding their ears, built his campfire and prepared a delicious breakfast including sourdough biscuits or flapjacks, before he roused them out of their beds.

Even the wrangler, who was supposed to round up the saddle horses before breakfast, was not aroused until the coffee pot was boiling. He took a big slug of "java" before he saddled his mount and brought in the whole herd for the crew to pick from after breakfast.

In the evening, after their guts were stuffed with good wholesome grub, the gang lingered around the campfire swapping yarns and telling big lies while the cook cleaned up the pots and pans and remixed his "sourdough" for the next morning's meal.

He just went on about his business while they "yack-yacked" and seldom contributed anything to the conversation, but his mind was absorbent and active all the while, and he often cooked up a scheme or trick to pull on the gang that gave them just as big a bang as the food he served.

On one such occasion the author himself played the part of "villain" when the conversation around the campfire drifted to a discussion about the various kinds of "wild meat"—game, fowl and fish—to supplement the regular diet of beef, bacon and sowbelly salt pork.

Naturally buffalo, antelope, deer, elk, sage grouse, trout, salmon and all the rest were mentioned and agreed upon until one of the gang mentioned "bear meat" and he almost got mobbed.

The concensus of opinion was that the carcass of a skinned bear looked too much like a human, and they wouldn't think of eating "bear meat."

This of course was ridiculous imagination and utter nonsense, for the flesh of a yearling bear is actually delicious meat, and a bear is far more fastidious in his eating habits than a pig or a chicken. The meat is coarse-grained and has a strong "gamey" flavor, but if it

(Continued on page 56)

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Hell on the Che

History's most spectacular horse race was also man's greatest mass struggle for a home.

ONLY the prairie wind was calm that late summer day in 1893 when something like 100,000 pioneers lined up around the edges of the "Strip," about to launch what historians have called "the greatest contest for a home ever known to man."

Out of the clutter and dust and nervous shuffling about of the waiting homesteaders, the Widow Fowler led her children as near to the edge as the armed soldiers would allow, and said: "Now, observe this closely. Today you will see history in the making."

The wide-eyed children observed. The spectacle they witnessed that day was one they never forgot—the last and the wildest wresting from the Red Man of the final fragment of his continental empire . . . the claiming and settling of more than *five million acres* between noon and sunset of a single day!

Biggest of the land openings giving Indian Territory to homesteaders, this was the famous Cherokee Strip Run, the last great land grab, and the most spectacular horse race conceived by man.

Bigger than Rhode Island, Delaware and Connecticut combined, the "Strip" was a narrow corridor, 226 miles long and 58 miles wide. It lay adjacent to the south border of Kansas between the 96th and 100th meridians, and encompassed eight million acres of rich untrampled valleys, lush prairies, and sparkling, woods-bordered streams. The Arkansas River, then navigable to the Kansas border, brawled through the eastern section, while the sometime salty and always sandy Cimarron spread its wide shallow waters through the red, sculptured cliffs of the western part. And over it all the prairie grasses grew rich and tall.

Given earlier to the Cherokee tribe as a hunting ground when that great Indian nation was moved from Georgia, the "Strip" was now being taken back and turned over to homesteaders, hungry for new lands and for a new start. The clamor for settlement had deafened officials in Washington until finally they'd gone back on their treaty with the Cherokees and bought the land for eight and one-half million dollars—about $1.40 per acre!

Seven counties were created out of the

The break of the great Cherokee Strip Race, September 16, 1893—one of the most outstanding moments in American history.

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okee Strip!

By JESSY MAE COKER

Photos by the Author

tract. Land offices for filing claims were set up at Perry, Alva, Enid and Woodward. Land was reserved for parks and public buildings, and every 16th and 32nd section set aside for school land, to be sold to support public schools. It could not be filed on, but could be bought. Disappointment over school land was one of the tragedies of the Run, for few settlers had money to buy these sections.

GOVERNMENT surveyors marked off the entire Strip and placed stone markers at the corner of each quarter-section. Many of the prairie fires on the day of the Run were caused by people burning off grass to find these markers.

In addition to land set aside for other purposes, the Osage Indians were given a 1½ million acre reservation in the east end of the Strip, so only 27,000 quarter-sections were available to settlement on the opening day. With 100,000 ready to make claims, the tension and anxiety mounted as people awaited the proclamation setting the date.

"Bless the Lord and Prepare for the Grand Race" was the bold headline on the *Arkansas City Traveler*, when President Cleveland issued the order fixing 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, September 16, 1893, as the opening date. Immediately people began to congregate from every part of the nation, and the long wait to register began.

To avoid evils of previous openings and to prevent "sooners" from slipping in before the race officially began, prospective settlers were required to present themselves and register during the week prior to the Run.

Nine booths were erected at points around the Strip. Tables of pine boards were placed just outside the canvas tents where people must stand in line to register. Wells were dug for water and meager sanitary conveniences were provided, but there was no shelter from the blazing sun.

Anyone who was the head of a family, or 21 years of age, male or female, was eligible to register provided he had no homestead elsewhere. Obviously, the registration slip would be required later for filing claims.

However, this system caused the greatest hardship of the entire race, resulting in unnecessary suffering and unfairness. Slips sold openly and at exorbitant rates, and were not demanded at the filing office, after many had endured untold suffering staying in line to obtain them.

"Under the bright glare of a cloudless sky, we had to stand in line five days to register," a pioneer youth wrote to his mother. "A few lucky ones had umbrellas for shelter, but even that didn't stop the hot wind and choking dust. We saw strong men faint from fatigue, and a few suffered sunstroke."

SEVERAL items created the magnitude of this colossal land grab. Foremost was the fact that the horse race method would be employed. That was the supreme lure for adventurers. Each settler would carry a claim flag, and the first to down a stake on a quarter-section or a town lot would become the owner. As a result, too often it was the last man with six-guns to force his claim who got the land.

Extreme drouth gripped the Southwest, and the national panic of 1893, closing banks and tightening credit, had made the year a rugged one on the frontier, causing men to think of greener pastures.

This would be the greatest Run of all, and stakes were high for all who headed Stripward that summer. The last great frontier was beckoning, and for those who had squandered earlier chances, this was the final hope of starting anew on virgin soil. For shysters, peddlers and speculators, such a congregation of people offered the acme of opportunity. For the young it was a matchless adventure.

The glamor of this region had grown from the days of the buffalo, the Chisholm Trail, and the era of enormous cattle drives, when millions of Texas longhorns crossed the Strip to Kansas rail centers.

It had been the refuge of reckless men, flaunting the law, who hid out in its ravines and robbed trains on the three railroads which crossed the Strip after 1885. And all who returned from the area told of its rich land and fine pastures waiting to be claimed.

Arkansas City, Kansas, a fledgling border town of 4,000, became a focal point of entry to the Strip and did a brisk business outfitting pioneers for the Run. Horse-traders were giddy with business, blacksmiths worked overtime making canteens from tin pans, and carpenters prepared buildings in sections, ready to be hauled over the border and set up.

Down at Newman's Store gingham was selling for 6 cents a yard. Eggs brought 12 cents per dozen, and coffee 10 cents a pound. Stores were soon depleted, and the postoffice was forced to set up several sub-stations to serve the 75,000 people camped about the town, wearily awaiting the opening.

Every town along the border had the same visitation of hordes of people who vanished into the new land the day of the Run. Arkansas City registered 30,000 claimants, Caldwell 15,000, Hennessey 15,000, and the other booths had like numbers.

ALL the waiting lines were scenes of confusion and discomfort. The drought is poignant in the memory of "Strippers" yet living today, who invariably approach the topic with:

"The weather was hot and dry. Dust, blistering wind, and heat added to the misery of standing in line . . ."

Enterprising youths made money selling water at 10 cents a cup. One young tycoon reaped a small fortune by making a tubful of lemonade from one lemon, and a bucket of soup from one onion which he sold for 10 cents a bowl.

But those in line were orderly and patient. They joked, laughed and sang songs like this one:

"Come get you a home in 'Homa
Come get you a home in 'Homa
There the 'taters grow tall
'Cause they plant 'em in the fall
And they eat 'em tops and all—in 'Homa!"

With registration slip in hand, the Boomer went back to his tent-home to await the Run into the promised land. There were no rooms to rent, no houses. People lived in their covered wagons, in tents, or in the open.

Women cooked on open campfires, washed, and kept the children in tow. Men gathered firewood, greased their wagons or mended harness. And everyone visited with neighbors who might have come from the opposite side of the nation. As they talked, they gazed longingly across the line where the beckoning land rolled on as far as the eye could reach—a medley of winding streams, rank pastures, and purple hills.

Townspeople put pallets and cots in their living rooms and halls to accommodate all the strangers they could, but the influx was too great to take care of everybody. Thick dust was on everything. Incessant travel along dirt streets kept the powdery silt in swirling pools under foot. And every gust of wind flung sand and street trash into the sweaty faces of pedestrians.

The air crackled with excitement, and nothing but Strip talk was heard on all sides. Elsewhere over the nation people discussed the coal strikes, woman suffrage or Texas Cattle Fever; clamored for Congress to help the drought-stricken farmers; or joined the Populist militia to intimidate the legislature. Congressmen were sawing the air with their silver arguments; the elite made trips to the Great Columbian Exposition in Chicago. But among the Boomers camped along the Cherokee Strip, every ear was strained for news of the Run, and the most urgent need was for a cupful of fresh water.

"All kinds of money-making schemes and games were in progress," a Kansas pioneer recalls. "I remember seeing a soldier make a man step who had gypped him in a 3-shell game."

The border towns were meccas for all kinds, classes and conditions of people; peddlers hawking their wares, barbers in their tents, shooting galleries, wandering minstrels, lunch counters galore; the candy maker, the merchant, the scissors grinder, the fakir and the blind at street corners . . . fretting children, women in parted skirts, brawny men, bronchos galloping at full speed through the street . . . and above all the din and roar of travel, the voice of a busy auctioneer splitting the air.

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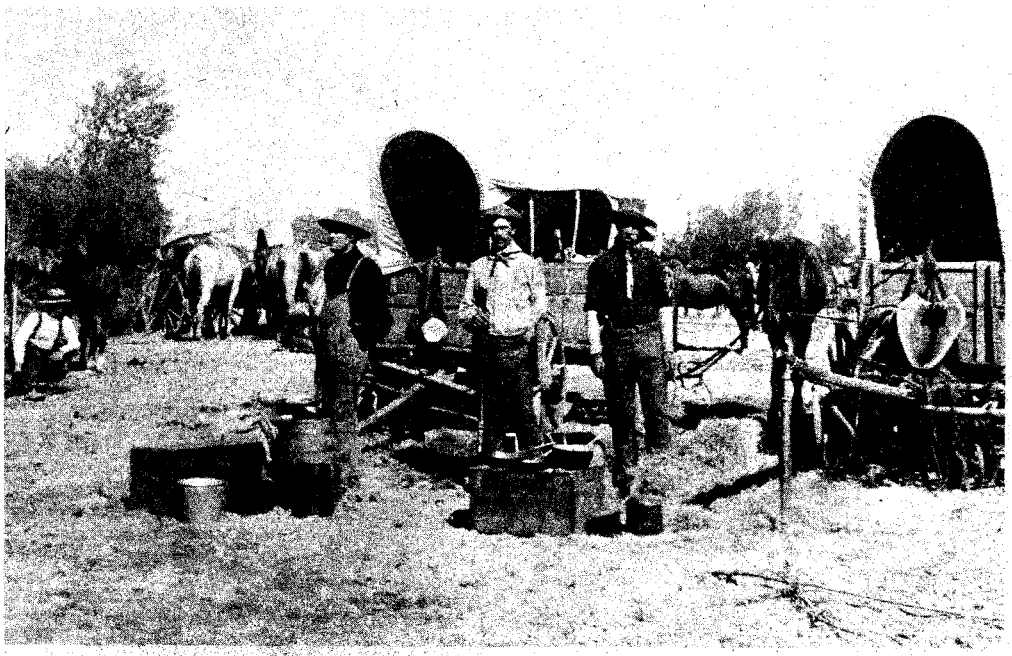

Waiting for the run. Boomer camp on Strip border.

The townsite of Perry the day following the Cherokee Strip Run—utter wild confusion!

Among the waiting horde at Arkansas City were 17-year-old Eva Wright and her widowed mother, whose experiences were typical of the thousands who began the long, hot race into new territory—and further proof of the great part pioneer women played in settling the frontiers of America.

EVA was too young to get a claim, but she went along to drive a supply wagon for Walter Wintermute, her fiance, and his brothers Ed and Will, who were going on horseback. From their farm in Chautauqua County, Kansas, they had come to cook food and take meals to the men while they stood in line three days to register.

Now at last the waiting was over. The zenith hour had come! The morning of September 16 dawned with a bright sun, a clear sky, and a cool northeast wind.

Throughout the previous night the incessant noisy rumble of wagons moving toward the line was suggestive of a great army readying for battle. Long before dawn crowds began making their way to the railroad stations, where trains stood ready to pull out to the border, there to await the signal for the Run.

A faded newspaper clipping describes the scene in these words:

"The rush to get on the trains was awful . . . after the cars were full, people climbed on the roofs . . . they clung to the steps, invaded the engine, and even rode the coal tenders. People were so crushed in the doors could not be shut . . . but hundreds of disappointed ones were left behind unable to even get a foothold."

Belongings were loaded, horses saddled, wagons made ready. Settlers moving up to the line forgot the choking thirst, the heat, the weary waiting. Ahead lay the promised land—and a bright new tomorrow.

Mrs. Wright drove her own wagon. Eva took the supply wagon, accompanied by Art Skaggs, a 12-year-old boy employed by the Wintermutes.

The starting line was a sight such as our generation will never see. Every conceivable kind of conveyance was wedged in — covered wagons, buggies, buckboards, spring wagons, carts, surreys, bicycles, home-made "chariots," every type of pioneer vehicle, to which were

The "Starting Line" was 226 miles long and defied description—a sight such as our generation will never see.

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Left: Boomer camp near Arkansas City. Arkansas River in right background. Right: Waiting in line to register for claims in the Cherokee Strip. Man in direct center of photo, facing the camera, is Walter Wintermute, mentioned in story.

hitched ponies, mules, horses, burros, and big, fat farm teams.

"Look—even an ice cream wagon!" Art called as Eva urged her team into the bulging column.

In front of the line, ready to spring forward, were hundreds of horsemen on Texas cowponies, common horses, and fine racing steeds—thoroughbreds shipped from distant points and trained for weeks along the border—all champing their bits and fretting under restraint.

HUNDREDS of men on foot waited to start, canteens and blankets slung over their shoulders. Fully half the wagons carried women and children. Eva, in sunbonnet and calico, envied the women on horseback — some wearing parted skirts, some dressed in men's clothing. Overhead the clear blue sky was flecked with drifting white clouds, but Eva noticed the wind flapping her bonnet strings, so cool in the early morning, grew warmer as the sun reached its zenith.

Trains jammed with people—"with women clinging to guard rails, and men hanging from the engines and roofs like bees"—were in readiness with their pilots within a foot of the starting line. They were to stop every five miles to let settlers off, and were to travel no faster than a horse could run.

Troops rode along the line keeping back the crowd which, though good-natured and joking, continually edged up for a little advantage. Spectators to the rear sought every elevation offering a view of the long line, which a New York Tribune reporter described as "An inextricable confusion of men and horses as far as eye could see."

As the cavalrymen made their last rides up and down the line and starting time approached, the tension became too great for a few. A man named Hill, at Chilocco, broke from the line and, failing to halt at the soldiers' command, was shot from his saddle before the horrified onlookers. A similar incident occurred at Orlando, and the runner's brother instantly killed the soldier firing the fatal shot.

Suspense mounted to electric tension as the minute hand crept up to 12 o'clock. Riders fixed their feet firmly in stirrups. Drivers held a tight rein on their teams. The widow in her wagon uttered a swift prayer. All eyes were on the soldier, flying a white banner from his saddle—revolver in hand.

At high noon carbines cracked in the dry air. With exulting screams, the throbbing mob broke and fled. The Great Race was on!

Horses leaped into the air, shot out from the ruck, and dashed off across the prairie, leaping ditch and ravine, climbing bank and ridge. The fleetest were soon out of sight.

Dense clouds of dust obscured the line as men and wagons scattered out. Rigs broke down, horses stumbled and fell, people spilled out of buggies and buckboards, but the rolling mass moved on. When saddle girths broke, the riders continued bareback. When horses fell, their owners continued on foot. The Wintermute brothers were far out of sight before Eva had pulled ahead of the wagon line.

Engines began to heave and groan as the signal was given, but it seemed the trains would never start, so fearfully were they loaded down. The passengers, frantic at the delay, cursed the railway, cursed their luck, and swore vengeance. Once the train got moving, people dropped off like flies along the way to race for lots.

It was a time of awesome excitement. Men on foot could be seen planting claim flags, and in the far distance riders were dismounting to drive their stakes. And as the last of the rushing horde disappeared, the puff of dust left in its wake began to intermingle with ominous black smoke of prairie fires.

Many people fell victims to fires that day. Others, like Eva, survived only by driving in creek beds and gullies to escape the flames. When fires flamed around her wagon, Eva's team ran away.

"Across gullies and down the ravines we raced," she recalls, "the wagon swaying so I thought we'd turn over any minute. I yelled to Art to grab the back wheel brake and pull for dear life. I did the same with the front brake, and we

(Continued on page 52)

Train at starting line. Most of the settlers riding the trains were going to the townsites to seek town lots, but many dropped off along the way to claim farm land.

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It took a long time for the U. S. Government to bring the Republic of Rough-and-Ready to terms.

Rough-and-Ready's 100 Year

THE onetime "Republic of Rough-and-Ready" has made peace at last in its 100-year war with the U. S. A.—at least with the U. S. Post Office Department—and conditions of the "treaty" included the recent reopening of that remote mining town's fourth-class post office. Thus closes a fantastic incident involving a century-long "cold" war that had its spectacular beginning in the rip-roaring days of '49 when the lust for gold and political power were the prime concerns of western empire builders.

The hamlet of Rough-and-Ready, situated four miles from Grass Valley, California, in the heart of the Mother Lode country, was a teeming gold mining camp in 1849-50 and lived up to its bellicose name in every respect. It was founded by Captain Townsend, who named the place after General Zachary ("Old Rough-and-Ready") Taylor.

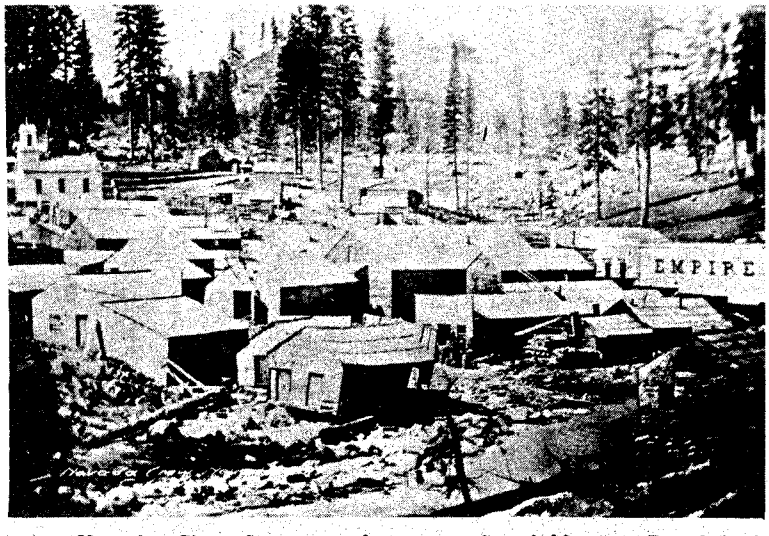
Townsend settled there with a company of pioneers from Wisconsin in 1849. Gold was found in abundance on the very day of the Townsend party's arrival, but all efforts to keep the fact a secret were unavailing. In a matter of weeks a clapboard town sprang up and the more than 500 inhabitants had staked claims for miles around.

Gold fever ran so high that mourners at a funeral once deserted the services to stake claims all over the local cemetery before the corpse was even buried. The loose dirt thrown out of the grave had revealed a rich prospect.

When the first white woman arrived in Rough-and-Ready, she was accorded a truly golden reception by the dashing men of the community. All the masculine population gathered to meet the stage and poured into her lap the first riffles of gold dust taken that day from the long toms and sluice boxes. The lady, Mrs. James S. Dunlavy, received 21 ounces of gold.

It was the arrival of Mrs. Dunlavy that proved to be the tremendous trifle which ultimately evolved into the protracted feud with the Federal Government—though the lady herself was merely an innocent tool of circumstances.

JAMES S. DUNLAVY, a missionary sent west several years before to guide the religious activities of Rough-and-Ready's hard-bitten miners, achieved a classic reversal of form by opening the community's first liquor store and followed up shortly with a resplendent billiard-drinking-gambling emporium. Business flourished mightily, and Mrs. Dunlavy made the journey west to join her husband in his new-found vocation.



Nevada City, the town that caused neighboring Rough-and-Ready to secede from the U.S.A., as it looked in 1849 when the short-lived rebellion occurred.

Glowing accounts of her golden welcome traveled fast to reach the ears of other eastern womenfolk, many of whom hastened to follow her example and migrated forthwith to the boom town to marry the prosperous gold hunters.

With arrival of the feminine touch, Rough-and-Ready soon shed many of its mining camp aspects and was transformed into a community of more substantial virtues. Civic interest blossomed and the village became the county seat and largest settlement in the area. Thus, under the influence of Mrs. Dunlavy and the influx of other housewives, the town became relatively staid for a place of that character and era. But as subsequent events proved, there remained plenty of individualism still burning beneath the newly-acquired broadcloth coats of the menfolk.

It looked as if Rough-and-Ready would grow into a political center for the entire Mother Lode country. Some optimists even hoped it might someday be a real metropolis, perhaps eventually become the capital of California.

But this was not to be. An opposing faction from Nevada City, another fast-growing town about ten miles to the southeast, pulled a political coup, snatched the county government from beneath the noses of Rough-and-Ready's citizens, and had the act ratified by territorial authorities in Washington, D. C.

To Rough-and-Ready, this was a disaster comparable to a Pearl Harbor debacle. A council meeting was called to order in Jim Dunlavy's barroom to map appropriate strategy. It was attended by every male citizen of voting age, and all were "greatly outraged at the turn of events," according to history accounts of the time.

Feeling ran higher and higher as community leaders voiced their indignation at the U. S. Government for its recognition of Nevada City's unethical shenanigans. Then Dunlavy inadvertently lit the fuse to the political powder keg.

"Boys," he announced, "this situation is going to take a lot of time to unravel. Now we're all mighty thirsty and I think we can arrive at a plan of action a danged sight faster if we oil our brains with a little whiskey. Therefore, as proprietor of Rough-and-Ready's foremost saloon, I hereby donate to the cause a full barrel of red-eye! Drink hearty, boys, and down with Nevada City—down with the U. S. Government, too!"

Evolution of events followed in quick order. Within an hour half the whiskey was gone, the council had voted unanimously to secede from California Territory and the United States of America at large. Every duly authorized Federal employee in town streaked it for the hills in fear of their lives, while mobs of irate-and-inebriated citizens howled at their heels. Government records were seized and burned, the post office attacked. Undelivered mail was flung into the gutter and all Federal-owned furniture smashed into kindling.

Next day the parched-tongued parliament met again to form a new state—and to finish the remaining half-barrel of whiskey. It was officially proclaimed that henceforth the Republic of Rough-and-Ready would be an independent sovereign state and would do business with all the world as such. The meeting was adjourned before a president and permanent governing body could be chosen or an identifying flag decided upon.

Meanwhile, the womenfolk were deeply concerned at the goings-on but dared to take no action to quell the disorder because they fully realized their men were in no mood for petticoat interference.

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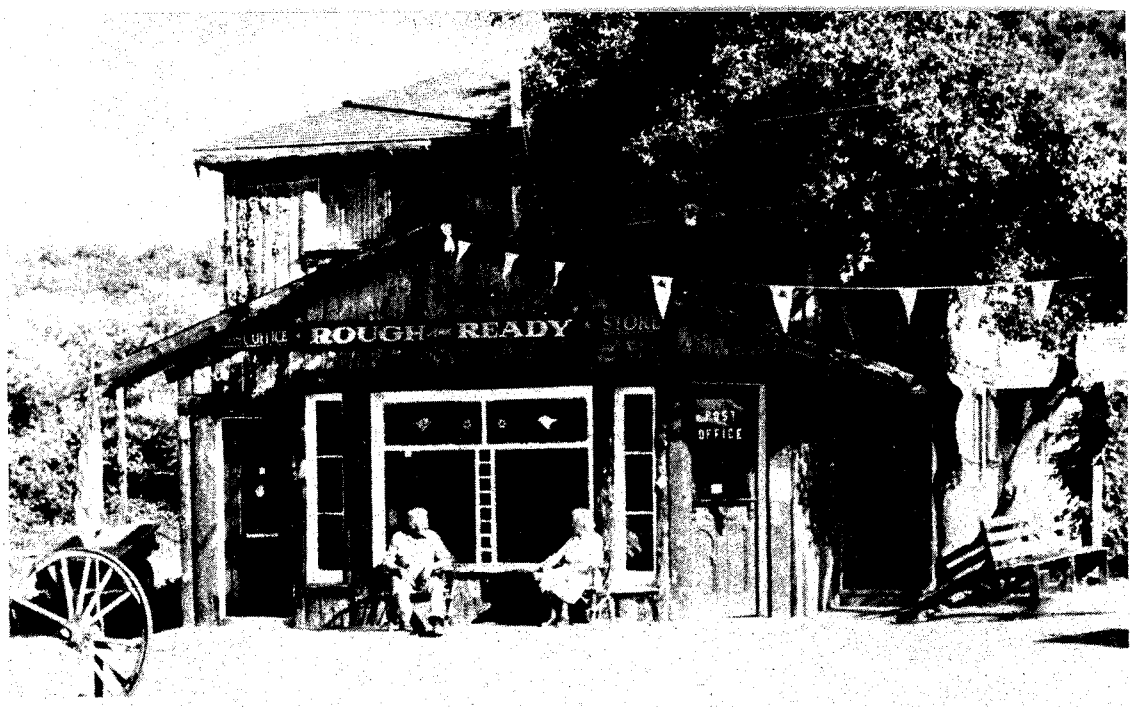
War

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

Photos Courtesy Andy Rogers



The Rough-and-Ready Post Office as it appears today. Mrs. Andrew Rogers, Postmistress, is shown seated (right) with her husband, who is a historian and author of Mother Lode country lore.

On the third day of the Republic of Rough-and-Ready's secession, however, the girls gathered in little groups to compare notes. Every man in town was suffering from a colossal hangover and obviously in no condition to resist successfully a counter offensive. The housewives thereupon seized this opportunity to retrieve Rough-and-Ready for the U. S. A. by destroying every drop of liquor left in town and then brought the men immediately to terms by threatening to leave town en masse.

Thus, was the rebellion quelled without the firing of a shot. But the U. S. Post Office Department took a dim view of the whole thing and was not willing to forget and forgive the incident so readily, even if the contrite citizens of Rough-and-Ready were once more law abiding. From that day, back in 1849 until recent months, Rough-and-Ready has remained in the official doghouse of the government for bookkeeping reasons. The Post Office Department couldn't balance its accounts on the town's postal business. Records showed that several hundred dollars had to be spent to repair and replace government property to make the local station function again and nearly a century later the Post Office Department was still out the money.

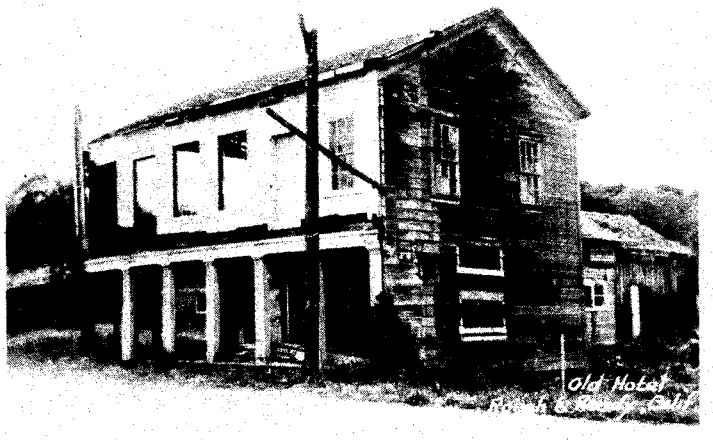
COLLAPSE of the gold boom and a series of disastrous fires during the 1850's cut Rough-and-Ready down to size. From a top population of around 600 in 1850, it was down to 24 houses in 1870. By 1940, the population was about 100. Several times during the intervening decades it dropped below this number, and each time the Post Office Department promptly closed the local office, to grudgingly reopen it later whenever the population count climbed back to 100 inhabitants. It was operated on a limited basis until 1942 when the Department used World War II as an excuse and closed it down again.

Present day citizens of the hamlet petitioned for reopening and thereupon discovered the historic reason for the Department's official "grudge" against their community. The whole thing was settled quickly and amicably once the situation was revealed. The town has officially "capitulated" and agreed to reimburse the government for damage costs and disruption of service a hundred years ago. The Department can now close its books on the incident and all is forgiven.

In return, a new fourth-class post office opened recently with a paid postmistress on duty. She is Mrs. Andrew W. Rogers, who forsook domesticity to take the post.

Apparently, the Federal Government feels more confident in having a woman at the helm of things in Rough-and-Ready. After all, had it not been for the womenfolk maybe the Republic of Rough-and-Ready would still be outside the Union.

But the men of the community aren't so sure. They point out that if it hadn't been for the arrival of Mrs. Dunlavy and other girls in 1849 the place would no doubt have remained a rough mining camp without political ambitions. In that event nobody would have given a hoot where the territorial authorities had located the county seat, and therefore there never would have been a hundred year "war" to cause all this commotion.



It was in this now-crumbling building that the Rough-and-Ready rebellion occurred in 1849. Jim Dunlavy's saloon, scene of the historic occasion, occupied the ground floor.

This is Rough-and-Ready's main street today. The old toll house is in the foreground. It was also the Wells-Fargo office and stage depot in the town's old rip-roaring days.

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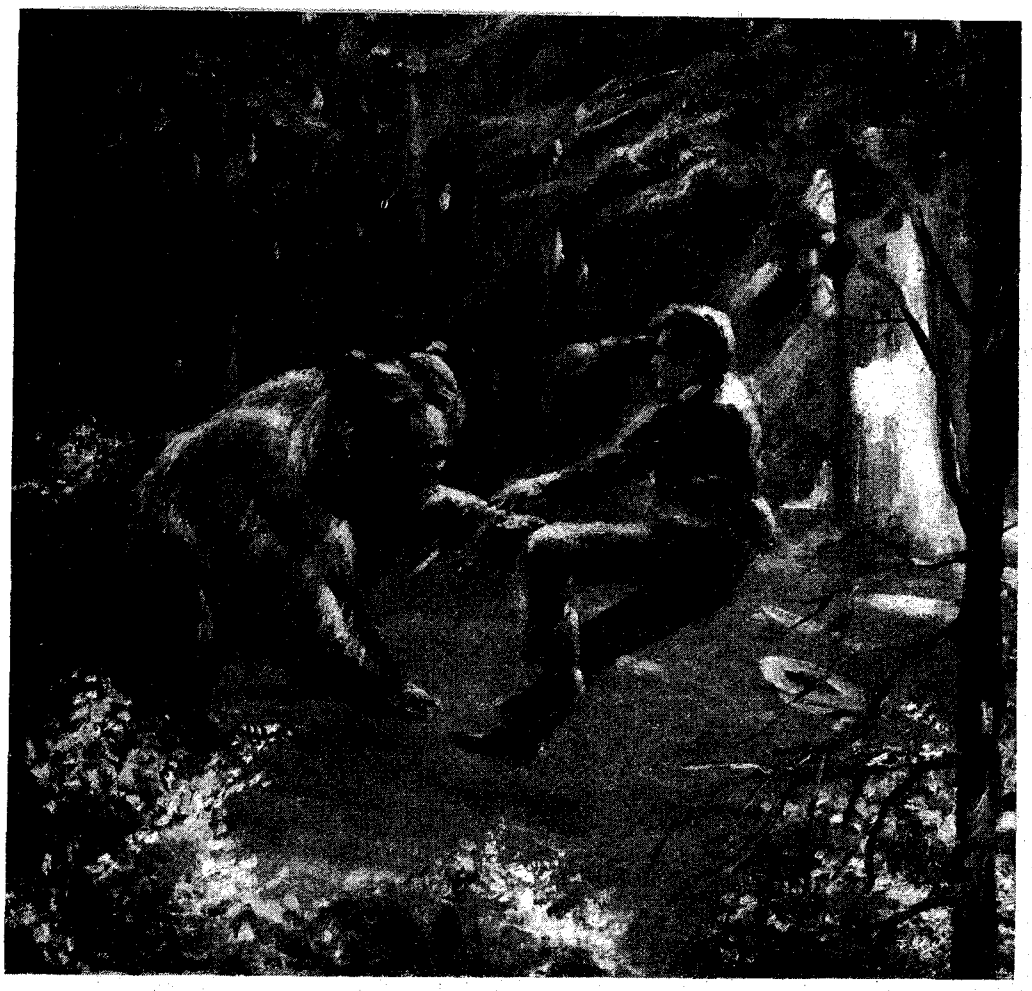

Illustrations by Herndon Davis

Then began a struggle as Moore fought desperately for his life.

"Half Bear—Half Man!"

By ELEANOR KAY

That's what they called him—this pitiful recluse whose life was ruined by the ripping claws of a maddened bear.

THE MAN must have had a Christian name. He must have had a family, too, somewhere. But the bear's claws ripped him away from these, from everything a man holds dear. This is the true story of a tragic life.

Three stalwart young men, only a few years out of their 'teens, rode around a bend just as the sun was going down. They were in high spirits; they had left Magdalena, New Mexico, to the northeast, several days before, and now they were in the heart of a wild country where almost anything exciting might happen. Bring on your adventures—here were three men who were looking for them!

The time was the early '80s, when the West was really wild. Game of all sorts abounded throughout the mountains, and there was a possibility of Indians, also, but the three youths were hunting bear, and gave little thought to anything else.

As they came around the bend, all three saw the cow's carcass at once. With whoops of joy, they rode forward, and without alighting from their saddles they carefully studied the ground about the dead animal. The late sunlight shone on the tracks of a large bear, which had killed the cow and eaten as much as he wanted for that occasion before ambling away.

"We'll come back tonight", one of the young men said, with the air of an expert on such things. "Then we'll get him."

"Where can we go to watch?" queried the second. "We won't dare stay too near—I mean", he added, as his companions looked quizzically at him, "we'd frighten the bear away if he knew we were around"

"How about that thicket yonder?" asked the third youth. "We can camp 'way back beyond it, and then come up that far to watch. How does that strike you?"

THE TREES were so thickly hung with low-trailing wild grape vines a man must crawl on hands and knees to get through. It appeared an ideal place for watching, especially since there was a good camp site farther on. Here was the perfect setting for a drama of high adventure, in which they planned to play heroes and the bear the villain. They did not realize at the time that the casting was a little faulty.

Darkness fell. They drew lots to see who should take the various watches through the night, and agreed that whoever saw the bear should come back and awaken the two staying in camp. These two could scarcely get to sleep for thinking about that bear. How big was he? What color would he be? It was possible that the first shot would only wound him—would he charge them? Shivering with eager apprehension, they finally dropped into a sound slumber.

The night was almost over, and several two-hour watches had been passed, when the bear came. He approached the cow cautiously; he moved clumsily yet quietly. At one moment the sleepy watcher in the thicket saw only moonlight—the next, there was a new shadow added to the more familiar ones, a shadow that moved. Somehow, this was different from the gay anticipations of broad daylight. The smooth quiet, the quality of weirdness which moonlight gives even the best-known objects, and the presence of the bear, were more than the youth could endure. He backed cautiously out of the thicket and hastened to camp, where he crawled into the bedding without saying a word.

The movement awakened the man beside him, a young fellow named Moore. "Is it my turn?" he whispered. "It's getting cold; must be nearly day."

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There was no answer, but he decided that his friend was too chilly and sleepy to talk. Only half-awake himself, he made his way to the thicket, where he dropped to his knees and began to crawl under the drooping grapevines.

IT MUST have seemed to him like a horrible dream when his hands suddenly encountered rough, warm fur, and he was seized by powerful forelegs armed with terrible, ripping claws. How could anyone have imagined that the bear, after eating his fill, would retire to the thicket to sleep? Moore had crawled right upon him!

Then began a struggle between man and bear, a writhing, heaving shadow in the darkness under the trees, as Moore fought desperately for his life. In the end the bear shambled away, leaving behind what looked like a mangled carcass.

It lay there, motionless, until almost daybreak, when at last consciousness came. Moore realized he was sorely wounded; his body was raked and ripped again and again by those lacerating claws. Every least movement was torture.

The southwestern Indians regard the bear as a creature of great supernatural power, and a man surviving an encounter with one is surely endowed with something of the great brute's attributes. Perhaps they are right: something within that poor torn, quivering body would not let him rest, would not allow him to sink again into oblivion. It urged him to move, to do what could be done to preserve his life. If he lay there he would die. Gathering what energy he could, he managed to crawl out of the thicket and gain his feet. Then he set out, weaving, staggering, and blundering along, to get back to camp.

The two peaceful sleepers awakened in the faint light of dawn to see a hideous apparition standing before them. Moore's back had been clawed into a raw mass of torn flesh, and his arms hung useless at his sides. But what was most frightful, his lower jaw had been torn loose and lay on his chest. He made horrible gurgling noises in his throat, but words were impossible. He swayed as he stood before them, and the blood dripped down his helpless arms.

The youth who had unwittingly sent Moore to this frightful fate gave one glaring look at him, screamed and fled. His companion, braver and with a clearer conscience, stayed his ground and tried to find out what had happened. Moore could neither speak nor write, but he motioned with his foot until his friend understood and took off the shoe; then he painfully drew on the ground with his toe the letters M-A-G-D-A.

"Magdalena?" the friend asked, and the bloody vision managed to indicate assent. "Take me to Magdalena!" his eyes implored. "Help me to leave this place before I die!"

THAT IS how "Bear" Moore got his name and his pathetically disfigured face, covered with awful scars that no beard could quite conceal. And that is why, shunning curious, laughing, questioning mankind, he chose to spend the rest of his life in the wilderness. He did not stay long in one place; a lonely cabin on a bench in the west fork of the Gila river was perhaps his least transient habitation. He was never at peace since that night of horror, always restless, always suspicious, like a bear which has once been wounded.

Apaches occasionally roamed along the river, but Moore was a match for any Indian. On at least one occasion he frightened them away by making use of an echo from rocks on the hillside across the river. They never managed to get the best of him; it was as if he had inherited something of the bear's cunning. But later on, when the last Indians had left the Gila wilderness, he still believed that they were prowling about, and still prepared against them. What caused the man to imagine hostile redskins in a part of the country where no Indians now lived? Certainly a terrific shock might unbalance any mind, and "Bear" Moore had endured such a shock. Sometimes he moved into various caves and abandoned cabins, or even took to the tree-grown hillside, hiding out from his intangible foes.

"Bear" Moore. Away from everyone and everything.

However, he was not afaird of the white men whom he occasionally met in the wilderness. Sometimes a cowboy, riding across country, would find the recluse by his lonely fireside, and stop for a cup of coffee and a little talk. Cowboys are kindly folk to those in trouble, and it was only to such as these that Moore showed friendliness. They were his contact with the world; they did his little shopping, and brought back the gossip of the region with the tiny parcels. Once in a while, lonely for more than this casual company, he would move into a shack a mile or so from a town, but he would not stay long. Bear-like, he would wander into the depths of the forest again, away from everything and everyone. This was his life for forty long, lonely years.

Then, in the fall of 1922, someone gave him a nugget, a rather large one, with the story that it had come from the lost Adams diggings. Everyone knows that these placer diggings are somewhere in the mountains of this part of the country. Adams said so himself when he wandered out, after days and weeks of urging his tired feet away from the horror-haunted stream where his partners lay, scalped, among the golden sands. Plenty of other men have said so, too, and the fact that they have not been able to reach the exact spot surely does not disprove their contentions.

MOORE THOUGHT it over; he believed that he could find that hidden valley, for who else knew the Gila wilderness as he did? So he "outfitted" with a scanty bed-roll, a few utensils, some beans, a knife and his gun, and started out on foot. Winter was coming on—it comes early in those high mountains—but he did not consider that for a moment. He was going to find the Adams diggings, and weather should not stay him.

He stopped to camp one evening on a shoulder of Big Turkey mountain. Stiff fingers spread the scanty bedding under a rock ledge, while the campfire crackled cheerily and the battered black pail of coffee began to steam. It would take only a few minutes to get supper; bacon was sliced and ready in the pan, and there was a half-empty pail of beans to be reheated. He went back some distance along the ridge and dragged in the carcass of a small doe, which he had shot on the way. A slice of venison fried in the bacon grease would make a feast.

There was no hurry. Moore was tired and cold—for he wore no underwear, not even socks. He decided to rest for a few moments.

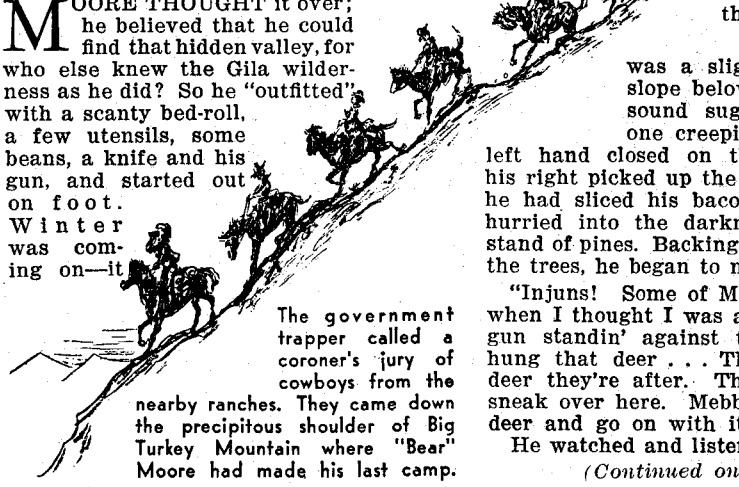
It was not quite dark. A person could see some distance through the trees and off across the ridges. Somewhere over yonder was the Adams diggings. From a little buckskin bag which he wore Indian-fashion around his neck the old man took the heavy, rough nugget, as large as the end of his thumb, and turned it over and over in the firelight.

Suddenly there was a slight sound on the slope below him, a stealthy sound suggestive of someone creeping near. Moore's left hand closed on the nugget, while his right picked up the knife with which he had sliced his bacon. He arose and hurried into the darkness of a nearby stand of pines. Backing cautiously among the trees, he began to mutter to himself:

"Injuns! Some of Mangas' band. Just when I thought I was all alone. An' my gun standin' against the tree where I hung that deer . . . That's it. It's the deer they're after. They ain't seen me sneak over here. Mebbe they'll take the deer and go on with it."

He watched and listened for a moment.

(Continued on page 52)



The government trapper called a coroner's jury of cowboys from the nearby ranches. They came down the precipitous shoulder of Big Turkey Mountain where "Bear" Moore had made his last camp.

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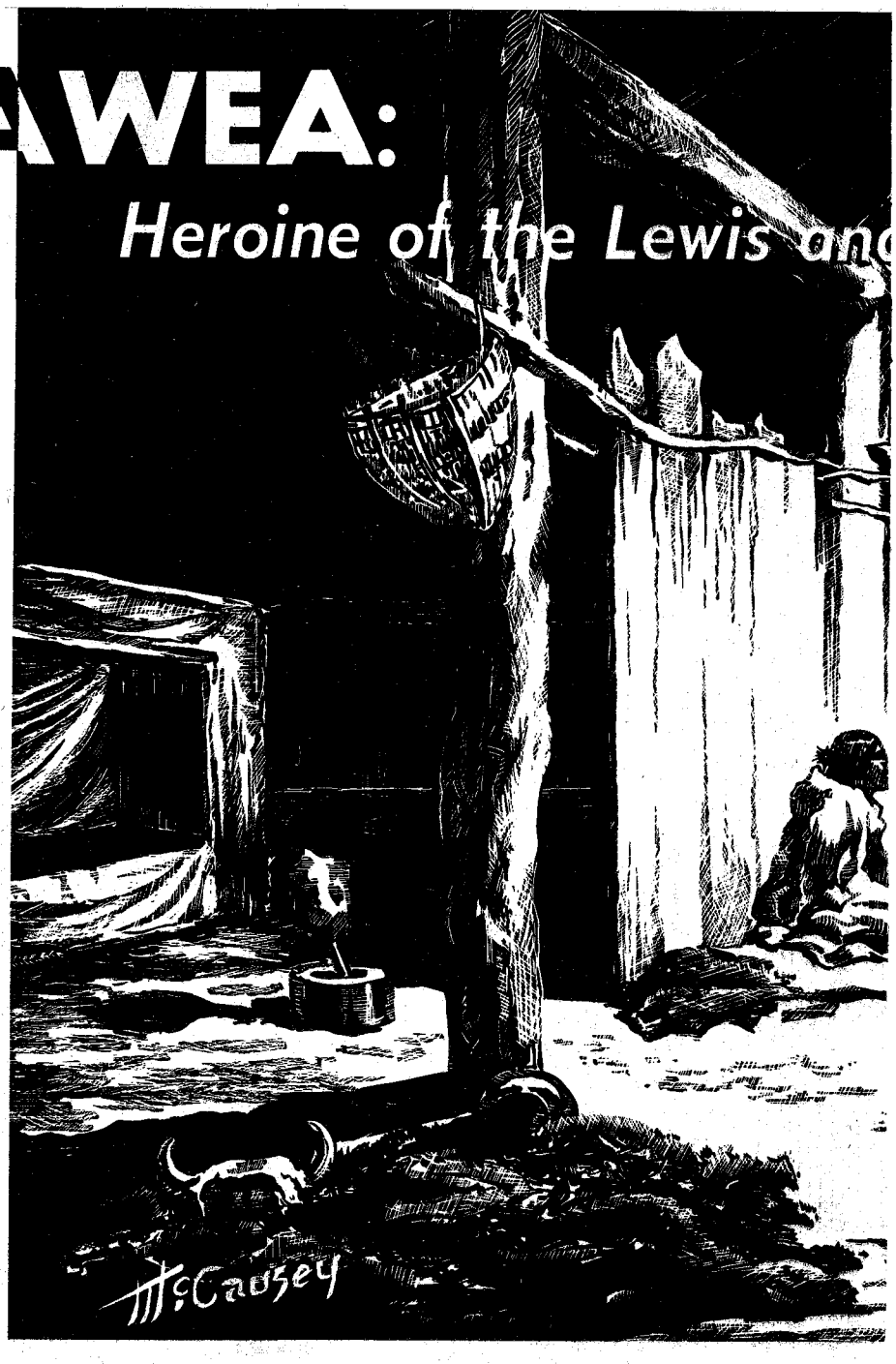
SACAJAWEA:

Heroine of the Lewis and

Of all the storied women of the Old West, she occupies a unique place

By R. F. KAROLEVITZ



Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

THE hunting party of Shoshone Indians was encamped at the three forks of the Missouri River in what is now Montana. They had come across the mountains and onto the prairie from their home in the Lemhi Valley of Idaho in search of buffalo to sustain them through the coming winter.

Already the Shoshone braves had mounted their wiry little ponies for another day of hunting, while the women and children busied themselves around the campsite.

Suddenly a shot rang out, and then a spine-chilling yell echoed across the river. The Shoshone camp became a scene of complete confusion as out of the brush charged a screaming band of Gros Ventre Indians, intent on protecting their prairie hunting grounds from the poachers from over the mountains. The suddenness of the attack caught the Shoshones totally unprepared. The braves dashed up the river's edge on horseback, leaving four dead in their wake. Meanwhile, the women and children scattered into the willows and other scrub growth along the river, many of them falling under the onslaught of the enemy attack.

One of the Shoshones, a girl in her early teens, splashed into the river and tried to ford her way across the stream. She had gone but a few yards when a painted Gros Ventre brave galloped into the water and scooped her up onto his horse. That brave was Red Arrow and the girl was Sacajawea, the Bird Woman who would one day earn herself a revered place in American history.

But Red Arrow had no thoughts of American history as he pulled the thrashing girl from the water. Neither did she look the part of one who would lead Lewis and Clark on their famous expedition to the Pacific but a few years later.

Almost as quickly as it had begun, the attack subsided. The Gros Ventres rounded up their prisoners and made ready for the trip back to their village. Red Arrow had in his custody not only Sacajawea but also her friend Otter Woman whom he had captured in the mad flight to escape. At last the party moved down the river and started the trek to the junction of the Knife River with the Missouri where the Gros Ventres made their home.

Sacajawea and Otter Woman were taken into the lodge of Red Arrow as his slaves, and the second step in the long series of events which was to make the Bird Woman historically prominent was about to begin.

FRENCH-CANADIAN fur trappers were plying the Missouri in greater and greater numbers at that time. One of these men was Toussaint Charbonneau, a swarthy *voyageur* who had married a Gros Ventre squaw and who was often a guest in Red Arrow's lodge. It was some time after the raid on the Shoshones that Charbonneau and Red Arrow were visiting in the latter's tepee. During the course of the visit, they began to play hide-the-bone, a tribal gambling game which was to take Sacajawea even closer to her destiny. Charbonneau was lucky that day, and before the game was over, he had claimed both Sacajawea and Otter Woman as his winnings.

While this was going on, events of great historical significance were happening elsewhere. President Jefferson's emissaries had completed the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from France for fifteen million dollars on April 30, 1803, and the President was anxious to send an expedition through the region to see whether he'd gotten a bargain. For that purpose funds were allotted, and Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were assigned to the mission.

All this was beyond the knowledge of Charbonneau and the Gros Ventres, but on October 26, 1804, the Lewis and Clark expedition arrived at the Mandan Indian villages near the site of the present city of Bismarck, North Dakota. Charbonneau was looking for a diversion from the fur trade when the news of the white explorers reached him. With his wives he left immediately for the Mandan villages, arriving on November 4, 1804. Lewis and Clark hired him as an inter-

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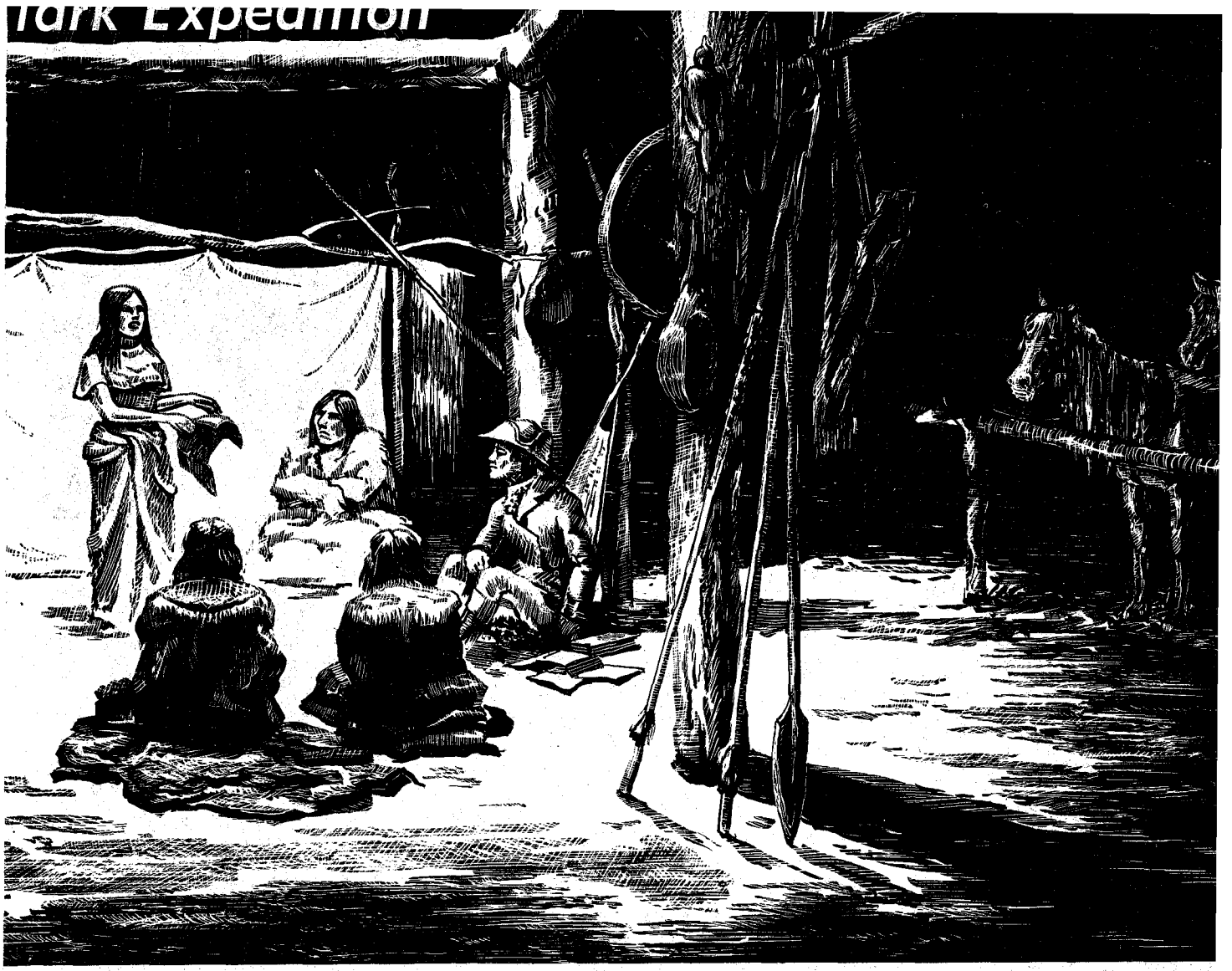

At the Mandan village it became known Sacajawea had been over the trail they were to follow. It was decided she should guide the party.

preter, not realizing at the time that they were indirectly hiring a much more valuable aide for their journey.

The expedition settled down for the winter, building huts and stockades, making boats, mending clothes, jerking meat and studying the languages, habits and customs of the Indians. Sacajawea is not mentioned in the journals of the explorers all during the winter until February 11, 1805. On that day the twenty-year-old girl was suffering terribly during the birth of her first child. Mr. Jessaume of the expedition told Captain Lewis that he had often administered to persons in her situation a small dose of the rattle of a rattlesnake which had never failed to hasten delivery.

Hurriedly, several rattles were located. Jessaume crumbled two of the rings and mixed them with water. This mixture he gave to the suffering Indian woman who, within ten minutes, gave birth to a healthy son. The boy was named Jean Baptiste, and he was to travel almost four thousand miles on his mother's back in the succeeding two years.

In the early spring Charbonneau sought to break his contract with the explorers so that he could enter the service of the Northwest Company. That would have left the expedition without an interpreter just before departure time. It was because of Sacajawea's pleading and scolding that he changed his mind and apologized to the two captains.

During this time it became known that both Sacajawea and Otter Woman had been over much of the trail that the expedition was to follow. Since Otter Woman was pregnant, the captains insisted that she should remain behind. Sacajawea, meanwhile, had regained her strength sufficiently, and it was decided that she should accompany the party both as a guide and as an interpreter amongst the Indians farther west.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of April 17, 1805, two expeditions left the Mandans. One returned to St. Louis with letters to President Jefferson and with furs, stuffed and live animals, bones, articles of Indian dress, bows, arrows, and other articles. The other, with thirty-two members in six canoes, turned toward the uncharted northwest.

ALMOST from the beginning, Sacajawea became a valuable part of the entourage. Before they had gone far, a sudden squall came up and one of the canoes became swamped. In it were the papers, instruments, books, medicine and other indispensable articles for the trip. In the confusion that followed, Sacajawea maintained her composure enough to rescue most of the important materials before they were washed away. In recognition of this service, the explorers named a river after her several days later.

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Left: Famous portrait of Capt. Clark, from Thwaites' "Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition." Center: Cowboy artist C. M. Russell's sketch of a proposed monument (never erected) to be built along the Missouri River in Montana. Right: Heroic statue of Capt. Lewis, at Columbia, Missouri. Photos courtesy Montana Magazine.

But Sacajawea was a worry to the party, too. On June 10 she fell seriously ill. Fear for her and her small child caused considerable anxiety amongst the men of the expedition. In an effort to save her life, Captain Clark himself bled her. On June 13, they reached the Great Falls of the Missouri with the Indian woman still showing little sign of recovery. That night Captain Lewis wrote in his diary:

> "This (her illness) gave me some concern, as well as for the poor object herself, then with a young child in her arms, as from her condition of her being our only dependence for a friendly negotiation with the Shoshone Indians, on whom we depend for horses to assist us in our portage from the Missouri to the Columbia River."

His concern was short-lived, however, as a week later the Bird Woman recovered completely. She gave them another scare, though, when she ate a great quantity of dried fish and green apples and, as might be expected, suffered a relapse. It took her still another week to recover from that illness.

On July 28, 1805, the expedition reached a camp on the Jefferson River, one mile above its confluence with the Madison. Here, Sacajawea pointed out, was the precise spot that the Gros Ventres had surprised her and her people five years ago. Though she searched the area with remembering eyes, she displayed no sign of emotion at the scene of her capture by Red Arrow.

Famous painting by Dean Cornwell commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Setting is probably on the Missouri River below the Mandan villages.

The party plied on westward, as each day they looked more hopefully for signs of the Shoshone tribe. Their need for horses was imperative since without them much of their gear would have to be cached before crossing the mountains.

Then on August 17 one of the most dramatic episodes of the journey took place. The main body of the expedition came upon the village of the Shoshones, and the reunion of Sacajawea with her people took place.

As the Bird Woman advanced to seek out her family, she was embraced by Leaping Fish Woman, another girl who had been captured by the Gros Ventres but who had later escaped. Finally she was met by her brother, Chief Cameahwait, who added to the emotions of the reunion by telling her that all her family was dead except for himself and two small nephews. According to tribal custom Sacajawea adopted one of these nephews, Bazil, the son of her eldest sister. Bazil was left behind with Chief Cameahwait, and it was thirty-five years later before he would be reunited with his foster-mother.

Sacajawea's homecoming was not without complication, however. Before she had been captured by the Gros Ventres, her father had sold her into marriage with one of the men of the tribe. This warrior was still living, and though he was double her age and had two other wives, he came forward to claim Sacajawea. It wasn't until he learned that she was the mother of another man's child that he relinquished his hold on her and the incident was closed.

It was soon afterwards that Sacajawea played her most important role in the historical journey. She learned that her brother had summoned all the Indians of the region to join him for the annual buffalo hunt on the Missouri. Knowing this would take all the available horses, Sacajawea implored him to delay the

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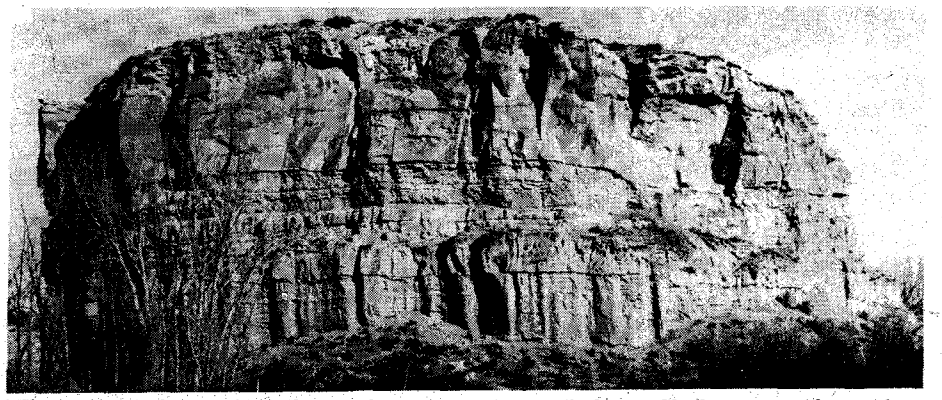

"This remarkable rock I shall call Pompy's Tower." Capt. Clark named the rock in honor of Sacajawea's son, Baptiste. Pomp, meaning chief, was Clark's pet name for the boy.

hunt until enough extra horses were made available for Lewis and Clark.

And that's when the Bird Woman learned another startling bit of news. Chief Cameahwait was seriously considering the massacre of the entire expedition to obtain the rifles of the white men. Again Sacajawea pleaded with her brother, explaining to him that the few guns he would obtain in this manner would be worthless as soon as the powder was gone. History has proved the power of her diplomacy, for not only did the expedition leave the Shoshones without incident, but they also had horses enough to carry the bulk of their equipment. The remaining articles went on the backs of Indian women who were to assist in the portage across the Bitter Root Mountains.

AFTER struggling through early snowstorms, the party finally came upon their first westward flowing stream. Soon afterwards Sacajawea negotiated with a Nez Perce chief who promised to care for the expedition's horses until they should return the following spring.

The rest of the journey was relatively easy. Building themselves canoes, they floated down the Clearwater River to its junction with the Snake. On they continued, down the swift-flowing Snake and into the Columbia. Finally, after camping seventeen miles from the mouth of that great river, on November 7, 1805, Captain Clark wrote in his diary:

"Ocean in view! O! the joy!"

Here at Fort Clatsop on the Lewis and Clark River they established their winter camp. It was then that incidents occurred which were later to be construed as a romance between Sacajawea and Captain Clark. Captain Clark's diary for November 30 reads:

"Sacajawea gave me a piece of bread made of flour which she had reserved for her child and carefully kept until this time, which unfortunately got wet and a little sour—this bread I eat with great satisfaction, it being the only mouthful of such I had tasted for several months past."

Later when Christmas gifts were exchanged, the journals record that Sacajawea presented Captain Clark with two dozen weasel tails.

Up until this time the Bird Woman and Charbonneau had not yet seen the ocean. Then came news that a whale had been washed ashore on the coast. When Sacajawea learned this, she pleaded with the two captains that she and her husband had come a long way and felt that they should be allowed to see the sea and the great fish. Her wish was granted, and it was in later years on the Shoshone reservation and her telling of the whale on the beach that historians were able to identify her properly with the Lewis and Clark expedition.

On March 23, 1806, the homeward journey began and again Sacajawea proved her great worth. She negotiated with the Walla Walla and Chopunnisk Indians, and she reclaimed the horses from the Nez Perce. But she served in still another way. Food was less plentiful on the return trip, so the Bird Woman taught the men how to dig Indian turnips, wild carrots and arrowhead roots. She also showed them how to gather and grind wild sunflower seeds and to use other roots, herbs and berries for food.

After crossing the Rockies, the expedition was divided into four parties for further explorations. Sacajawea went with Captain Clark and described the surrounding country in detail for his report. She pointed out Bozeman Pass and led him over a trail which has since been chosen by one of the transcontinental railroads as the shortest route to the Coast.

After rejoining the others at the mouth of the Yellowstone, the entire expedition returned to the Mandan villages where they had spent their first winter. It was there on August 16, 1806, that Charbonneau, Sacajawea and the toddler Jean Baptiste said goodbye to the explorers who departed for St. Louis. Charbonneau received his wages, amounting to $500.33, and the most important chapter of Sacajawea's life came to an end.

LITTLE is heard of the Bird Woman after that August day in spite of the fact that she was to live for another seventy-eight years. Bit by bit, however, the pieces of information fall together and the details of her later life become more clear.

Charbonneau returned to the fur trading business, trapping for awhile in the rivers of the southwest. Several times he and Sacajawea were known to have returned to St. Louis where Captain Clark was assigned as an Indian agent. In 1811 he left Sacajawea, Jean Baptiste and another son, Toussaint, in the care of Clark. Taking Otter Woman with him, they traveled up the Missouri River with the explorer Henry M. Brackenridge. It was on this journey that Otter Woman died, and for many years some historians felt that it was Sacajawea who had fallen victim of the fever since early journals describe the dead woman as "the wife of Charbonneau, a Shoshone squaw."

Later Charbonneau was reunited with Sacajawea, and he took his family into the region which is now western Oklahoma and Kansas. Here he married a young Ute woman, and later a bitter domestic feud arose between her and Sacajawea. Charbonneau himself brought the feud to a climax when he whipped Sacajawea in the presence of the new wife. After that Sacajawea disappeared from her tepee and left Charbonneau, never to return.

After this unhappy episode in her life, she wandered for some time, finally making her home with a tribe of Comanches. Here she married a member of the tribe named Jerk Meat and with whom she lived for years, giving birth to five children, only two of whom survived. One was a son named Ticannaf and the other a daughter called Crying Basket.

Shortly after the birth of Crying Basket, the youngest of the five, Jerk Meat was killed in battle. From that day Sacajawea's standing with the tribe was reduced and she made another decision. Taking her small daughter with her, she set out again to seek her own tribe. Some historians think she joined the second exploring expedition of John C. Fremont and accompanied him as far as Fort Bridger in Wyoming where she was reunited with her own people who had drifted southward out of Idaho. This was in 1843.

AT FORT BRIDGER, where she was known as Porivo, Sacajawea continued to be an influence. She acted as an interpreter for the Indian agents and was a persuading factor in getting Chief Washakie of the Shoshones to sign the Treaty of 1868 which established a reservation for her people and called for peace with the whites.

Here also she was reunited with her son, Jean Baptiste (whom William Clark had educated in St. Louis), and her adopted boy, Bazil. The latter apparently knew nothing of his foster-mother until he was a grown man. After their reunion, however, the indications are that the relationship between Bazil and Sacajawea was much more intimate than that of the woman and her own son, Baptiste.

Together the three of them were of great aid to their people in the adoption of agriculture by the tribe. Having seen great fields of grain in the south among the Comanches and with the Mormons in the Great Salt Lake area, they explained to the Shoshone people the benefits of agriculture in their new reservation status.

In 1871 Sacajawea, Bazil and his wives, Baptiste and his three wives and Chief Washakie, who also had three wives, migrated into the new reservation in the Wind River Valley of Wyoming, there to remain with their people for the rest of their lives. For Sacajawea that was to be thirteen more years. According to Reverend John Roberts, superintendent of the Indian Mission at Wind River, she was wonderfully active and intelligent to her last days.

F. G. Burnett, the government agricultural agent, said that "up to a few years before she died, Sacajawea looked as young as her son, Bazil; she might have been a sister, or his wife. Sacajawea was a typical Shoshone woman, rather light complexioned for an Indian. I judge her height was about five feet and five inches. She was not fat, as the Shoshone Indian women generally are at that age."

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Sacajawea had no last illness, but on the morning of April 9, 1884, she was found lifeless in her tepee. She was in her "shakedown" of blankets and quilts, and death had apparently come during the night.

In the afternoon of the same day, she received a Christian burial in the cemetery of the Shoshone reservation. In that regard, Reverend Roberts' parish records state: "Bazil's mother, Shoshone, one hundred years, residence, Shoshone Agency; cause of death, old age; place of burial, Burial Grounds, Shoshone Agency."

At first only a wooden marker denoted her grave, but she has since been remembered with a cement monument at the site.

She has not been forgotten for her part in the opening of the Far West, for a river, a peak and a mountain in Montana bear her name. A bronze statue of her was exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. There is another bronze statue in Portland, Oregon; a statue at the capitol in Bismarck, North Dakota; a boulder with bronze tablet at Three Forks, Montana; a monument at Armstead, Montana; a public fountain at Lewiston, Idaho. Other memorials pay tribute to her all along the original Lewis and Clark trail, from the Dakotas to the Pacific Coast.

And so it was that Lewis and Clark wrote of her greatest exploit: "She was very observant. She had a good memory, remembering locations not seen since her childhood. In trouble she was resourceful, plucky and determined. With her helpless infant she rode with the men, guiding us unerringly through mountain passes and lonely ways. Intelligent, cheerful, resourceful, tireless, faithful, she inspired us all."

"Half Bear—Half Man!"

(Continued from page 47)

"Nope, they seen the gun." He backed farther into the grove, still clutching the nugget and the knife. A fallen tree lay nearby, and Moore crouched behind it, the knife held as steady as his trembling old hand could manage.

"Here they come. Lay low; mebbe they won't see—— ah-h-h-h, you would, would you?"

With a choked gurgle, the old man leaped up and fell back behind the dead tree. He spoke and moved no longer. Down the slope a bear, startled by the sudden noise, moved quickly away.

When the government trapper and his dogs rounded the shoulder of Big Turkey the next spring and found "Bear" Moore's frozen body, he called a coroner's jury of cowboys from the nearby ranches. It was not hard, with their knowledge of the old man, to reconstruct what had happened, just as it is told here.

"He had fixed to hole up under that ledge for all the world like a bear", one of them said later, telling the story. "I reckon he must have got to be like one."

They dug his grave where he lay, in the wild country where he had spent two-thirds of his pathetic life. It was where he would have wished to stay. As they gathered about him, the final irony of his strange, fate-ridden, bear-controlled life became apparent. The government trapper noticed the nugget lying by his left hand, picked it up, and as men will, got out his knife and cut into the soft, heavy mass. Then he peered closely at it, spat on the ground, and swore.

"Lead!" he said.

Hell on the Cherokee Strip!

(Continued from page 43)

managed to drag the wheels enough to slow the team down."

SOON the prairie was dotted with bodies of race horses, ridden to death. Some of these horses were more valuable than the lots sought by their riders, but their powers of endurance were unequal to the wiry Western bronco they early outdistanced.

Many a rider in a frenzied race for a city lot, scorned poor land holding vast fortunes of oil beneath its surface. The swish of a whip or the jab of a spur, sending a weary mount one mile farther over the prairie, changed many a fortune that day.

Within two hours, waves of land-seekers from the North and South met near the middle of the Strip. The great tide of humanity spread over the land like water seeking its level.

Reaching Chikaskia River, Eva stopped to camp for the night. Soon after dark a wagon drove up to her campfire, and Mrs. Wright stepped down.

"I staked a good claim," she told her daughter, "but I just couldn't stay there alone after nightfall."

At last the Great Race was over! What at noon had been an uninhabited wilderness, by nightfall had a man living on every quarter-section. And many a settler, as he lay down that night on soil he could call his own, looked to the starry heavens above for strength in the great building task ahead, or wisdom to settle the dispute with the "sooner" beside him.

For it was not enough to merely stake a claim. It was then necessary to go to the land office and make formal entry of ownership. And all too often there would be others there ready to contest the claim.

Many of these contests were in the more fertile eastern portion of the "Strip," and in townsites along the railroads. Within 24 hours, 25,000 people had located at Perry, and similar numbers at Enid, Woodward, Alva, and Ponca City. To these places men came to engage in business—blacksmiths, printers, carpenter shops, and the inevitable saloon.

It was the chaotic spectacle at Perry which caused the Editor of *Frank Leslie's New York Weekly* to comment:

"Let us hope that such scenes of distress will never again be witnessed in this enlightened land."

When night came, no shelter had been provided in the new towns, and hundreds of men and women lay down in the dust from sheer exhaustion in shelter of wagons, boxes and tents. Many woke from a troubled sleep to find themselves almost buried in dust which fierce gusts of wind had deposited in every corner like banks of discolored snow.

THE next day while officials in Washington celebrated the Centennial of the laying of the cornerstone of our national Capitol, these settlers began laying the cornerstones of a vibrant new empire.

There was heartbreak, too, for now the thousands of unsuccessful pioneers began the bitter trek back to homes they had left. When the Wrights caught up with the Wintermute brothers the following day, they learned that Walter's claim was on school land. Will did not get a claim, and Ed had staked a good location along the Salt Fork River near Tonkawa.

Walter and Eva came back to Kansas with Mrs. Wright, relinquishing their dream of starting a new home on free soil.

Dust-caked, dejected people filing back to their homes revealed many instances of injustice and cruelty at the hands of "sooners." But many were not so docile in surrendering their claims, according to the *Caldwell News*, which carried this item the following week:

"Numerous deaths and murders have occurred since the Opening. Dead bodies have been found on prairies and in the brush . . . some placarded as "sooners" . . . some charred to a crisp . . . some with bullet holes in them."

Many of the losers were injured in accidents, others had lost all their belongings in prairie fires. A few were disgruntled and bitter with disappointment, and all were a sorry-looking lot, coated with grime from days of hobo living.

"I didn't wash my face for three days," Eva confides. "We had to save all our water for the team."

As usual, a few settlers kept their sense of humor. Wagons which went into the Strip bearing signs of "Oklahoma or bust" came back placarded "Busted, by George!"

Wherever men gathered to talk, tales of hardship, disaster and death were always matched by yarns with a chuckle. Like the story of the man who fell in a well dug by the soldiers. No settler racing by would stop to rescue him, until many hours later a teamster hauling supplies heeded his hoarse cry for help. Then there was the man stranded on the starting line because he whopped his steed with a barrel stave and the animal jumped right out from under him. And the woman who killed coyotes with a stick when they dragged by, exhausted from dodging settlers all day. And there were always tales of the slim young men who dressed as women and secured good claims, because no gentleman would contest what he thought was a woman.

The Editor of the *Cedarvale* (Kansas) *Messenger* dismissed the historic episode of the Run in these cryptic phrases:

"The opening of the Cherokee Strip was a great disappointment to thousands, as is evidenced by the continual stream of dejected people passing through Cedarvale on their return . . . enquiry among them developed the fact that not one in fifty got a claim."

This is followed by a long list of local citizens who made the Run, and their progress or failure in the race. And in all the dim and faded pages of pioneer journalism there is no item to match this doleful bit of reporting: "D. Smith secured a good claim, but has the unpleasant remembrance of killing a man to get it."

27,000 claims—100,000 claimants—six-guns the law—human cussedness the judge! Yet order from chaos grew, and soon peace again filled the land.

Today, this strip of Northwestern Oklahoma land is a vast mosaic, patterned of sprawling ranches, oil wells, wheat fields, petro-chemical plants and fine farm mansions. Indeed, the pioneers wrung great riches from the soil they risked their all to claim in that incredible Cherokee Strip Run.

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Anybody who leans to the opinion that cowboy life is just one continuous round of guitar-picking and making saddle love in the moonlight might ought to read this piece about

COWBOYS and HORSES

By FAY WARD

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

"He was chopping at me with his fore feet when he stepped off the curb and went over backwards."

THE life of a cowboy, some folks seem to think, is one continuous round of pleasure. They are not aware that it is a hazardous occupation, that often a rider's life is endangered. Plenty cowboys can relate experiences that seem unbelievable, although true.

Frank Fleming is one. Frank, better known in his neck of the woods as "The Wild Irishman," one time held the reputation of being the saltiest brush-hand in his part of the country. It was claimed that he stopped at nothing he could force his horse over, through, or under. When he jumped a wild critter in the roughs, he thought he ought to catch it or kill a horse trying.

In the spring of 1913, Frank rode for Horace Hooker's outfit on Blue Creek, in the Mogollan mountain country of New Mexico. While out range-branding with Hooker one day, he became separated from his boss. The Wild Irishman rode a big powerful horse that had been roped from only a few times. This horse was the sort to throw a fit and shed his pack any time he thought he could get away with it.

The Irishman topped out a small mesa and jumped a big calf. This calf was plenty wild. Taking down his rope, the Irishman ran out a loop and built to that high-tailing vealer. Just as he was about to make his throw, his horse planted both feet in a big rat bed, which caved in. Horse and rider fell so hard that they rolled over twice. Frank was thrown clear and came to his feet at the same time his horse did. But the horse, discovering that he was loose, snorted and high-tailed it.

Being left afoot was bad enough, but worse was to come. The Wild Irishman was a tie-hard man and didn't discover he was standing with one foot in the spilled loop of his rope till suddenly he was jerked down. Here went the horse, dragging the Irishman over rocks and through cactus beds.

The rider made a desperate attempt to get his foot out of the boot the rope had encircled, but no luck. They were travelling too fast. He next tried to get a hand in his pocket, aiming to cut the rope with his pocketknife, but his chaps were in the way.

About then, the horse half-circled to the right, dragging the Irishman into a large yucca. His foot forked the yucca's base with enough impact to snap his leg and double it back.

The jerk brought the horse to a halt. Now the horse whirled to face the load on the rope and started backing, keeping the rope tight. The Irishman had been training him for roping, and this was about all the fool horse had learned up to now. The Irishman could talk and beg and swear at the horse, but all any of this did was make the horse back tighter against the rope.

Sweating and swearing and hurting, the Wild Irishman made another try for his pocketknife, and got it. Hooker, who'd witnessed the mishap from a distance, came spurring up in time to see the Irishman cut himself free.

HOOKER'S son, Ralph, got into an even worse jam, one that cost him his life. He rode out alone, astride a top-notch cowhorse. When he failed to return that evening, a searching party was formed to scour the country. Three days later, they found Ralph, lying flat of his back near a lone pinion tree that stood on top of a small mesa. His horse still wearing saddle and bridle, grazed nearby.

By doing some close sign-reading, the searching party finally figured out what happened. Ralph had made a run at a calf, aiming to rope it. The calf had headed for this one tree, got close, and darted to the off side. Ralph's horse, evidently right on the calf's heels, had tried to swing with the calf, but crashed into the tree instead, driving a splintered branch stub through Ralph's heart. Ralph had lived long enough after he hit the ground to draw the broken branch from his heart, then died. The blood-stained weapon lay beside his hand.

There was only one tree on top of that wide mesa, but the calf had led Ralph there, to his death.

In 1913, I took on the job of breaking out several head of green broncs for a man by the name of Art Allen, who operated a livery stable in Pueblo, Colorado. There was a corral to the back of the stable where I handled the horses. But when I left the corral with one, the only place I could go was out in the streets. I didn't like it; there was too much traffic there and young broncs scare easy. But it was the only place I had.

(Continued on page 64)

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Wild Old Days!

LILY OF THE GOLDFIELDS

BY J. M. HEGAN

THE lively, lilting strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" were hardly appropriate for a dirge. But in the limited repertoire of the band of Virginia City's Hook and Ladder Company, there was nothing more suitable. Down C street solemnly marched the fire laddies, their helmets under their arms, bearing the body of Julia Bulette, lady of easy virtue and also their beloved mascot.

Only a few days before, Julia had accompanied the firemen to a conflagration, manning the brakes and applying the pumps of the engine with the best of them. Even now, the very banner which fluttered over the fire-wagon that led the way to the cemetery on Sun Hill where she was to be buried, was the handiwork of Julia's capable fingers.

Yes, the firemen loved their Julia, tall and slender as a reed; kind, impulsive Julia of the rasping cough but heart of the precious metal for which the Comstock Lode was noted.

"Julia's skin may be scarlet, but her heart is white," the fire lads had often observed. For had she not nursed them through illness, cooked their meals, even darned their socks? Little mother of the Hook and Ladder Company she was; yet pal and big sister too, if one may overlook the incestuous implications.

The eyes of the firemen were dimmed and their heads bowed with sorrow. Yet commingled with their sadness was a deep, smoldering anger. For their beloved Julia had been murdered—strangled in cold blood—possibly by one of her own clients. She had been found in her little "pill-box" on D street, Virginia City's "line." And absent with her soul were her precious jewels, her furs and her silks. The marks of the assassin's fingers were still on her throat.

But then Julia's role had been a perilous one before a dangerous audience. And the dramatic unities of time, place and action were against her. The greed for gold had brought to Virginia City men of all degrees of society, and in the fierce struggle for wealth even those of sterling worth were often levelled to the common denominator of the brutes about them.

Little dreamed the two ignorant prospectors, O'Reilly and McLaughlin, in 1859 when they washed out $300 worth of gold dust that they had struck the precious vein of the twenty-million dollar Ophir mine, destined to place the name of Virginia City in gold and silver letters on the map of the world for at least two decades. The same Virginia City which later created the over-night millionaires; Mackay, Hearst, Fair, Stewart and Jones.

But not for long was the blundering discovery of the two Irishmen a secret. From all over the world they came—criminals, clergymen, cowboys, bankers; Chinese and Mormons; Jews and Gentiles. Even an obscure newspaper man named Samuel Clemens could not resist the lure of a lifetime, and he joined the staff of the *Virginia City Enterprise.* But he was destined to find his gold elsewhere later as Mark Twain.

A mere mining dump soon became a thriving community. Business and residence thoroughfares were soon laid out—A, B and C streets they were named. Then to them was added a fourth—D street and this lane became the established district for the glamorous ladies of the world's oldest profession—the newest for Virginia City at that time.

THE business of the women of easy virtue flourished. Their's was a commodity which enjoyed a steady market. The miners paid liberally for their produce. In one of the row of white cubicles lived San Francisco Bella, formerly of Barbary Coast's notorious Bella Union. In other shanties dwelt Broncho Till, Gorgeous Georgie, Magnificent Maizie and other gilded lilies of the fields of gold.

The directories of the day listed them as dressmakers, foreign language teachers and similar euphemistic titles. Miners liked to tell newcomers the story of one of the early residents of D street. Crazy Kate, they called her because of her eccentric habits, and she was known as a seamstress. One night as she was administering to the dressmaking wants of a client, the latter elected to smoke his pipe.

All dressed up in their uniforms, Virginia City's fire laddies turned out to march behind Julia's casket.

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"Give us a light, will you, Kate?" came his lazy request. Whether Kate's subsequent action was merely an eccentricity or raging jealousy over the miner's interest in his pipe is not recorded.

"Sure, I'll give ye a light!" she replied and obligingly hurled the coal-oil lamp in his direction. The miner got his light, but it cost Virginia City $10,000,000. The consequent conflagration destroyed 2,000 buildings and 160 acres! Such was the tempo of the times.

But this is the tale of Julia Bulette, once a prosperous resident of D street. Perhaps Julia's love for the fire department masked a greater ardor for personal appearances in public. It has always paid to advertise and it could do the fire lassie no harm to appear before myriads in dashing fire costume and helmet. A striking, attractive figure she was indeed! Perhaps this was early ballyhoo.

Regardless of her motives, Julia was the darling of Virginia City's Engine Company No. 1 and its honorary member. And today they were mourning her death!

And so after they had buried her mortal remains on Sun Mountain, and in quick step marched down the hill to the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," not one of the band but swore vengeance for the murder of their beloved mascot —if the murderer could be found.

Now divine retribution occasionally has a strange manner of manifesting itself outside of the pages of fiction. One year after the passing of Julia, a citizen offered some of her effects for sale. The man was immediately seized, tried and found guilty of her murder. Now, on the highest, narrowest and most dangerous point of the Geiger Grade, which leads into Virginia City, is a plank or two which projects over the yawning chasm, a parachute's jump to the distant bottom below.

Should you chance to be traveling—as once we did—near this spot in the highway, and should you encounter a bus going in the opposite direction, courtesy of the road demands that you back off the narrow one-way pass and park on the trembling planks. The prospect of the bottomless below is like a glimpse over the edge of eternity.

Appropriately enough, it was there where they hanged the murderer of Julia Bulette.

Illustrated by
Al Martin Napoletano

WHO KILLED THE LAST BUFFALO?

BY W. J. RICE

A good many years before he became president of the United States, Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt held, for a short time, the reputation of having killed the last buffalo on the American continent.

Charlie Ferris, foreman on the Theodore Roosevelt cattle ranch, which is located on a branch of the Little Mission River, tells about it.

Ferris says the incident took place in the spring of 1882, right after the extermination of the last great herd of buffaloes in Dakota (North and South Dakota still being all in one state) and the simultaneous completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad. A lot of men, bent upon stock-raising, migrated to that part of the country, and among them was young Roosevelt, about twenty-five years old at the time.

"Ted," as he became known to his neighbors, was just about as green as greenhorns came in those days, but soon proved himself likeable enough. That was because he never complained when some of the rough and tough ones of Billings County made sport of him. He'd drink their raw, fiery whiskey when they invited him to, merely grin when some gunman emptied a six-shooter into the floor between his feet, and ride, or "ride at," any sort of fool pitching horse he was called upon to mount.

This was the sort of spirit admired by the old-timers. On top of that, young Ted could outshoot just about any of them, which was an accomplishment to gain a man respect anywhere in those days.

Ted liked to hunt. Antelope, wolves, coyotes, grouse—he was always out after such game and bringing in plenty of it.

One afternoon, he came in packing back of his saddle a buffalo hide and a good big chunk of loin.

"Look what we've got for supper," he called to Henry Britt.

Britt was at first surprised, then disgusted. "Damn, Ted!" he exclaimed. "What'll you do next?"

"What's wrong?" Roosevelt demanded.

"Why, confound it," Britt exclaimed, "you've just killed the last buffalo in America!"

Roosevelt was concerned. "Why, I didn't know—"

"Guess you couldn't," the other said. "Guess nobody ever thought to tell you. Guess nobody ever figured you'd hunt that far off from camp. Must be better than twenty mile to where that last old bull's been ranging."

Then he told young Roosevelt about this old bull that had somehow escaped the big slaughter and how, since then, nobody, not even an Indian, had wanted to kill him. It would have to be the old renegade's luck that some ignorant tenderfoot would come along and lay him low.

About that time another native came up and got pretty riled at what Ted had done. "Why," he charged, "we might have got another start of buffalo, if that fool tenderfoot hadn't shot this last one!"

Britt, however, pointed out that it would likely take something more than one old buffalo bull to start a new herd, so they let the matter drop. They roasted the meat and ate it, figuring it'd be the last buffalo meat man would ever eat.

As it turned out, of course, they were wrong. During the early eighties, a couple of young French-Indian breeds, Allard by name, had decided that the buffalo was doomed, and they set out to raising some. By 1904, their herd numbered 110 head. A few years later, another herd of 200 was discovered at Great Slave Lake, in Canada, and was preserved by the Canadian government.

So, whatever particular, if dubious, glory may be attained by the man who brings to extinction any species of animal, Roosevelt didn't get it.

He just thought for a while that he had.

BATTLING BULLS

BY RALPH HADLEY

THE bull fight fans of Juarez were jubilant; this contest between bulls was to be a novelty, something unique, the like of which had never before been seen in the bull rings of old Mexico. Here, on the sanded floor of the arena, long-horned fighters with blood lines reaching back to Spanish bulls of five hundred years ago, were to be pitted against an alien—a monster bull with gray, dust-colored hide and with long ivory tusks instead of horns—a gigantic bull elephant.

Smooth promoters among the sporting gentry had talked the North American circus man into loaning his big elephant for this unusual contest, and crowds flocked to the bull ring to gaze and applaud, as Mexico's fighting-bred bulls brought down this clumsy, slow-moving mountain of flesh.

Ned, the elephant, was of mammoth-size and he wore a pair of super-size tusks. As the leading attraction of the M. L. Clark wagon show, he plodded the dust and mud of the deep south in the early nineteen hundreds on travels which eventually took the circus to the Mexican border country and Ned to the center of a Mexican bull ring.

Though an elephant is a clumsy-looking animal he can actually use his feet nearly as handily as he can swing his trunk. A Spanish bull entered the arena, promptly charged Ned, and was kicked sprawling by the surprised elephant. This angered the Mexicans—they were not used to having their blue-blooded bulls treated in such an ignominious manner, so they released three bulls at the same time. One of these prodded Ned with its sharp horns. Then Ned went wild. He tossed bulls into the seats, and threw a matador or two and other bull ring personnel after them, just for good measure. Within a remarkably short

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time he had cleared the ring of both bovine and human tormentors.

The angry Mexicans, having the advantage of being on home soil, attached Ned for $500, claiming he had failed to kill the bulls as agreed. Then finding themselves with an elephant on their hands, but with no one brave enough to handle him, they left Ned in the arena for the night.

At a late hour, when all was dark and quiet, young Clark, son of Ned's owner, slipped into the shadows near the massive gates of the bull ring. He found the gates secured by heavy locks; so he called to the elephant and Ned chirped a reply. Again he called: "Come out Ned." And Ned came, bringing a big chunk of the gate along with him.

Some years later Ned was purchased by the late Al G. Barnes, master wild animal showman, who re-christened the elephant "Tusko." Under that name he became famous as a giant of his kind and infamous as a bad elephant. His remarkable career came to a close when he died peaceably in the Seattle zoo.

A PAIR OF CONCHOS

By Judith Rascoe

In the Old West the dividing line between what was done and what was not done was pretty fine, and a point of honor was liable to have a sharp edge. A pair of silver conchos once made the difference between life and death.

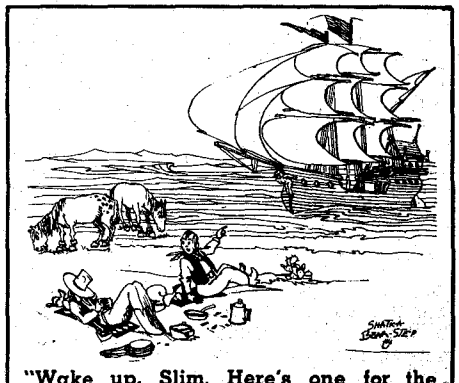
Emmettsville, Idaho Territory, was a thriving little western town in the eighteen-eighties. The town is in the eastern part of the Payette Valley about thirty miles north-east of Boise. Sheepherders and loggers coming down from the upper country would stop in Emmett for a change of clothes and a drink. There were dances every Saturday night and the two saloons in town would be kept busy pouring out whiskey and beer for the men who came in to wet their whistles. My grandfather owned one saloon; the other was Grady's. The bartender at Grady's was a man named Josiah Stone, a big man with a cigar always stuck in his mouth. Stone was a quiet man who minded his own business and was known as a square dealer, and he had the prettiest wife in town. Mrs. Stone was inclined to be tall like her husband, but she had a regular hour-glass figure and pale brown hair, and she had a sweet nature. She stayed home most of the day and evening while her husband worked, sometimes coming into town to shop or visit. She had a pretty surrey that she drove, and men tipped their hats to her as she drove by.

One day a new man came to town, a sheepherder from over in Oregon. He rode a nice horse and had his pay in his pocket, and although he was a bit inclined to run off at the mouth, nobody paid much attention to him. Somehow he met Mrs. Stone and they took a liking to each other. He would ride out to her place—a good ten minutes ride from town—and hitch his horse to the fence, and they would ride out in the foothills in Mrs. Stone's pretty little surrey. The man stayed around town for a week or so, staying at the Russell Hotel and visiting Mrs. Stone while Josiah tended the bar at Grady's, and pretty soon everybody in town knew all about it, presumably even Stone; but he did nothing and one day the sheepherder left town to go back to Oregon.

When the sheepherder returned in a few months he took up where he left off and everybody in town waited for something to happen; but Stone never hinted that he knew anything about what was going on between his wife and the other man. The sheepherder would go into Grady's and order a drink, and Stone would serve him just like he would anybody else. Every afternoon the man would ride out to Mrs. Stone's and the neighbors would see the surrey going toward the foot-hills. Now nobody said Mr. Stone was a coward and they all understood why he didn't say anything because they knew Josiah Stone, but they waited for the sheepherder to go just one step further. One day the sheepherder stopped by the local photographer's place and then rode out of town again, headed for Oregon.

A month passed and then two months, and in a busy town like Emmettsville people forget local scandals after a while. Grady's place did a good business. Strangely enough, the loggers in that part of the country were known for their good manners. A number of them were educated young easterners who had come west for adventure. Fights and shootings were few, and differences were settled on the side-walk and not in the saloons.

The sheepherder came back to town on a Tuesday morning. He took a room at the Hotel Russell. He had lunch and went to the General Mercantile for a new set of clothes. Late in the evening he hitched his horse in front of Grady's and went in. A few men gathered around the bar saw him order a drink from Stone, who was tending bar that night. Nobody said a word. Loggers and ranchers and sheepherders and a few miners from Silver City came in and out and Stone kept the glasses moving across the counter. A friendly game got started in the corner and the sheepherder stood by to watch. Then somebody came in and whispered something to somebody else who told it to another man. A few eyes turned toward the sheepherder. Somebody went up and said something to Stone and he and Stone went out of the bar together for a minute. When Stone came back in he walked up to the sheepherder and asked him to come on outside with his gun; Stone had his strapped on him. The two men went out together and in a few minutes Stone had shot and killed the other man, leaving him lying in a trickle of blood on the board walk. Stone was neither arrested nor prosecuted, and everybody knew he was right, for outside the saloon the sheepherder's horse was hitched and in the conchos on the bridle were pictures of Mrs. Stone.



"Wake up. Slim. Here's one for the books!"

HORACE GREELEY AND THE GREGORY GULCH HOAX

By Gene Sperry

"Go west, young man," one of the most widely known phrases to live on because of the mighty surge of gold seekers in the middle eighteen hundreds, was first written by Horace Greeley after a personal visit to Denver and vicinity. Little did this well educated journalist realize that the basis of his enthusiasm for the west was based on a hoax.

At the time of the **New York Tribune** newsman's visit, Gregory Gulch was considered one of the richest and most important gold strikes near Denver. He was determined to find some of this fabulous stuff himself and made plans to set out for the gulch one day.

Greeley had been feted and honored as became a man of his importance, and the leading business men realized that he could furnish them with a great deal of free publicity if he realized the potentialities of the area. Hurriedly they got together and decided to make sure he found what he was looking for so earnestly. They knew the richness of the Gulch and it was not actually in an attempt to deceive that they agreed to "salt" a mine. To them it was merely adding proof to what they already knew.

Using an old shot-gun one of the miners fired the gun, filled with gold, repeatedly into an old mine hole.

Bright and early one morning the newspaperman started out for the gold field accompanied by several Denver gentlemen. Along the way he was entertained with stories of the history of the country and shown specimens of pure gold. Afire with the familiar fever, Mr. Greeley arrived at the busy gulch. Immediately he asked for a pick, shovel and pan. Following directions carefully the black-suited newsman crowed with delight when the bottom of his pan showed the bright yellow metal of gold. The almost snickering business men urged him on until a blister dimmed the tenderfoot's enthusiasm.

"Gentlemen," Greeley declared as he hefted the poke of gold dust, "the news of your rich discovery will go to everyone who reads my paper."

Horace Greeley was as good as his spoken word. Upon his arrival in New York, his paper not only told of the Colorado gold strike but continued to urge all young men to go west, where opportunities were unlimited. Never a word of the "salting" reached his ears and he went to his grave ignorant that he was the victim of a western hoax.

Chuck Wagon Chuckles

(Continued from page 39)

is well cooked it is just as palatable as buffalo steak, venison or elk meat.

IT just so happened that the "villain of this case"—yours truly—had a trip to make the next day between camps which took him past a homesteader's place who catered to mule deer hunters—whole parties of doctors, lawyers, bankers, merchants and sportsmen of every category.

He also happened to know—via grape vine—that the latest group of hunters had killed a young bear, and being a good friend of the homesteader he stopped by for a brief visit. When he told

(Continued on page 64)

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When Jim Winters helped one-armed Johnny Curry off the back of that hard-pitching Circle C bronc with a heavy load of buckshot, he aimed for Johnny to get

No Re-Ride

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

"Jim Winters cut loose as the big bronc, with Johnny Curry riding the hurricane deck, landed."

I'VE heard it said when I was a button back on the old Circle C ranch in Montana, that one-armed Johnny Curry, brother of the notorious outlaw Kid Curry, and one of the Wild Bunch, was as good a bronc rider as you'd find riding any outfit's rough string. I never saw Johnny ride, so I can't claim to know for certain; but this is the yarn they tell back in the Little Rockies country concerning the last time Johnny Curry forked a big salty Circle C bronc called Pilot.

Some say Johnny had been drinking that day. It don't matter much one way or another. Johnny had had trouble with Jim Winters who had squatted on what Johnny claimed was his homestead, only he hadn't been staying on the place according to law. Jim Winters, some claim, moved onto the homestead while Johnny was riding the rough string on the Circle C round-up. Some claim Johnny was riding the outlaw trail while Jim Winters did his squatting.

Johnny had saddled up the Pilot bronc without telling his intentions to anybody there at Landusky where he'd had his spurs let out to the town-hole for a few days, dragging them across the floors of Landusky's several saloons.

Johnny must have figured that the sign was right for him to have a talk with Jim Winters. And the cow country knew that the only common language Winters and Johnny Curry could use on one another was gun talk.

As Johnny rode up to the homestead ranch, he saw Winters coming from the barn on his way to the cabin. He hollered to Winters to fill his hand with a gun and commenced shooting. Winters had left his six-shooter at the cabin and headed for the cabin door on a high run. Johnny's first shot missed, and the sound of the gunfire broke the bronc apart. He sunk his head and pitched high, wide and handsome, bucking straight towards the cabin where Winters had just jumped inside.

Johnny, having only one arm, needed it to handle his gun. His bridle reins were dropped over the saddle horn. He was on a horse that would bother any bronc peeler to set, and as the big roan squealed and twisted, each jump took Johnny closer to the open doorway of the log cabin.

Jim Winters had a sawed-off shotgun in his hands as he stepped out the door and cut loose just as the big bronc, with Johnny Curry riding the hurricane deck, landed.

There was big-sized buckshot in both loads of the sawed-off scatter gun. The range was point blank, and Winters didn't shoot to miss that day.

When the big roan bronc swapped ends and headed the other direction, he left Johnny Curry behind. One-armed Johnny Curry had made his last ride.

JOHNNY RICH, who got out a newspaper in the Little Rockies when he was in the notion, owned the only Bible in that part of the country and, having more education than the other citizens, was picked to preach the funeral sermon. It was a job nobody, even the coldest nerved man in the cow country, wanted. Because there in the crowd was Kid Curry and all of Johnny's friends. Likewise present were plenty of friends backing Jim Winters.

Johnny Rich fortified himself with Landusky's pet brand of forty-rod, oiled up his six-shooter, and picked for his funeral text a passage that dealt with When Fools go Forth to Fight. And preached it. He did a good job of it, to boot, because he lived to tell about it.

The Kid and Johnny's friends, with Johnny's demised remains in a pine box which they put in a buckboard, headed for the homestead. The grave was dug on a knoll behind the cabin, up in the scrub pines, within six-shooter range of where Johnny quit his saddle for the last time.

It was a ten-mile journey from Landusky to the Johnny Curry place. The Kid and the others were on horseback, with one man driving the half-broke team hooked to the buckboard.

Somewhere along the road the team spooked and ran away. No corpse ever had a wilder, faster ride to his grave than one-armed Johnny Curry. Johnny and his box were thrown out once or twice, and it was sundown when they finally lowered that wild bronc-riding outlaw in his grave.

That night the wolves left tracks around the mound of boulders that marked the resting place of Johnny Curry and howled his requiem to the stars.

Which, I reckon, is the way wild Johnny Curry would have ordered it.

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Synopsis of Part One

About sixty years ago, the dreaded Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws roamed across the West from Montana in the north to Texas in the south. Their famous hideouts were the Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, and Robbers' Roost in an almost inaccessible part of Utah. Sam Ketchum, brother of Black Jack, and the original leader of the gang, was wounded in a battle with lawmen in Turkey Creek Canyon, Colfax, New Mexico, and escaped only to be captured by a rancher. He died in prison. His brother, Black Jack Ketchum, was wounded by a daring conductor while trying to hold up a train single-handed. The story resumes with Black Jack in San Rafael Hospital at Trinidad, Colorado, awaiting trial for robbery and murder.

From An Old Newspaper Clipping:

"Trinidad, Colo.—1899. G. W. Shields, Sheriff of Tom Green County, Texas, and Bige Duncan, a resident of Knickerbocker, a town in the same county, arrived this morning from Santa Fe and will leave tonight over the Colorado & Southern for their respective homes. Mr. Shields was sent to Santa Fe by the Wells-Fargo Express Company to identify Tom Ketchum, the notorious outlaw better known as Black Jack. They arrived in Santa Fe Monday and shortly afterward went to the penitentiary and had a long talk with Ketchum. Sheriff Shields has known the outlaw for many years, having been a neighbor of the Ketchum's and played with the boys when they were children.

"When he stepped into the hospital ward where Ketchum was confined, he immediately recognized the prisoner and the latter knew him. Before the visit was concluded, Ketchum broke down completely and cried like a child. Mr. Shields was first elected Sheriff of Tom Green County in 1888 and conducted the office so acceptably that he has been re-elected by an overwhelming majority each succeeding election.

"Tom Ketchum talked with him quite freely and seemed overjoyed to see him. Sheriff Shields is a tall, handsome man, and his features denote caution and unbounded courage. Mr. Shields says Tom Ketchum was the first man he ever arrested. The offense for which he was arraigned was for disturbing public worship. Ketchum had shot a dog and was raising a racket about a church. Ketchum finally turned out as an outlaw, although his brother, Berry, and sister pleaded with him to abandon such a life. He continued his outlawry.

"Monday was the first time Sheriff Shields had seen Black Jack since about 1892 or 1893, although he has hunted him ever since and spent something like $3,000 in the pursuit. When Sheriff Shields asked Black Jack how he was getting along, the outlaw answered: 'Very well, I am sorry to say.' The doctors now think he will get well.

"Black Jack told the sheriff that he would never be hung, that he would make a dash for liberty first and be shot down. Sheriff Shields says he will do that very thing if an opportunity affords, and offers to bet a box of cigars with every officer in Las Animas County that the outlaw will not stretch hemp. He will commit suicide or be killed while trying to escape.

" 'KETCHUM will not hesitate to attempt to break through a line of 150 well-armed guards,' Mr. Shields says. 'He has great nerve, although I think his brother Sam had better,' continued the Sheriff. The two outlaw brothers, neither of whom was ever married, come from a splendid family and their brother and sister are heart-broken over the lives they have led. Sheriff Shields says McGinnis is a 'Ringer.' He thinks he may be a safe cracker or some general all-around crook and that train robbing is a new business to him.

"Mr. Duncan is a brother-in-law of the Ketchum boys, having married their sister. He made the trip with Sheriff Shields for the purpose of satisfying himself that the party really was Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum. Mr. Duncan has the appearance of a perfect gentleman and said to a reporter for the *Trinidad Chronicle-News* that the relatives were all broken up over the downfall of the boys. His wife, he says, did not yet positively know that it was her brother, Tom, in the penitentiary. Mr. Duncan did not care to talk but little, and choked up several times during the conversation, and it was with difficulty that he controlled his feeling and kept back the tears."

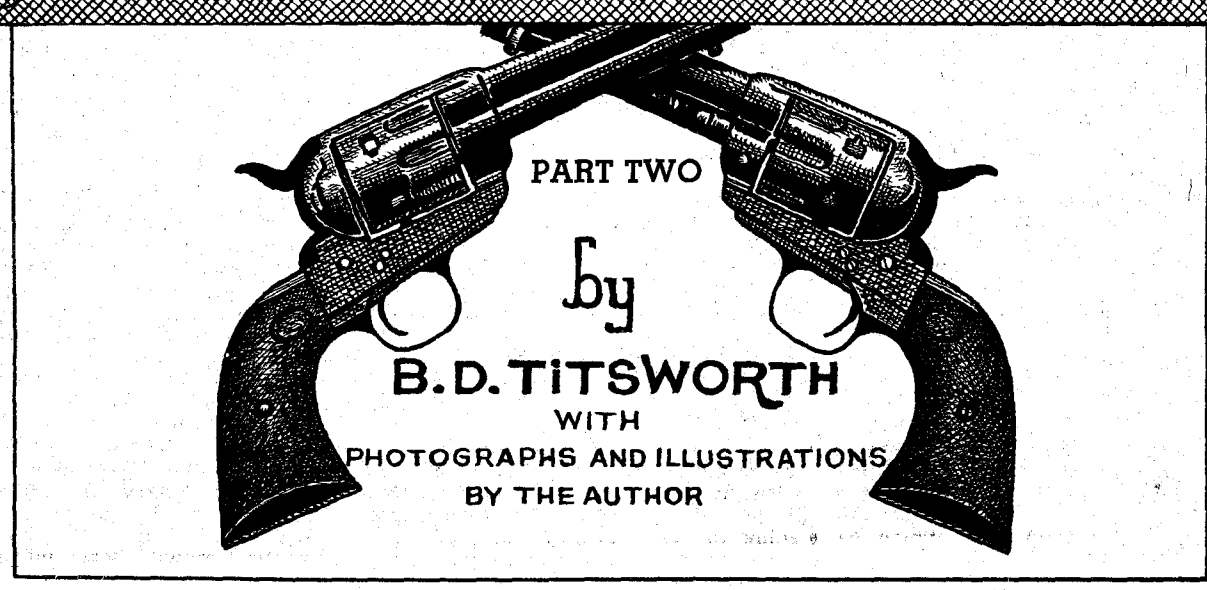
THE question is whether his outlaw gang had the nerve that Black Jack had—the nerve to kill and kill. His own courage was equalled only by his contempt for human life.

A tale was told that one day a Mexican rode into San Angelo, Texas, wearing a magnificent sombrero, all a-glitter with silver braid. Black Jack coveted it, and he knew but one way to get it. The Mexican was not quick to give up the hat, but soon had no use for it, for dead men's heads are just as well uncovered. Ketchum looked very well in that hat.

While being held at San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colorado, he was guarded daytime by Deputy Harry D. Lewis and

Grim retribution comes for Black Jack Ketchum, leader of the

Hole-in-the-Wall Gang



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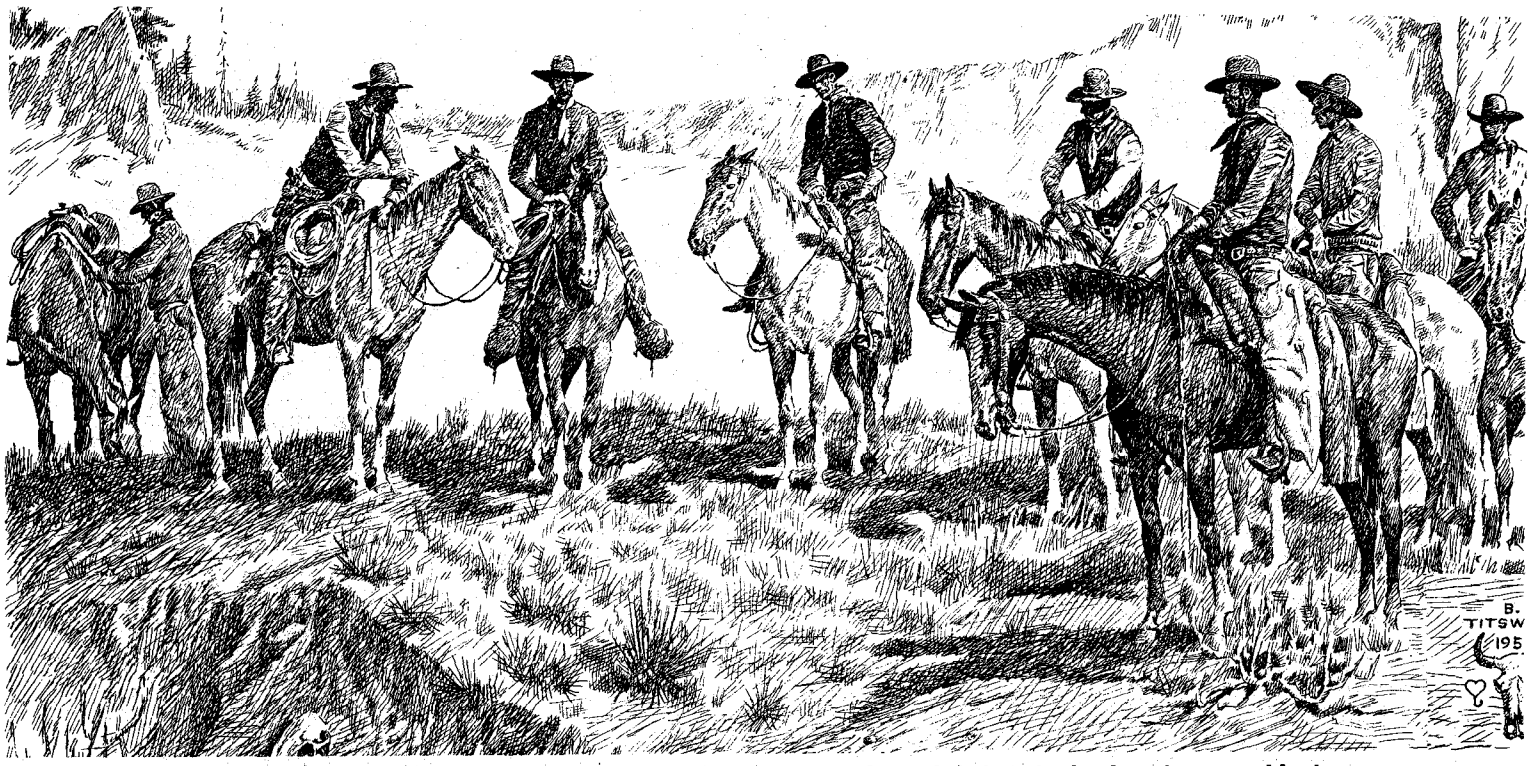

In their remote hideouts, Black Jack Ketchum's gang carefully planned their train, bank and stage robberies.

by Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth at night. Although he had maintained to others that he was alone in the hold-up enterprise, he admitted to Deputy Sheriff Titsworth that there were others in the plot. However, he would not reveal their identity. He had seemed anxious to die from the start and refused to have his shattered arm amputated, although the physician told him it was the only means of saving his life.

When told by Deputy Sheriff Titsworth that McGinnis had been captured, he became very restless and ugly and begged the officer for a gun that he might kill himself. One night when he thought the officer was asleep, Black Jack removed the bandage from his arm, tied it around his neck and placing his foot in a loop at the end tried to commit suicide by strangulation. The officer was watching his movements and put a stop to the game.

His trial came up in the fall before District Judge William J. Mills of Clayton, N. M. Jerry Leahy, who died years ago, at Raton, N. M., was District Attorney at the time. The jury assessed the death penalty and Judge Mills set the date of hanging on October 5th, 1900. The case was on appeal a year and the hanging set finally March 22nd, 1901. Governor M. A. Otero of the Territory of New Mexico granted a stay on April 26th, 1901.

From an Old Newspaper Clipping:

READY TO MEET DEATH

Black Jack Ketchum Has Given up Hope —He Will Hang Tomorrow.

"Clayton, N. M., April 25th., 1901.—(Special)— A special train bearing the famous outlaw, Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, arrived from Santa Fe, N. M., (where his trial was held) over the Colorado & Southern Railroad yesterday morning at 5:30. The train was in charge of Sheriff Salome Garcia of this county assisted by ten guards, consisting of deputy sheriffs, deputy United States marshals and railroad detectives. Upon arrival he was immediately taken to the jail. But upon his request was allowed to inspect the scaffold from which he will swing tomorrow.

"He also inspected the stockade. He expressed himself well pleased with the arrangements except the stockade, which he wanted torn down, so that 'The boys may see me hang,' as he expressed it. He was in possession of his usual nerve and was in fine humor. He facetiously remarked while inspecting the scaffold: 'It looks good, but I think they ought to hang Harrington on it first, and if it works all right, they might try me.' Harrington was the conductor who shot Black Jack's arm off. He spent a quiet night and ate heartily."

THE BOGUS RESPITE

"At about 8 o'clock the following night a message from Santa Fe, N. M. signed by Governor Otero, was received by the Sheriff here, instructing him to postpone the execution for thirty days at the request of President McKinley. It caused great excitement in the circle of guards here, and it was generally supposed Black Jack would never hang.

"After investigation it was found the telegram was bogus. The signature of Governor Otero and the seal of N. M. had been forged by some of Black Jack's friends somewhere. The telegram caused considerable uneasiness for fear that an effort would be made to rescue him even on the gallows."

In jail, as he watched the final construction of the scaffold on which he was to die, Black Jack contemptuously declined the Administrations of a Catholic priest. He refused to repent. He asked the priest to go for a fiddler so they could dance. "I'll die as I lived, Padre," he said. Before Judge Mills passed sentence of death on him at his trial in Santa Fe, N. M., he asked Black Jack if he had anything to say. "I'd like to shave the District Attorney," was the cool retort.

On the day of his execution he said he wished they would hurry so that he would get to hell in time for supper. To his executioners he sent his compliments with the express wish he would see them in hell. He said one nice thing about going to hell was he'd "have two good arms after he got there." He touched the stump of his right arm. Conductor Harrington's sawed-off shotgun had carried the rest of it away.

He said that while his gang was holed up in their Hole-in-the-Wall hide-out, Billy Carver said: "Tom, if the law ever captures and hangs you, come back and tell me how it feels. I might want to try it myself some day!" Black Jack laughed.

COURAGE was the one virtue of the black-haired outlaw, it has been said. But Ketchum had one other gift—the rare gift of humor. It is not every man that can joke with death. Tom could. Black Jack liked music; a violinist and guitar player played for him while he ate his last meal of fried chicken.

"What shall we play?" asked J. R. Guyer, the violinist.

"Oh, Just as the Sun Went Down," responded Black Jack with a grin.

When it came time for Black Jack to ascend the scaffold, the sun was out of sight. A terrific wind blew around the corners of the jail and deluged the little crowd of spectators with sand and gravel. The sun came out again when his body was hauled up the hill in the wagon. The wind died away, and a peacefulness came upon the scene—like the feeling of relief that it was all over.

From an old Newspaper Clipping:

THE LAST DAY OF "BLACK JACK" ON EARTH

His gang had planned to rescue him, but the Cards were against the scheme—Predicted death of three men.

"Clayton, N. M., April 26th, 1901. —It was 1:14 p.m. by the thick gold watch of Sheriff Garcia. He had just gone to Black Jack in his cell and said to him 'The time is now.'

"Out in the rough stockade of the Clayton jail the guests were gathered. They had waited for almost on hour to see Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum die. The wind blew like blasts from the bellows of an angry god, lifting sand and gravel from the jail yard and hurling the mixture upon the impatient and snorting crowd. Down in the town the

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ARREST FOR MURDER AND HORSE STEALING.

The following described persons charged with the murder of Geo. A. Wellman, a deputy U. S. Marshal of Wyoming, while in the discharge of his duty, near Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming, May 10, 1892, and who have fled from Wyoming, going south about a month or more ago, on horseback, and driving a band of 30 or 40 horses, think part of them are stolen, part or all branded TX and some may also be branded XL connected, the latter brand may lately have been changed from open A L, thus, Λ— to X—; if any are of the latter brand they have been stolen; they may have traded or sold part of said band of horses in Northwestern Colorado or Eastern Utah on their may south.

Ed. Cherpoloid, alias "One-Eyed Tex," age about 36 years, 5 feet 9 inches high, weight about 150 lbs., think it is left eye gone, vulgar talker and braggart, round-up cook and cow-puncher.

Henry Smith, about 35 or 40 years old, 6 feet high, weighs 165 to 175 lbs., think light complexion, dark or sandy hair and mustache, usually wore mustasche but may grow beard, cocks one eye in talking, great talker, [illegible] blower, rather long thin nose, long legged, [illegible] Spanish has been to south America and Mexico, hard looking.

Johnson Long, age 34, 5 feet 7 inches high, weighs about 135, slim, dark hair, white mustache, gray eyes, bow-legged, walks with head down, poses as a bad man and cowboy.

There may be another man or two along whom I am unable to describe; the above parties may separate. I hold U. S. warrants for Smith and Long for murder and will pay a liberal reward for their arrest or either of them. "Tex" and others are wanted for stealing horses if they have any of the above Λ— or X— branded horses with them.

Wire or address,

JOSEPH P. RANKIN,
U. S. Marshal, Wyoming.
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Cheyenne, Wyo., August 25, 1892.

Johnson County, Wyoming, offers $2,500 reward for the conviction of murderers of Wellman.

Type of circular sent to Deputy Sheriffs and U.S. Marshals, warning them to be on lookout for wanted criminals, murderers, and outlaws in the early days of the West.

citizens who had no tickets of admission to the stockade stood on the sidewalk and waited or solemnly filed into the saloons for drinks.

"A vast and intangible weight was upon the town. Business was suspended—save for the melancholy business of filing into the saloons for drinks. No man spoke save in whispers, for all knew that in one, two or five minutes Black Jack would swing.

"'We had no other thing to do,
Save wait for the thing to come;
So, like things of stone in a valley lone
Quiet we sat and dumb;
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
Like a madman on a drum.'

"While the crowd waited, and the wind blew sandily, there came from the south, avoiding the town and striking straight across the prairie, a cowpuncher on a beautiful bay horse, in a full gallop. When he came within a few yards of the jail, he slowed his horse's speed to a trot and rode with a business-like but quiet demeanor up to the fence, tied his horse, placed his hand upon the fence and leaped over. He walked straight to the gate, presented a ticket of admission and entered.

A Recognition

"The appearance of Black Jack at the door of the jail was expected at any instant, and save for one Mexican sheepherder, this cowpuncher was the last man to enter. He walked to a spot where he could command a good view of the jail door and of the scaffold and stationed himself there very quietly, and without word or nod to anybody, and with only the briefest look around the stockade. A number of men who were not too absorbed in their scrutiny of the jail door, saw him come in and noticed him.

"He was tall, splendidly formed and stood erect and with shoulders thrown back fearlessly. He wore a broad brimmed white hat, a brown checked coat, dark flannel shirt, white silk neckerchief, corduroy trousers and high-heeled boots with big spurs attached to them. He was smooth shaven and tanned deeply; and his dark eyes were watchful, though at first they looked at ease beneath their black brows.

"The stranger stood there barely two minutes when the jail door opened and Black Jack appeared with Sheriff Garcia on one side and Detective Chambers on the other. All eyes immediately fell upon the condemned man. Dressed in a black suit, with white shirt and black tie, his face robbed of its tan by a year of imprisonment, his glossy black hair and silky brown mustache neatly trimmed and brushed, Black Jack looked little of the desperado that he was. He walked with a steady gait to the corner of the jail. There scarcely six feet away stood the stranger.

"The men nearest them saw something that struck them as curious. A distinct and unmistakable look of recognition passed between the two men. It was of but an instant's duration. Black Jack, between his two guards, then mounted the first of the thirteen steps of the scaffold with his back to the stranger. He had no sooner reached the center of the scaffold platform and turned toward the crowd than his eyes straightway sought the stalwart cowpuncher and rested upon him with a peculiar expression for fully ten seconds. The stranger returned the look.

"Then Black Jack, while the officers were preparing the noose for his neck, lifted his gaze from the cowpuncher's face, turned his head and looked out across the plains toward the west. His glance rested there for a few seconds, and then fell upon the crowd and swept over the faces with a steady, fearless, challenging look that will be remembered a long time by the men who saw it. 'Hurry up!' he said.

The Cowpuncher Vanished

"In another torturing minute the black cap had been placed over his head, the trap was sprung, the body of the outlaw shot toward the ground with his head severed from his body by the rope, and Black Jack had met his end with as splendid an exhibition of nerve as was ever seen upon any scaffold or any place of death. In the excitement caused by the unexpected and bloody work of the hangman's rope, the men who had noticed the stranger forgot him for a few minutes, and when they looked for him again, he was gone. Special Agent Reno and Sheriff Putnam, of Elbert County, Colorado, were among those in the crowd who saw the look that passed between him and Black Jack, and detective Chambers on the scaffold, followed the outlaw's glance and saw the stranger. When their work of death was done, these three officers searched the town for the unknown cowpuncher but found no trace of him.

"In the opinion of the officers the cowpuncher was one of Black Jack's gang. What his purpose was, or whether he had any other than that of bidding a farewell to his chief, must be for the present a matter of conjecture only. But there were other circumstances which, taken in connection with this, appear significant.

"Talk of a rescue was so persistent in the two or three weeks before the date set for the execution that extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent the success of any such attempt. Instead of arriving with Black Jack at Clayton on Thursday, the day announced for the event, the officers as secretly as possible took him there on Tuesday—a precaution the wisdom of which was demonstrated when a train loaded with steel rails, running a little ahead of the passenger train on which Black Jack was erroneously supposed to be, ran into an obstruction made of fish plates and was derailed.

Another Sign

"Again on the night before the hanging there was found in an outhouse a hundred yards from the jail—an outhouse little used and infrequently visited—a Winchester rifle with its magazine fully loaded and in perfect working order. It did not belong to any guard, and though diligent inquiry had been made in the town, the owner of the weapon was not found; and its presence there is as much a mystery as the sudden coming and going of the cowpuncher in the stockade. Was it the purpose of the

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gang to shoot their leader and thus save him from the ignominy of death by the rope? Or was there an actual plan for a rescue?

"CLAYTON is not the handiest town in the world to take a man away from by force. It is said that there are more guns per man in Clayton than in any other town in the United States. The average is said to be three guns for every male inhabitant of the place. The town all last week was a veritable arsenal. Weapons were in sight everywhere. Rifles stood behind bars of the saloons, leaned against the key racks in the two hotels, peeped above the ribbon counters in the stores, and were carried in the hands of the men actually on guard duty, while every belt held one or two six-shooters, and the only pockets that held no cartridges had holes in them.

"To have attempted a rescue of Black Jack from the jail would have been rank idiocy and suicide. But whose and for what purpose was the Winchester in the outhouse? It is anybody's privilege to guess. In the meantime, poor, brave, bad, murderous Jack is in his grave. Even his most bitter enemies hope that 'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.' According to his own estimate of himself, his soul was lost.

"One of his last wishes on earth was that his spirit might come back and haunt his enemies—the implacable officers of the law who ran him down and hanged him. Vicious, bold and unforgiving to the end, Black Jack Ketchum went to his dishonored grave, honored still by the men who were his fellows in dark crime.

" 'The time has been that when the brains were out, the man would die,' said the ghost-visited MacBeth. Black Jack is dead, but there is a savage, sullen whimper over the gray-green grasses of New Mexico. That is the restless soul of Ketchum seeking its revenge. Out of the jumbled chiaroscuro of the tragedy at Clayton there stand, as stark and ugly as the scaffold in the old jail yard, a few facts that thrill and chill the blood. These:

"Black Jack's career was a barbaric romance, excelling in tragic and dramatic features even the life of Jesse James. Black Jack's chief bequest was a burden of revenge laid upon his fellows and his followers. Nothing is easier than to scoff at Tom Ketchum's repeated declaration that Frank Harrington, the conductor who shot his good right arm away, would be with him in hell inside of six months, and that Special Agent Reno and Attorney Fort, who hunted him to his death, will meet him there within a year.

"Indeed, there may be facetious speculation over the nice discrimination that allows one man only six months on earth, while the other two get a whole year. Ketchum refused to elucidate this knotty point, but declared, with a glitter in his eyes—marvelous eyes, by the way, small, brown or greenish gray as his mood changed, and indefinably swift and menacing—that the three men were marked.

"And—well, there was the Winchester in the outhouse, and the mysterious stranger at the execution, and there is the burden of revenge heavy and solemn upon Black Jack's outlaw friends.

"Sitting at the window of a Pullman car yesterday morning, Billy Reno looked out over the brown, uncompromising plains and smiled inscrutably. 'They got the man who started me on this chase,' he said, with charming insouciance. 'Who was he?' someone asked. 'John Legg. He wrote me in 1897 that Black Jack and his gang were coming north. A little later they did the job at Folsom, N. M. Next year they killed Legg at Fort Sumner, N. M.' Again that smile, and the train put behind a few more of those sad New Mexico miles.

"Stories of the outlaw multiply, and chronicles of his deeds make a romance. As for women—well, there is Eva Prodman, of Lodi, California. When Black Jack consented to be photographed in the jail an hour before his death on the scaffold, he asked that two pictures be sent to persons named. To his own family? No. One to his friend, Lee Smith, in San Saba, Texas, and the other to the woman in Lodi, Calif."

April 27th, 1901

WAS IT THE REAL "BLACK JACK" WHOM THEY HUNG YESTERDAY?

Element of Doubt has Arisen Since the Outlaw Made his Dying Statement Denying the Title Urged Upon Him. Sheriff Salome Garcia is Freely Criticised.

It is claimed by experts that there was too much drop and an unsuitable rope. His threats that his death will be avenged does not frighten anyone.

"Clayton, N. M., April 27th, 1901.—One hour and ten minutes after Black Jack's head was cut off by the hangman's rope, a group of squat Mexican women in wrappers and dark red shawls stood outside the fence of the jail yard and looked silently across the deserted and wind-ravaged plot of ground toward the isolated and sand-covered jail. As they looked, an express wagon came from behind the rough temporary stockade and the team started at a brisk trot toward the town.

"In the wagon was a white pine box, and on the box sat four men, three of whom smoked brown paper cigarettes and the fourth chewed tobacco and spat cheerfully at the prominent pebbles by the roadside. In front of the first saloon available the wagon stopped and the four men alighted and went inside the saloon to get a drink. People on the sidewalk stared at the box with a reminiscent interest.

" 'That's the last of Black Jack,' said one. 'Yes, Black Jack in his white jacket,' responded another with weary facetiousness. Braced up, but still nonchalant, the four men remounted the box and the wagon resumed its journey to the top of a distant hill, where certain white specks on the sky marked the location of one of life's unpopular but populous termini. The wagon returned half an hour later without the box, and the four men entered the saloon to get them another drink.

In an Unknown Grave

"There were no services over the remains of Black Jack and it is quite unlikely there will be even a headstone to mark his grave. Should there be erected any small slab or foot guidance for those pleasant persons who visit cemeteries on sunny Sundays for amusement, it ought to bear for its inscription some such words as these:

(Continued on following page)

Left: Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth, a law officer from 1877 to 1912. Right: Body of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, immediately after his execution at Clayton, New Mexico, April 26th, 1901, showing head snapped off by the rope. Sheriff Salome Garcia kneeling, with hands on dead outlaw's arm and shoulder.

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" 'Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it;
He died as one that had been determined in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owned,
As 'twere a careless trifle.'

"Any public grief or private sorrow for Black Jack would be maudlin and an affectation, for he was an outlaw, a savage and vicious outlaw. But the time has not yet gone by when courage in itself and for itself has ceased to be a virtue. Courage was the only service Black Jack had left, and his death demeanor to the end was such as can best be expressed in the unpremeditated words of a New Mexico Sheriff: *'By God, sir, he did it right!'*

The Relic Fiends Now

"The relic fiends are doing the rest. Dirty and crumpled tickets of admission to the place of death are the commonest mementos of the execution. After these are pieces of the rope that released the trap. The best are locks of Black Jack's hair. The hangman's rope is intact in the possession of Sheriff Garcia. He is going to present it to his daughter. It is a fine rope, made to order, of first class Manila hemp, fifteen feet long, and bought from the Chief of Police of Kansas City at a cost of $20.80, laid down in Clayton, N. M.

" 'That's a fine rope,' said Black Jack when he mounted the scaffold, and glanced up at the dangling thing. It *was* good. The distance of Black Jack's drop has been the subject of discussion before and after the execution. Seven feet was the distance prescribed by the Chief of Police of Kansas City. Detective Chambers thought four feet six inches would be plenty for a man of Ketchum's weight —193 pounds.

"Attorney Fort effected a compromise on five feet six inches, and the rope was adjusted at that length. Then Sheriff Garcia, for whom this was a first experience, grew anxious and lengthened the rope to make the drop six feet. Attorney Fort and Detective Chambers thereupon shortened it to about five feet nine inches, and that was the distance Black Jack fell. It was sufficient, for the rope severed Ketchum's neck as cleanly as it could have been done with a knife.

Death Was Instantaneous

"It was severe on the spectators, but it was lucky for Black Jack for his death was instantaneous, and the blood made no difference to him. There remains one other question: Is it Black Jack who sleeps with the undertaker's stitches in his neck, on the hill above wind-swept Clayton? All the officers say it is.

"In his last hour Tom Ketchum rejected the crown of glory that belongs to Black Jack as the greatest outlaw in the history of New Mexico. He said that he was not Black Jack. The title is open to any qualified claimant who cares to prove it. He must have black hair, a skin that tans blacker than a Mexican's, and as fearless as—well, as Tom Ketchum. Till this claimant comes, the glory and the shame are Tom Ketchum's, all alone."

"A MESSAGE FROM GARCIA"

Some sensational reports that intensifies the gruesome story of "Black Jack's" execution having been circulated, the Denver Post today was in communication with Sheriff Garcia. He was asked if there was anything unusual in the methods used in the hanging, and if there had been any bungling on the part of the authorities. This was his reply:

"Clayton, N. M., April 29th, 1901.—To the Denver Post, Denver, Colo.: Tom Ketchum's head being severed from his body was caused by him being a very heavy man. Nothing out of the ordinary happened. No bungling whatever. Everything worked nicely and in perfect order.

Salome Garcia, Sheriff."

AUTHORITIES HAVE A NEW THEORY

"In the meantime, the authorities have a new and plausible theory. They say that Black Jack and his outlaw gang were the men who held up the Union Pacific trains in Wyoming, and they think they will yet be able to prove it. In a graveyard in Santa Fe, N. M. lies the body of Sam Ketchum, the brother, who got his death wound in the Turkey Creek Canyon battle with the sheriff's posse. Somewhere in the Panhandle of Texas, another brother watches over his herds of cattle and says nothing about Sam and Tom. In San Angelo, Texas, a married sister occupies her pew in the Baptist Church and may offer prayers for her two dead outlaw brothers, who are now sadly in need of prayers. 'Oh, I'll come back if I can,' said Tom Ketchum half an hour before he went to his death on the scaffold."

ESTRANGED FROM RELATIVES

Ketchum's wealthy brother refused to take charge of man's body

"Clayton, N. M., April 27th, 1901.—Berry Ketchum, the brother of the man executed yesterday, declined to take charge of Black Jack's body. As a result, the remains encased in a plain white pine box were buried in the cemetery here. All sorts of offers were made by speculators for the outlaw's body. One man particularly insistent in this direction was a Denver, Colo., man who admitted in a burst of confidence that he was acting for the owners of an eastern museum. The grave for the present will be carefully guarded.

"The dead outlaw had many admirers. The manner in which he went to his death has appealed to the hero-worshipping element and strangers who might be tempted to disturb the remains of the dead outlaw, without permission, would meet with serious opposition.

"All of them are good—but this one looks more like me!"

"Although the men who took part in the apprehension, conviction and execution of Black Jack say that they do not believe that there will be a vengeance, others are not so sanguine. The latter are men accustomed to the rough life of the cattle country of New Mexico and Texas, and they know the people with whom they had been dealing. Sheriffs and deputies who assisted at the execution did not care particularly to be known as having been connected with the affair, for the reason that they believed an attempt to avenge the outlaw's execution would be made. It would have been an easy matter for a bandit friend of the dead outlaw leader to hide near the platform of one of the isolated railroad stations in New Mexico or Texas, and with the unerring aim of men of that section, kill any of those against whom Black Jack Ketchum pronounced an early death.

"To flee from the scene of such a crime would be easy. The plains are inhabited only by cowpunchers and sheepmen, and in that country it is etiquette never to meddle with the business of another. In a country where nearly every man has something of a past, all are against the law.

"Even in Clayton, N. M., while the outlaw leader was there and just prior to the execution, sympathy for him was expressed. The expression went no farther than words, but it demonstrated that there was a division of opinion. Many declared that it seemed unjust to put to death a man for attempted train robbery.

"The idea of 'life for life' was prevalent among these, and those who sympathized but could not understand any other rule in a section of country where this is the criminal code. Black Jack had terrorized that entire section. Scores of robberies he and his gang committed were never heard of until the outlaw leader was captured. It was believed that there are scores of others which will never be known. In the 'old bad west' personal bravery and daring were the only virtues.

NO QUESTION OF IDENTITY

" 'It was the notorious Black Jack who was hanged at Clayton, N. M., Friday, beyond a doubt,' said special agent William H. Reno of the Colorado and Southern railroad, to whom much of the credit is due for running to earth the notorious outlaw leader and his gang. 'I've worked against the gang of outlaws for several years. There was but one Black Jack and he is now dead.' That 'statement' was made by the detective after a perusal of a stenographic report of Tom Ketchum's last interview.

" 'Most of it is a lie; he was lying all of the time,' said Reno. 'In several places he came very near telling the truth, but what he tells is not worth anything. Most of it has been known for many months. There are a great many things that Ketchum did not tell. As far as his threats are concerned, they don't amount to much. He may have partners and friends at liberty, but they have carefully remained away from him.

" 'Ketchum lied always, and he died lying. We can prove that he was not telling the truth. He says it was not his gang that raided Liberty, N. M. in 1895. There he lies, for he and his brother, Sam, have been identified several times from photographic descriptions. When he says he never committed a crime until 1897, he lies, for he contradicts him-

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self by telling of a murder in which he was implicated a year before. He gets around the case very smoothly by saying that he was told that he resembled Black Jack and might be hanged for that outlaw's crimes. There can be no question about it; the law has too much evidence.

" 'There is one thing that I think will develop something new. To Sheriff Putnam of Elbert County, Colo., Ketchum practically admitted that he and eleven other outlaws left the Hole-in-the-Wall country soon after the numerous train robberies and other crimes up there in Wyoming. In talking with the sheriff, Ketchum showed great familiarity with what had taken place up there. The sheriff was telling about different cases and Tom Ketchum frequently corrected him.'

"As for McGinnis, one of Black Jack's gang, he has been positively identified as having been in the 'Hole-in-the-Wall' country. Everyone believes that all the robberies throughout Wyoming and Montana can be traced to Black Jack's Hole-in-the-Wall gang.

"By officers of the law who took part in the breaking up of the gang, the statement made by Ketchum just before the execution is regarded as simply just such an oath that his lips would tell. Ketchum talked, but he would tell nothing except what was already well known. Those upon whom Black Jack fixed crimes are either dead or in prison for life.

"As Sam Ketchum did, knowing he was going to die, so Black Jack did. Sam declared that he fired the shot that killed Sheriff Ed. Farr in the Turkey Creek Canyon fight. Ezra Lay McGinnis is serving a life sentence for that crime in the Santa Fe penitentiary. Sam, the living outlaw, tried to take the blame and help the living, knowing himself to be dying. Black Jack's object was the same. All of the time he was in prison Ketchum objected strongly to being called Black Jack. He declared he was not that outlaw, but another man entirely, even while admitting crimes attributed to Black Jack and his gang. Ketchum denied that he was the notorious outlaw leader, yet he never told who was the real outlaw of the suggestive appellation.

"Officers of the law declare that the real Black Jack has been executed and his gang wiped out of existence. They scoff at possible revenge, and declare that brigandage in the Southwest has been given a great setback by the severe example given in the execution at Clayton, N. M., of the outlaw.

DARING OF THE MAN

" 'A man of nerve.' This is the general verdict regarding Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum. The daring required to hold up a train alone and the calm courage to face certain death, deliberately arranged and executed, both were shown by him. Free and armed to the teeth, he attacked trains which might have carried a score of officers. Crippled and bound hand and foot, he stood without flinching upon the trap door which dropped him to death at the cutting of a slender strand of rope."

From the Chronicle-News tourist and anniversary edition—Historical Section, Trinidad, Colorado, Saturday, June 19th, 1937.

"On April 26th, 1901, Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum was hanged at the Union County jail at Clayton, N.M. O. T. Clark, who was Sheriff of Las Animas County, Deputy Sheriff Harry D. Lewis, Deputy Sheriff G. W. Titsworth and a number of others witnessed the outlaw's execution. The full story of the hold-ups and round-up of the Black Jack outlaw gang has been reviewed many times in this newspaper, but a brief resume together with an account of the more recent exhumation of the dead outlaw's body at Clayton, N. M., are most appropriate in the narrative of this 60th anniversary of the pioneer newspaper of Southern Colorado—*The Chronicle-News.*

"Hundreds of people from localities of five states were present one September day a few years back when the body of the train robber, who had been executed there on April 26th, 1901, was exhumed from its former resting place and removed to the new cemetery at Clayton. That simple, solemn incident recalled to old timers the last exploits in the life of Black Jack Ketchum.

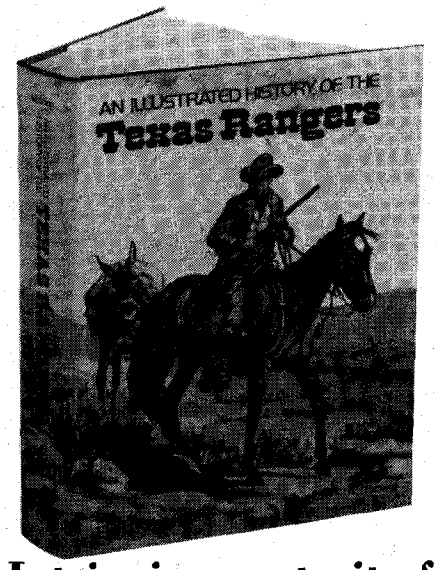
"The committee in charge comprised pioneers of New Mexico, and was headed by Mrs. Elisa Porter as Chairman. Members: H. H. Errett, Carl Eklund, Mayor Ira L. Pennington, District Judge L. N. Taylor, Tom A. Gray, R. W. Isaacs, J. M. Potter, Clayton, N. M., A. W. Thompson, Denver, Colo. Thompson, Gray and Eklund saw the hanging. Thompson claims he was the last man to shake hands with the condemned man and to bid him good-bye.

"The exhumation was made at the request of hundreds of persons who had failed to find the outlaw leader's grave in the old Clayton cemetery. The new grave will have a monument on which will be engraved salient facts of Black Jack's life. It will have a driveway on each side and is isolated from other vaults. Highway signs will be put up advising tourists of the tomb of one of New Mexico's reputed most infamous and bloody killers.

Mr. Thompson (resident of Clayton, N.M. when Black Jack was hanged) has devoted many years to gathering facts of the outlaw's life. His knowledge of him and his checkered career is the most rich and accurate of any man living. He has a photostatic copy of one of the tickets issued to the execution. It is signed by Sheriff Salome Garcia, and Jerry Leahy, District Attorney.

"The old cemetery where Black Jack was first buried is a mile east of Clayton, N. M. It was established in January or February of 1889 because Williams, a Clayton saloon and restaurant keeper, died of delirium tremens and the spot where he was buried was the first likely one his pallbearers found. Shortly after Charlie Meredith, saloon keeper, shot and killed his bartender, Red. He was buried near Williams. Soon other graves clustered about until when the cemetery was abandoned in 1907, it had fifty or sixty."

So, in this solemn spot, ends my tale.



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"I Am a Man"

(Continued from page 7)

Ishi was far from stupid, although of course he had no education as we moderns view it. He had, however, a native intelligence, kindliness, dignity, and a strict sense of propriety that nothing could upset.

Because of his many years of wilder-

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ness living, where his very existence had depended upon his constant alertness, he was keenly observant. No detail, no matter how small, escaped him. This faculty demonstrated itself in his uncanny ability to imitate others.

AT his first dinner in a white man's home it would have been perfectly understandable if he had committed numerous errors. Poised and smiling, he watched what others did at the table and followed suit.

One day he was taken to an airfield where a flier was about to attempt a transcontinental flight. The plane roared into the air, and Ishi watched it dwindle in the distance. Finally he asked, "White man up there?"

When assured that there was, he laughed his guttural laugh and shook his head as though to say that white men made life an unnecessarily complicated affair.

Ishi lived several years at the University, and during that time much was learned from him about the language and customs of his people. Most questions he would answer willingly and at length, but he would not speak of those last few terrible years on Deer Creek and the death of his family.

He was always eager to tell of the customs of his tribe, always willing to demonstrate techniques of making primitive weapons and their use. The arrowheads and spear-points he painstakingly chipped are among the finest ever seen.

Years of privation and hardship in the bleak hills had left Ishi with badly weakened lungs. He received the best of medical care, but it was useless. He died on March 25, 1916, as quietly and uncomplainingly as he had lived.

In his brief five years at the University, Ishi won the affection and respect of all who knew him. With his death passed our last link with Stone Age Man. But for Ishi and his short span of years at the University, we might never have known much that is now on record of his ancient people.

He was buried with the full ceremony of his tribe as a warrior and chief. His bows and arrows were placed beside him for protection on his long journey, and there were bowls of food to sustain him until he reached the Spirit Land and was welcomed to the lodges of the Yahis.

Chuck Wagon Chuckles

(Continued from page 56)

his friend about the scheme he had in mind, he was presented with a whole hindquarter of that bear.

So he whipped the hell out of those mules and high-tailed it to camp and got busy cooking up his "evil scheme." He already had some fresh venison in the wagon which the gang knew about and expected for supper that night.

He roasted up a big batch of venison and bear meat in separate Dutch ovens, but when he served supper that night he mixed the meat up on a big platter. This was an unusual procedure in a cow camp for the hands usually helped themselves out of the pot, but they were so hungry that nobody got suspicious at the extra fancy service.

They cleaned up the platter slick as hell, bear meat and venison alike, and settled down to their usual gab-fest around the campfire, and then the "villain" told them what they had just been eating.

"Sure hate to have to tell him that's a gold inlay I lost here last week."

Brother! You'll never know what a triumph that was for the old chuck wagon cook who had had plenty of tricks pulled on him by the whole crew many times before. They raved and ranted over that one for weeks afterward, and threatened the cook with mayhem but they still ate the grub he dished out in the meantime just the same as ever.

These tricks and pranks; the good-natured banter between he-men with everything in common; the razzing when you pulled a boner, got bucked off, or missed your throw with the loop, all made life on the range in the old days of the true West wholesome and satisfying.

In the middle of the day, when they were miles from either the old camp or the new camp, had a big herd of cows and calves rounded up and had to finish the job of branding and trimming the calves before turning them loose, they were hungry as hell, and those "mountain oysters" roasted on the branding fire were like "manna" from heaven. You merely split the outer skin with your pocket knife, peel it off and there you have a delectable morsel that will compare with "sweetbread," brains, liver or any other tender meat you can mention.

When the weather was rough—raining or snowing—the gang stretched a big tarpaulin, either from the wagon bows out in the form of a canopy to the ground, or over a ridge pole or ridge rope and staked it down for shelter.

The chuck wagon was stocked to the hilt, not only with this type of standard equipment, but with blacksmith tools, horseshoes, horseshoe nails and all the paraphernalia necessary to keep their horses from going lame on the trip.

A top grade cow hand could trim his horse's hoofs and fit a shoe out in the sticks like nobody's business. If the horse wouldn't stand still for the operation, he was thrown to the ground and tied up so tight he couldn't wiggle. They just didn't waste any time or patience with "monkey business."

WELL, it's supper time at last, so all you "tenderfeet" gather 'round here now with the old hands, and we'll see what's on the "Bill of Fare."

We are away out in the sticks, miles from civilization; the sun has set and it's getting dark, but that's all the better. Food tastes better by the light of a campfire and out in the open.

Over there by the edge of the fire is a big pot of soup, so grab yourself a spoon and a bowl and help yourself. We don't have any waiters around this outfit.

When you have finished your soup, get a plate, knife and fork out of the chuck wagon kit and browse among the several Dutch ovens around the fire.

One will have a big juicy pot roast of beef with every kind of vegetable you can mention—potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, parsnips, onions, green peppers, celery, garlic and cabbage—cooked in a pit of live, red hot coals for a couple of hours.

Another Dutch oven will contain baked beans seasoned to perfection with onions, garlic and celery salt, and with big generous slices of rich bacon across the top.

Still another will contain "sourdough biscuits" so fluffy and light they will melt in your mouth. So, what are you waiting for, brother? Get busy! Fill up your plate and squat around that campfire!

Cowboys and Horses

(Continued from page 53)

One day I was on my way back to the corral, riding a snaky little sorrel. We were traveling on a newly-paved street. A car, traveling fast, approached us from the front. As he passed, it looked like the driver tried to see how close he could shave the horse without hitting him. He wanted to jump the bronc with me, I guess, just for the hell of it.

SURE enough, the bronc jumped. He went to one side so fast he lost his footing and piled up on his right side. I did some scrambling to get loose from him and lost my hackamore reins and hung a spur in them. The bronc came to his feet and there I was—hanging head-down on his right side. When the bronc saw the fix I was in, he went to work on me, kicking at me, like I was a mountain lion, instead of a man. Guess it made no difference to him.

I covered my head with both arms and went to hollering for help. The horse cut across the street with me, heading into a gas station driveway, where he almost collided with the office structure. He wheeled to avoid it, slinging me around in front of him, as he slipped to his knees. That's when I made a grab for the hackamore nose band and got it, with both hands. I held on so tight you couldn't have cut me loose with an axe. And it was a good thing, because when the bronc saw me there in front of him, he went to buck-jumping backwards and chopping at me with his fore feet. As he stepped off the curb, it over-balanced him, and he fell over backwards, still fighting to shed me.

Since I'd got my hold on the hackamore nose band, I'd been trying to talk this bronc out of his scare, only I might as well have been talking to a tornado. Now, though, this fall had addled him. When he came to his feet, he just stood, glass-eyed and shaking all over, as scared as I was.

I kept right on talking to him. My voice was shaky, but I kept it quiet, and the talk seemed to help some. Anyhow, he stood quiet till a couple of men eased out of the group of people that had surrounded us. The men closed in and got hold of him. One held him, while the other lifted me free of that coil of rope my spur had hung in. I made sure, though, that I had both feet planted solidly on the ground before I turned loose my grip on that hackamore.

That lucky turn saved me. Or maybe it was the Almighty answering my call for help. *Quien sabe!*

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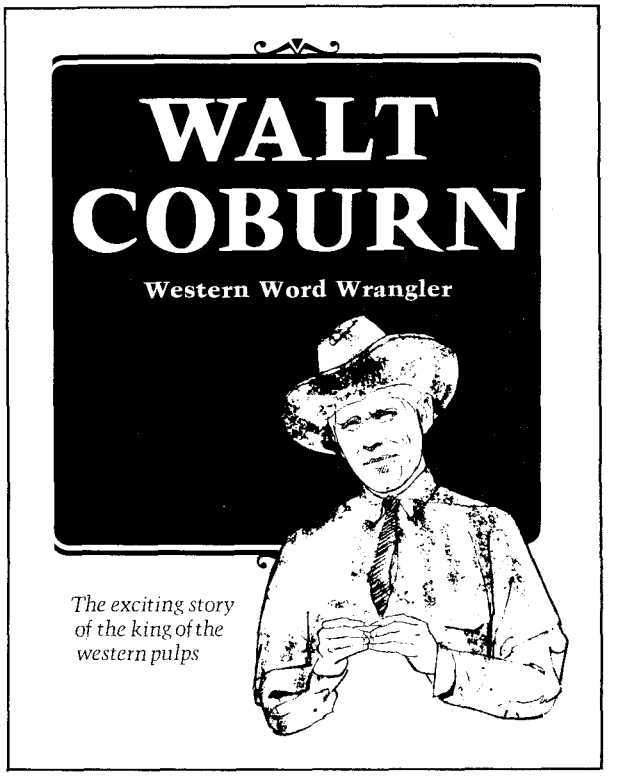

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